

Commentary

Volume Seventy-one, Number Five, May 1981

How to Make Peace with the Palestinians

**Menahem
Milson**

**Let Me Call You
Quota, Sweetheart**
Walter Berns

**The Universe and
Dr. Sagan**
Jeffrey Marsh

**The Choice—
A Story**
Jeanette Erlbaum Goldsmith

MUSIC:
Confessions of a Prodigy
Samuel Lipman

MOVIES:
"The Uniforms That Guard Us"
Richard Grenier

BOOKS:
Joseph Adelson/Robert S. Wistrich/
Arch Puddington/Ann Hulbert/Leslie Lenkowsky

The Imperial Media

**Joseph
Kraft**

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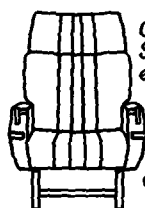
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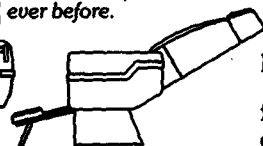
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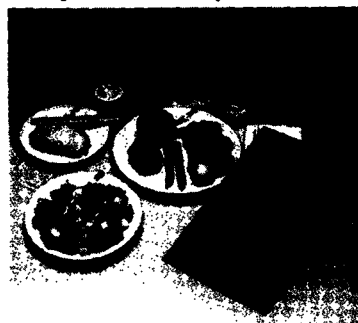
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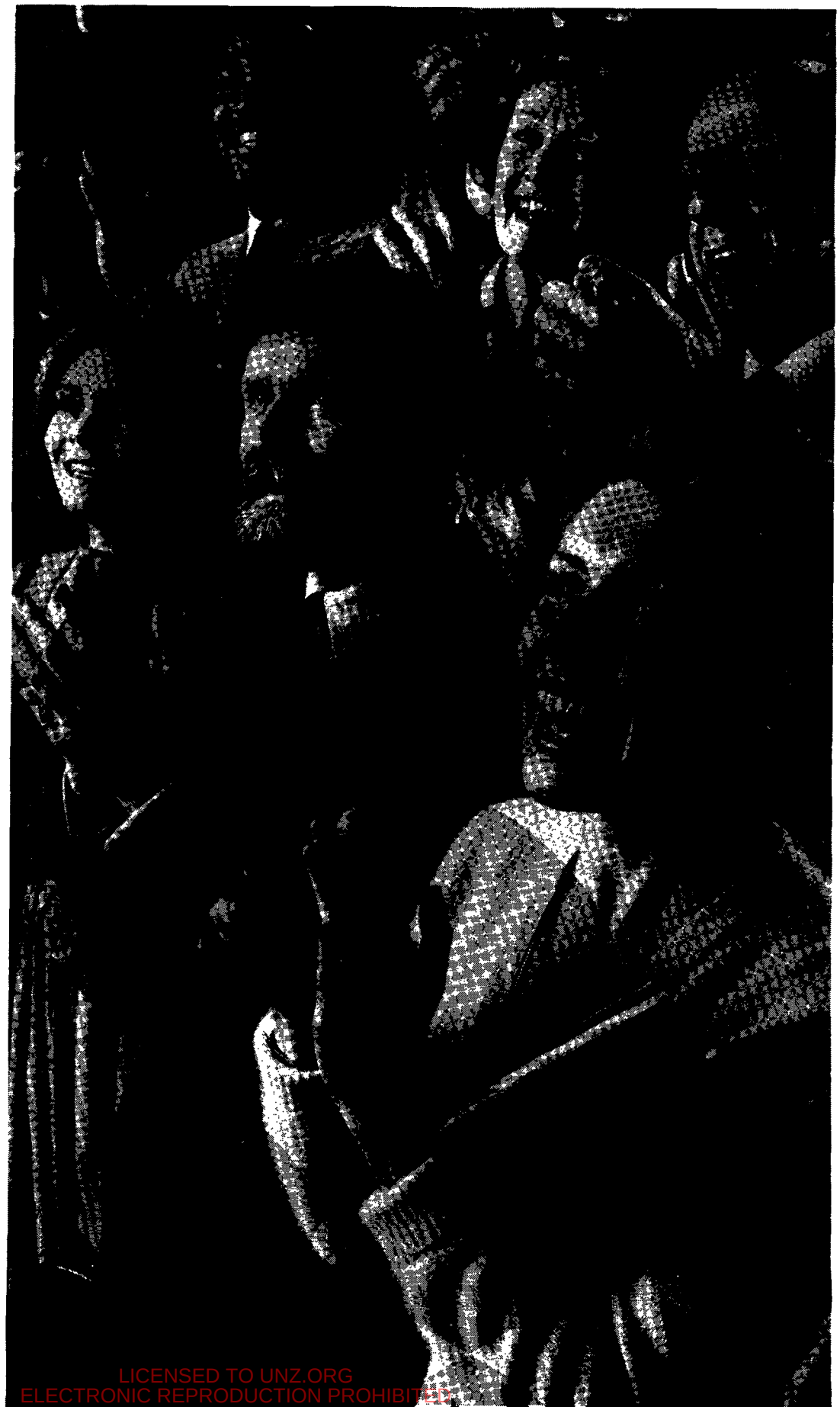
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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

The U.S. & the UN

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan's article ["'Joining the Jackals': The U.S. at the UN 1977-1980," February] attacking the Carter administration's UN record (and me as the architect of it—I was Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs from March 1977 to April 1980), raises two important questions: what was that record and what position should the United States adopt in international bodies when the government of Israel itself takes a position that is diametrically opposed to long-established U.S. policy?

On the record of the Carter administration, Senator Moynihan's indictment is the following: The Carter administration was determined to be on the side of the UN majority. It "never" engaged in confrontation. Those in charge of UN policy could not "understand or support" the President's triumph at Camp David because it did not elicit the majority support from the developing countries they had hoped to see. Their belief that the UN could serve U.S. foreign-policy purposes was misplaced. "One might have thought this assessment [that the UN could be useful] would be reflected in votes in the General Assembly or the Security Council. But it was not." The reason is that hostility in the Third World toward the U.S. is "abiding" and may be "burgeoning."

Now the charge that the United States was unwilling to stand alone in the UN during the Carter administration is simply not true. I accompanied HEW Secretary Califano to the World Health Assembly in 1979 where he warned the Arab caucus publicly and privately that the United States would leave the World Health Organization if the caucus, outraged by Camp David, succeeded in suspending Egypt's or Israel's right to participate. I sat in the room when Secretary of State Vance delivered the same message to other senior UN officials.

Much earlier, the United States succeeded in smothering an effort to revive the Zionism-racism doctrine in a declaration on racism being drafted in UNESCO by threatening to leave if this hap-

pened. The United States did walk out of the International Labor Organization during the Carter administration in part because of the way the organization had handled the issue of the Middle East. The United States virtually alone insisted that any UNDP (United Nations Development Program) monies channeled to the West Bank could not be subject to control by the PLO. The U.S. also stood up to the majority on many issues not connected with the Middle East. On North-South issues, the United States repeatedly stood alone or virtually so when the consensus sought did not reflect U.S. interests. The United States alone insisted on disrupting the West European desire for consensus with Eastern Europe on a Polish General Assembly resolution regarding disarmament and détente because we believed it would encourage state control of the media. The United States voted alone or in a tiny minority against several UN budget increases.

The list could go on, but these examples should demonstrate that the charge that the Carter Administration would "never" stand up to the majority is simply not true. It did this repeatedly. Very often it stood alone in order to defend Israel, Egypt, and the Camp David process against unfair attack.

At the same time, the administration did believe that the United Nations was important—certainly a view Senator Moynihan in his own day and in his own way helped to promote. But we rejected his view that there was an "abiding" hostility toward the U.S. in almost all developing countries. Some were hostile. Others were not. Much depended on the issue even with those "hostile." Indeed, there is ambivalence on this point even in Senator Moynihan's article. On the one hand, he suggests an "abiding" Third World hostility toward the U.S. On the other hand, favorable developments in places like Jamaica make him more sanguine.

Was the Carter administration able to make use of the UN? The answer lies in an assessment given to the *New York Times* (September 7, 1980) by Senator Moynihan himself in judging Ambassador McHenry's record: "We should use the UN in a tough-minded way. McHenry tried to. The fact is he got better votes from the UN than

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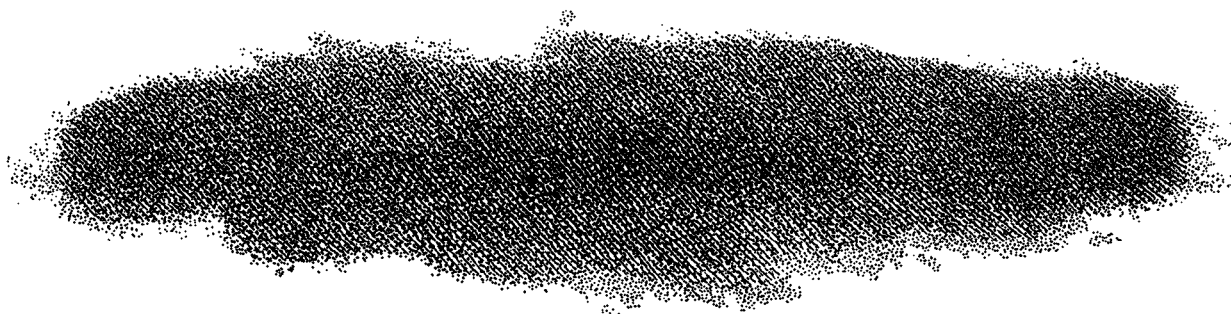
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we've had in years. It's largely a question of events. The Third World was scared by Vietnam's invasion of Kampuchea and the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. But credit to the man who got those votes." There were some in the Carter administration who, like Senator Moynihan, feared that alleged Third World hostility toward the United States would ban any Third World support for the United States on the Iranian hostage question. Secretary Vance and Ambassador McHenry, however, pressed the opposite view. They were proved correct in a series of Security Council and World Court decisions favorable to the U.S.

All this is not to suggest that all of the administration's actions in the UN were successful. In particular, the vote on March 1, 1980 in the Security Council concerning Israeli settlements was a serious setback for all concerned. How can that vote be understood?

In his discussion of this vote, Senator Moynihan curiously overlooks the principal dilemma the Carter administration faced on March 1, 1980: namely, that during the Carter years the Israeli government shifted its attitude on the settlements question and brought itself into conflict with the position firmly held by all U.S. administrations on this question since 1967, including those in which Senator Moynihan served. Thus, since 1967 the U.S. has maintained that under the Fourth Geneva Convention, which Israel has signed, unilateral efforts to change the demographic character of the occupied territories are not legal. It was the moves by the Begin government to change the demographic character of the West Bank which brought on the crisis symbolized by the March 1 vote.

Thus in the three-and-one-half years between the October 1973 war and the Likud electoral victory in 1977, Israel established a dozen new West Bank settlements. With Begin's victory in 1977, Israel tripled this rate and established 36 settlements. In addition, the Begin government made several provocative statements about East Jerusalem and in mid-1980 finally assented to the Knesset alteration of its status, in effect its unilateral annexation. But more to the point, the way in which Israel justified its position on West Bank settlements to the world totally changed. Under the Labor government Is-

rael's position was essentially that of Security Council Resolution 242, territory for peace. The smaller number of settlements in place was not presented to the world as a step toward annexation but as a security measure and a bargaining chip with the Arabs at the time of final Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank which would require some shifts in territory.

Under the Likud government, the settlements program began to reflect Begin's annexationist philosophy. The Likud government began to question whether Security Council Resolution 242 applied to the West Bank. Prime Minister Begin, his associates in his own Herut party, and his allies in the National Religious party, viewed the West Bank as an integral part of the biblically promised Land of Israel. Explicitly annexationist ultranationalists—Arik Sharon, Itzhak Shamir, and Yigal Hurvitz—were given key ministries. Important new settlements were placed precisely in those heavily populated areas of the West Bank that the Labor party had envisioned returning to Jordan as part of a territorial compromise. The situation became increasingly serious. By mid-February 1980, or two weeks before the critical vote, the editors of the *Washington Post*, whose views Senator Moynihan quotes so favorably in his article, were driven to write: "Further criticism of Israel on this issue is pointless. So is wristslapping. More direct tactics are called for. Why not put a measurable value on the settlements and let Israel decide whether it wants to forfeit that much from its American aid?"

In the face of Israel's determination to create "new facts" on the West Bank, the Carter administration had two clear choices. It could reverse the long-standing U.S. position and declare that the settlements were "legal." (In one of his first press conferences President Reagan attempted to do precisely this; the Arab states have requested an urgent clarification; Israel has announced new plans for West Bank settlements.) Or it could continue to adhere to the policy followed by all previous administrations, including those Republican administrations in which Senator Moynihan served, and maintain that the settlements were illegal. If it did the latter, it had to confront the issue of how to implement the policy.

The tragedy for the Carter administration was that with the vision of a final peace settlement in mind it did not believe it could reverse long-established U.S. policy, yet it did not have the ability to explain to concerned audiences why it was necessary to maintain that policy. In the UN it was therefore unable to adhere to its March 1 vote in the Security Council even though, as the *New York Times* pointed out a few days later (March 14, 1980), contrary public perceptions notwithstanding, "The references to Jerusalem that provoked President Carter's disavowal last week are not the first of their kind that had won the approval of the United States."

In effect, the President trapped himself on this issue. By citing the references to the occupied portion of Jerusalem as the explanation for his reversal, he gave the impression that the U.S. would now change its historical position on this issue. This it subsequently turned out his own administration was not prepared to do. When Secretary Vance went before the Congress, he was forced to concede that the sections of the resolution to which the President objected continued to reflect long-standing U.S. policy. A worse outcome for all concerned cannot be imagined.

We should all understand the stakes involved in the vote. Hermann Eilts, the former U.S. Ambassador to Egypt and a participant at Camp David, has pointed out that had Carter at Camp David achieved a long-term freeze on settlements, "the general framework accord, by now heavily diluted, might still have retained sufficient credibility to gain the support of Palestinians and moderate Arabs." The President knew this. Indeed, he thought he had persuaded Begin to agree to this freeze the final day at Camp David. When instead the Begin government pressed ahead with its settlements program, the President and all of his key advisers saw the success of his greatest triumph being steadily undermined, and the opportunity for a final settlement fading.

It was not the U.S. mission to the United Nations that destroyed the Carter Presidency. To the degree that the issues raised by Senator Moynihan did have the impact he asserts, then those responsible for the demise of the Carter administration have to be the officials in the Begin government who de-

fiantly pressed ahead with the settlements efforts and officials in the Carter administration who were ir-
resolute in their response.

A final point: one of the prices of public life in the United States is to be the target of attacks on one's intelligence, foresight, or political skill. Fair enough. If the arguments are clear enough, even the intellectually slow may be converted. But an attack which accuses others of "not telling the truth" or behavior that is "malevolent" or "squalid" has a different effect. There is no possibility of dialogue. The contest is between those who are "evil" and those who are "good." Senator Moynihan has one of the more gifted pens in public life today. It should be used to persuade his countrymen and ultimately to unite them, not to brand them and thus permanently divide them.

CHARLES WILLIAM MAYNES
Editor, *Foreign Policy*
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan's footnote concerning his book, *A Dangerous Place*, made me think of another book with an identical title. The other *A Dangerous Place*, by professors Abraham Yeselson and Anthony Gaglione, also about the United Nations, was published in 1974, about four years before Senator Moynihan's. Although both books are highly critical of the UN, they differ fundamentally in their analysis of that institution.

Senator Moynihan's footnote, which states that "as seamen are taught about the sea, the UN is not inherently a dangerous element, but is implacably punishing of carelessness" touches the key difference between his view of the UN and that of Yeselson and Gaglione.

Yeselson and Gaglione argue that indeed the United Nations is inevitably a dangerous place because, lacking as it does any judicial or police tools for resolving international conflict, by its very nature it can only promote conflict. They demonstrate that invariably conflicts are brought to the UN as a means of pursuing rather than resolving them; that the UN is used by combatants always as a diplomatic weapon, not a tool for peace; that in all cases local conflicts brought to the UN are exacerbated and globalized as countries with no direct interest are induced to

choose sides; and that invariably, when opposing parties do decide to resolve a conflict, they remove it from the UN.

Though Yeselson and Gaglione's *A Dangerous Place* impressively argued a novel thesis, it was so ignored by the national press that one could say it was the victim of "censorship by silence." . . . Not a single publication of national renown reviewed the book. Consequently its thesis never even reached the marketplace of ideas. . . .

I mean to take nothing away from Senator Moynihan's interesting article. But I do believe that the focus of discussion about the United Nations should be Yeselson and Gaglione's proposition that the UN is intrinsically a dangerous place, that the possibility for peace in the world would be enhanced if it did not exist, and that sound policy should aim at minimizing the harm it is capable of doing.

ROBERT KAPLAN
Flushing, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan has firsthand experience with "joining the jackals." It was, after all, our then-Ambassador to the UN, Daniel P. Moynihan, who set many of the events he now decries into motion when he voted in the Security Council, on November 30, 1975, to debate "the question of the Palestinians" on January 12, 1976. It was the same Ambassador Moynihan who agreed to allow a "Palestinian delegation" to send its representatives to the Security Council debate.

It is more than a little irksome to recall those posters, plastered all over New York for the 1976 senatorial campaign, which showed him raising his hand to vote. To vote for what? To "join the jackals"?

GERALD L. HOUSEMAN
Department of Political Science
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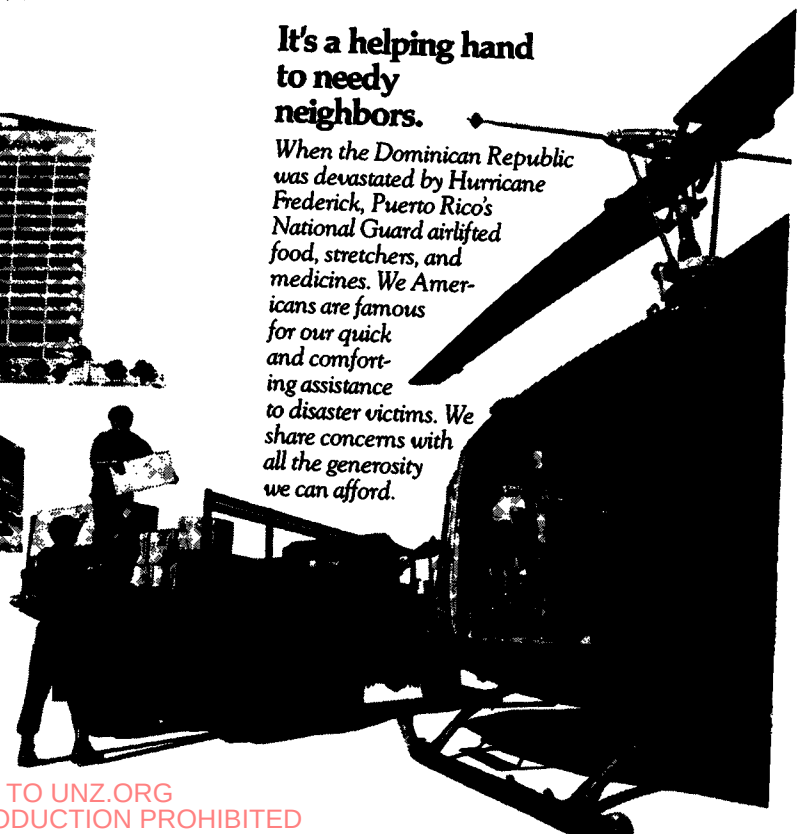
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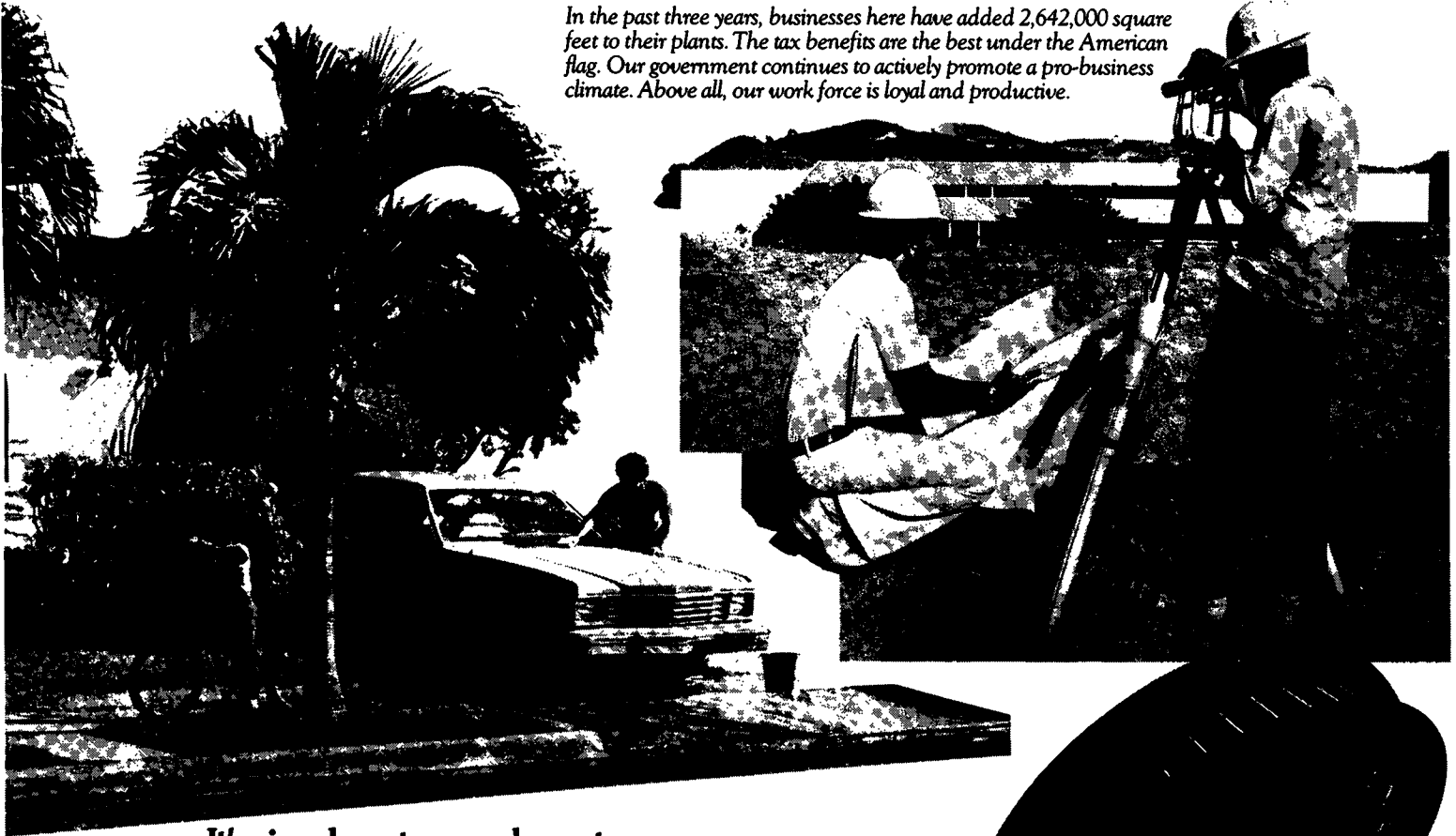
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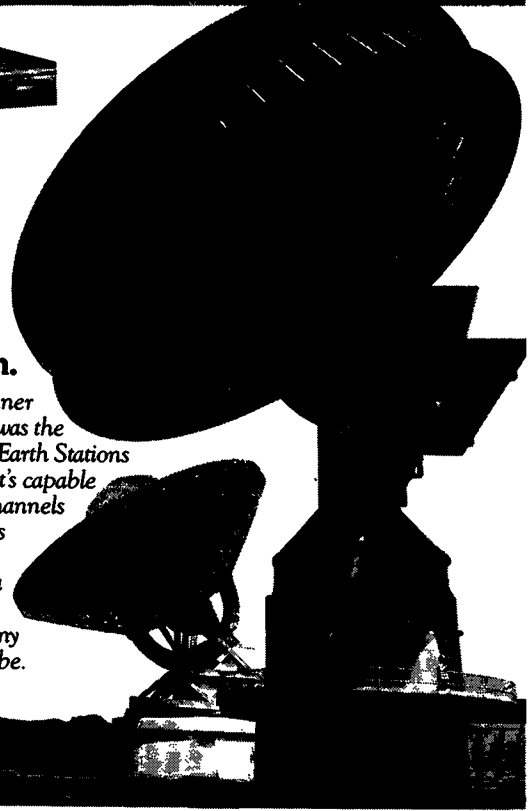
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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As usual, Daniel P. Moynihan's most recent contribution to COMMENTARY is lucid, well-written, and, most important, evocative. At least it evokes in me the urge to write this letter.

The central premise of Senator Moynihan's article is that a peculiarly self-condemning attitude on the part of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations, among many others in the Carter administration, was responsible for a policy orientation that has done harm not only to the United States, but also to American allies, particularly Israel. As far as I am concerned, there can be no question that this is true. But what interests me is whether Senator Moynihan thinks that the source of the self-condemnation—the belief that Third World anti-Americanism is a legitimate response to U.S. neoimperialism and insensitivity—does or does not contain an element of truth. He does not say, and it cannot be taken for granted that he thinks it does not.

It can be argued that this is not a very important question because, regardless of the truth, many Third World nations would hate us anyway. This is probably true; "facts," such as they are, generally play a subordinate role to beliefs in international politics. The reason the answer might be interesting, however, is that *either way*, the reader can still sympathize with . . . Senator Moynihan's point of view.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the United States is a neocolonialist power, standing in the way of "liberating" change in many parts of the world. Three attitudes, at the least, could develop from this: (1) We are neoimperialists and that is very bad. We must change our ways; if we do, we will again be loved and respected. (2) We are neoimperialists and that is fine. All goody-goody talk about a New International Economic Order aside, the world is a dangerous place and we must look out for ourselves. Our goal should not be universal fairness, but self-preservation and, if we have the choice, in more rather than less affluence. (3) We are neoimperialists, and this is neither bad nor good but inevitable. We are faced with the merciless choice between living up to the highest ideals of Western civilization and perishing as a consequence, or suppressing these ideals to survive in hopes that better times lie ahead.

The first attitude is obviously the wrongheaded one Senator Moynihan detects and decries in the Carter administration, not to speak of groups like the Institute for Policy Studies. The second attitude is zealously advanced by many self-proclaimed "realist" conservatives and, in some cases, thinly veils an avowedly predatory and racist outlook. The third attitude is more difficult to typify, but it certainly seems close to Isaiah Berlin's thoughtful interpretation of Machiavelli, to wit: you must face the unhappy fact that the imperatives of an ethical life as defined by religious tradition have little in common with the imperatives of political life, and, with eyes wide open, you must make a choice.

Now, either Senator Moynihan believes that the neoimperialist accusation has no foundation whatsoever, or he may incline toward either the second or the third of the possibilities outlined above.

Since I would consider supporting Senator Moynihan for President in 1984, I should like to know his attitude on this matter. . . .

ADAM GARFINKLE

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan's "Joining the Jackals": The U.S. at the UN 1977-1980" is a brilliant piece of historical writing and political analysis. Its message comes through loud and clear; one hopes that the Reagan administration will take it to heart.

The article exposes the bankrupt thinking of the Carter White House in one very important area: defending U.S. interests at the UN.

One of Senator Moynihan's themes deserves expansion, namely, how Sadat and Begin, both realists, managed to make a (reluctant) hero out of Carter. To this day he is probably not satisfied with having achieved merely (1) an Egyptian-Israeli peace. And he probably is still perplexed that the Soviet Union and its allies are unhappy about Camp David.

Going to a deeper level, one should perhaps examine the roots of the Carter administration's guilt feelings about the Third World and the role these played in its policies. A factor here would be the overblown fear of what Third World nations might do to the United States. I am thinking particularly of the myths of effective oil embargoes and of punitive price increases

by oil-producing nations. Anyone who believes in an imminent and permanent oil "crisis" and talks of energy in terms of the "moral equivalent of war" is certainly badly informed—to say the least. Yet Carter's policies—almost to the very last—served to turn any disruption into a disaster. Now, finally, the price of oil and oil products has been fully deregulated, which will make lines at gas stations obsolete.

It is in this area where more work is required by the new administration in Washington. One still detects the vague fear of what "they" might do to us—especially on oil supply and prices. A hopeful sign is the attitude taken by the Reagan administration on the Law of the Sea negotiations. It shows that we are not afraid of confrontation when it involves important national interests. This stance may have all kinds of salutary effects on the Third World and on the UN, effects which will spill over into other areas.

S. FRED SINGER

Department of Environmental
Sciences

University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Virginia

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN writes:

Charles William Maynes may have misunderstood the point I wished to make. Naturally, there were honorable exceptions to the policies I criticized, and I referred to them as such in my article. Mr. Maynes cites several of them. These deserved praise, perhaps more than they gained. But I believe one has to set a stiffer test of our policy at the UN: did the administration succeed where success was most vital? Did it prevent a rearguard action to scuttle Camp David within the UN? And failing to prevent it, did we oppose it? I believe the record shows that far from opposing it, we *acquiesced*.

That the Carter administration did so is clear even from Mr. Maynes's account of these events. Referring to U.S. disagreements with the Begin government, he finds that the U.S. had either to join the UN condemnation of Israel or to reverse long-standing policy.

Is that truly the case? Until the Carter administration (ironically, until the Camp David peace), the United States had never voted for *any* resolution, in either the Security Council or General Assembly, which declared Israeli settlements to be illegal. In the

past, U.S. representatives had voted in favor of resolutions that called on Israel to observe the Fourth Geneva Convention, but regularly voted *no* if the resolution found Israel to have violated the Convention.

There is, I need hardly add, the most serious question whether the Fourth Geneva Convention can be said to apply to the West Bank at all. But whether it does or not, the question is why the administration chose to *depart* from past policy so as to declare Israel guilty of crimes under international law. It appears from Mr. Maynes's letter that the purpose was to up the ante of confrontation with the Begin government. "Wristslapping" was not enough and so forth. To pursue this Israeli-American quarrel in an international forum, and particularly when the charges are so grave, requires a special justification. But what does Mr. Maynes offer to explain it?

Remember that the authors of these resolutions did not come to the Security Council complaining in the best of faith that their eagerness to negotiate with Israel was made impossible by the settlements. Not at all. The authors of these resolutions were unhappy *precisely because a framework of negotiation had been created*. Their purpose was to sabotage Camp David. When the administration needed the courage or the wit to defend its own policy (and, as I have written, President Carter's finest achievement), it lacked both.

I HAVE criticized the past administration's policy at the UN in a stubborn belief that this institution need not thwart American interests, and on this point I take issue with Robert Kaplan's thoughtful letter. He may well be right that many of the UN's defects are intrinsic. Yet so many of the problems we have faced there are of our own making that the more thoroughgoing critique he makes is, for the moment, moot. And if he is right that most international conflicts will not be adjudicated in the UN, its standards can count for something all the same. Resolution 242, after all, long served as the dividing line between the implacable opponents of peace in the Middle East and those whose policies can be changed by the right use of rewards and penalties. For this reason alone, it is worth protecting against those who would water it down.

GERALD L. HOUSEMAN has his dates, and that is about all. On November 30, 1975 the Security Council was considering the renewal of the mandate of the UN Disengagement Observer Force (UNDOF) in the Golan Heights, which was to expire at midnight. The Syrians and the Soviets wanted a crisis, or perhaps more accurately wanted to make clear that they could bring about a crisis by preventing the renewal of the UNDOF mandate. The hour of midnight approached (having long since passed on the Israeli-Syrian border!) and finally agreement was reached. The "price" was that the Security Council would agree to continuing the (un-ending) discussion of the Middle East on January 12, and with it the "question of the Palestinians." This having been agreed, the Soviet Ambassador, who was then President of the Council (speaking, he said, for the Council majority), announced that representatives of the PLO would be invited to attend the January 12 session. I immediately stated the objection of the

United States to any such invitation. However, under Security Council precedents, such an invitation is a "procedural" matter, not subject to the veto, and there was no way for the United States to prevent it. All we could do was to make our objection known.

Four days later, on December 4, PLO members were invited to yet another Council session. I asked for a vote, which we thereupon lost 9 to 3. Britain and Costa Rica voted with us; France, Japan, and Italy abstained. I explained the American position:

... [My] government is not prepared to acquiesce in an action which will undermine the negotiating process, which is the only process that can lead to peace. For the representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization have repeatedly . . . told the General Assembly of their disdain for systematic negotiation. They have openly declared their hostility—indeed their contempt—for the work of this Council. They categorically rejected

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Security Council Resolution 242 [1967] which for years has served as the only agreed basis for serious negotiations. . . . For those fundamental reasons we are totally opposed to inviting the Palestine Liberation Organization. To do so will disserve the search for peace in the Middle East.

The United States took the same position again on January 12, 1976. Again I insisted on a vote, and again lost (this time 11 to 1, with 3 abstentions). Mr. Houseman's students are advised to check his facts.

ADAM GARFINKLE, who must love to argue, asks that we entertain for the sake of argument the idea that "the U.S. is a neocolonialist power standing in the way of liberating change." I dispute the characterization. End of argument.

FINALLY, I want to thank S. Fred Singer for his generous words. As he may know, I myself have been calling for years now for a strategy to break up OPEC. The Nixon and Ford administrations failed, the Carter administration failed, and we can only hope that a new and more successful assault on the cartel will be made by the new administration.

The New Majority

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found Norman Podhoretz's article ["The New American Majority," January] very convincing and very thorough. I just want to suggest that there is one element missing from the prognosis: the leadership element. I don't think a political party can function on the basis of a choice between conflicting ideologies. The genius that the old political leaders had was a kind of antiseptic view of public policy in which their personal preferences were largely put aside. What has happened in the last fifteen years is that the leadership element has been eliminated, at least from the Democratic party, and may very well have been eliminated from the Republican party as well.

Many years ago I established a friendship with an Oxford don. In our discussions about the problems of political parties, he commented that the most startling aspect of the American political process was the absence of a "political class," i.e., people whose function was the po-

litical process, not advancing a particular set of beliefs.

Like it or not, that is what the old-line political leaders did. Was Jim Farley a liberal? Who knows? He was a political leader who advanced liberal candidates, but I have always believed that he did so because politically that was the right thing to do. Was Carmine De Sapio a liberal? I doubt it. But he, too, advanced liberal candidates because it was the politically correct thing to do.

Nobody makes that judgment any more, and if the parties remain the battlegrounds for conflicting ideologies without a political class, I suspect that they will bounce back and forth from one side of the spectrum to the other and become increasingly inept in performing their basic function of amassing majority votes for positions which are palatable to a majority of the people.

EDWARD N. COSTIKYAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Norman Podhoretz's article, "The New American Majority," a statement is attributed to "the President of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion." I am quoted as having said that the political coalition which elected Ronald Reagan as President of the United States represented a "new fascism . . . in its incipient stage." I never made such a statement. I did say the following, at a protest rally dealing with the bombing of the Rue Copernic synagogue, a Reform temple in Paris. I quote from a press report:

"A new fascism is arising that is utilizing the scapegoat of Jews and Judaism," [Gottschalk] said. As a refugee from Nazi Germany, he added, he is well aware of how insidious the progress of this kind of evil can be. He warned of the beginning of "a difficult time for all of us. I am by nature not an alarmist, but I see this in its incipient stage," Gottschalk said. "There is a warning in the world" [emphasis added].

I want to reiterate that my remarks had nothing to do with President Reagan's campaign or the people supporting him.

ALFRED GOTTSCHALK
President, Hebrew Union College-
Jewish Institute of Religion
Cincinnati, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his very interesting article, Norman Podhoretz implies that the liberal culture is deficient because it was unable, without violating its principles, to "object when the number of abortions began to exceed the number of live births." I'm not sure.

Practically every sexually active adult in the U.S. practices family planning today. We recognize that we cannot support all the children we might otherwise have.

Most Americans, and certainly most mature, well-to-do, and well-educated Americans, use forms of contraception that make abortion unnecessary. There is a question in my mind, however, whether a difference in technique is a moral difference. The purpose and effect of all methods are to prevent the birth of unwanted children. Some methods (e.g., the IUD) also act to prevent the birth of particular babies; others destroy sperm or present barriers to conception. The main difference between these methods and abortion seems to be that we lack the technique to be sure when contraception avoids a pregnancy and to identify the particular fetus affected. But does this lack of knowledge make a moral difference? The anti-abortion movement is already mounting an attack on the IUD.

Abortion is no one's preferred method of birth control, but there are often good reasons for it. It is instructive to look at the population which resorts to abortions. According to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, a third are teenagers, and another third are in their early twenties. Seventy-seven percent are unmarried. Seventy-three percent are first-time aborters. Sixty-seven-and-a-half percent are white, and the rest are "black or other." When Medicaid funds were available for abortion, one-third were Medicaid eligible. Despite these data, 90 percent of teenage births in Washington, D.C. last year were out-of-wedlock. Nationally, 90 percent of pregnant teenagers report their pregnancies were unintended.

These figures suggest that the abortion population is primarily made up of young and inexperienced women or those whose sex education has been inadequate. In this connection it is interesting to note that many of the same people who oppose abortions are also against sex education—which leads some observers to think their un-

Furor Over a Non-Vitamin

A-21, it's called. When he first heard about it, Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti thought it was a vitamin. It has aroused high ire among scientists and educators, in a ruckus pitting academe against government bureaucracy. The controversy illuminates how Washington's tentacles are spreading on campus, threatening academic freedom and scientific inquiry.

Circular A-21 is a set of regulations issued years ago by the U.S. Office of Management and Budget. It sets forth cost accounting principles for colleges and universities performing research under government grants.

What touched off the current commotion is an amendment to A-21 that took effect last fall over widespread protests. The revision calls for an onerous kind of documentation by faculty members receiving federal research grants. They're now required to account for 100% of their doings. They're supposed to keep track of and report precisely how much time they spend on research, teaching, administration, counseling, and other activities, both on campus and off.

The new tangle of red tape has drawn attack, individually and collectively, from academicians and scientists across the country. They see it as wasteful, meaningless, costly, demeaning, and detrimental to scientific progress. At one large West Coast university, the regulation will generate 3,000 to 8,000 more reports yearly and will mean spending up to \$300,000 to put in the new reporting system, according to the journal *Science*.

Among the critics are the National Academy of Sciences, the Association of American Universities, the Council of Scientific Society Presidents, and numerous faculty senates. The academy takes the view that the regulation will churn up a mountain of "cumbersome and mean-

ingless" paperwork, stifle flexibility in research, and frustrate and demoralize faculty members. Educational institutions, already hard pressed financially, will now be forced to spend large sums in ways that contribute nothing to education and science.

Individual professors protest that it's none of the government's business how they spend their time. They seethe at having to tell the government how much effort they devote to activities unrelated to government-sponsored research. The University of Hawaii's faculty senate has decried "any attempt to assess intellectual effort by hours expended, rather than objectives achieved. . ."

A similar reporting requirement was proposed in the late 1960s. It was quickly dropped on recommendation of a government task force that called it "meaningless and a waste of time" both for the government and universities. Now it's back again.

"Never have I seen the lash of federal regulation applied to a crucial area of the nation's intellectual life with such seeming indifference to financial and human consequences," President Giamatti of Yale declared in a speech last fall. "Science is at the core of the university's mission," he said. "Whatever strikes at that core cuts at the heart of the university."

A slowdown in the pace of innovation is a key cause of America's economic sluggishness and declining competitiveness in world markets. Basic research enlarges and builds knowledge leading to technological innovation. Much of America's basic research is carried out in universities. It doesn't make sense to blunt scientific creativity, inquiry, and experimentation on campus through still more layers of red tape that serve only to keep paper-shuffling bureaucrats busy.



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derlying motives may be a wish to make those who indulge pay a price. Unfortunately, the penalty is not uniformly distributed. Only women pay it, and only the unsophisticated and poorer among them.

By contrast, it is an interesting fact that the ranks of those favoring free choice include many persons in intact marriages who are parents of dearly loved children. An example is Planned Parenthood of Metropolitan Washington, on whose Board of Directors I serve. It is my impression that practically all the members would be exemplars for the Moral Majority. Why is this group pro-choice? Perhaps because through experience we have learned that it takes a great deal of effort and love to raise a child successfully, and we want to help everyone have the best possible opportunity to do so.

Like many of the educated and well-to-do, we are disturbed by the low birth rate among our own kind. Those who are Jewish are particularly worried that we are not reproducing ourselves. It is my opinion, however, that the availability of abortion has next to nothing to do with delayed or limited parenthood among these groups of today's young. Rather, the causes seem to be what I regard as an unbalanced commitment to career among young, educated women, and a lack of appreciation of the deep fulfillment to be found in parenthood.

It is not because I am unable to draw the line, therefore, that I do not object when the number of abortions exceeds the number of live births (which incidentally is the case only in a few big cities). Rather, it is because I am worried about those teenagers and lonely unmarried young women whose lives would be ruined by an out-of-wedlock child, about those who are potential victims of botched illegal abortions, and about the unwanted children whose lives would be blighted at the start.

Obviously contraception is more pleasant than abortion, but since there isn't room in the world for everyone who might be born, why not encourage the birth of healthy children into stable families where they are wanted?

EDITH U. FIERST
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:
In general, Norman Podhoretz's

analysis of the 1980 election struck me as lucid and insightful. Some observations, such as the extent of covert support for Reagan and the secret relief of many liberals at having at last an administration prepared to do the necessary dirty work of imposing limits, were especially astute.

One sentence brought me up short, however. Mr. Podhoretz writes: "No doubt there is a great deal of anxiety in this country over inflation, but the truth is that it has not yet begun to hurt enough people badly enough to fuel serious political passions." Maybe this is true on the East Side of Manhattan or Shaker Heights or Beverly Hills, but where I live and work people this year have talked of little else.

The inflation of the past two years in this country has been unprecedented, and tragically it seems to have affected the basics most. Every visit to the supermarket is an occasion to be startled by the jumps in prices. From one fuel-oil delivery to the next it's anybody's guess what the rate will be. At the gas pumps prices have tripled in less than two years. The price of even the cheapest automobile has become exorbitant. Meanwhile, spiraling housing prices and mortgage-interest rates (the latter now almost double what they were two years ago) have conspired to place a home of one's own beyond the reach of the sons and daughters of the middle class.

It is not inflation itself that has been so disturbing: we've always had a steady upward creep in prices. It is runaway inflation where from one week to the next you don't know what your paycheck is worth that has proved so unsettling. It has been the impression of economic instability and chaos, it has been the prospect of helplessly watching its aspirations eroded by an inflation run amok that has so panicked and infuriated the middle class in 1980.

I have to disagree, therefore, with Mr. Podhoretz's conclusion that the "economic issue" was not the decisive factor in the election. Ronald Reagan realized that it would be, which is why he made it his chief campaign issue. The most, indeed the only, impressive thing he said in his debate with Carter was: "If you believe you're better off now than you were four years ago, vote for the President. If not. . . ." Reagan won it right there. To be sure, the hostages, the Afghani-

stan situation, the decline of American clout did not help Carter, but ultimately it was his poor performance on the economy, ironically the very issue that propelled him to power, that undid him.

JAKE SHERMAN
Rutland, Vermont

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Podhoretz claims that Jimmy Carter is a "McGovernite." This is not true: in 1972 Governor Carter was part of the "Stop McGovern" drive, speaking on behalf of Senator Henry Jackson at the 1972 party convention. . . . Carter's defense policies were denounced by Senator McGovern (and by Senator Kennedy, who accurately compared Carter to Reagan), so why claim that Carter is a "McGovernite"? . . .

The McGovernites were written out of the Democratic party shortly after the 1972 election, when Jean Westwood was deposed as party chairman. George McGovern has absolutely no influence in the Democratic party, but conservatives such as Robert Byrd have a great deal of influence. Since 1963, we have had nothing but conservative Presidents, yet liberals keep getting blamed for the mistakes of the conservatives. . . .

The 1980 election was a contest among three Republicans, with John Anderson taking at least 141 electoral votes away from Carter. Jews and liberals had no one to vote for, what with Carter's UN fiasco, Reagan's ties to Moral Majority bigots, and Anderson's allegiance to George Ball. Many Jews voted for Carter-Reagan; Reagan won only 51 percent of the vote in a small turnout (roughly 26 percent of registered voters voted for Reagan), despite having Carter hand him the election.

Generally, I agree that Senator Moynihan would be an ideal candidate in 1984. . . . But I don't think *only* a Moynihan-type Democrat can win; liberals can win—as long as they're given half a chance. . . .

DAVID MILLER
Hialeah, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The "new American majority" may be larger than Norman Podhoretz imagines. The "52 percent of the eligible electorate" who turned out to vote November 4 is a very "soft" statistic. Dr. Ronald C. Moe, political analyst for the Li-

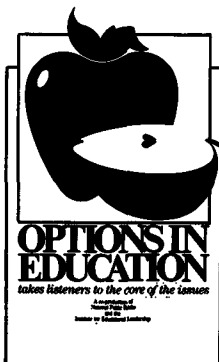
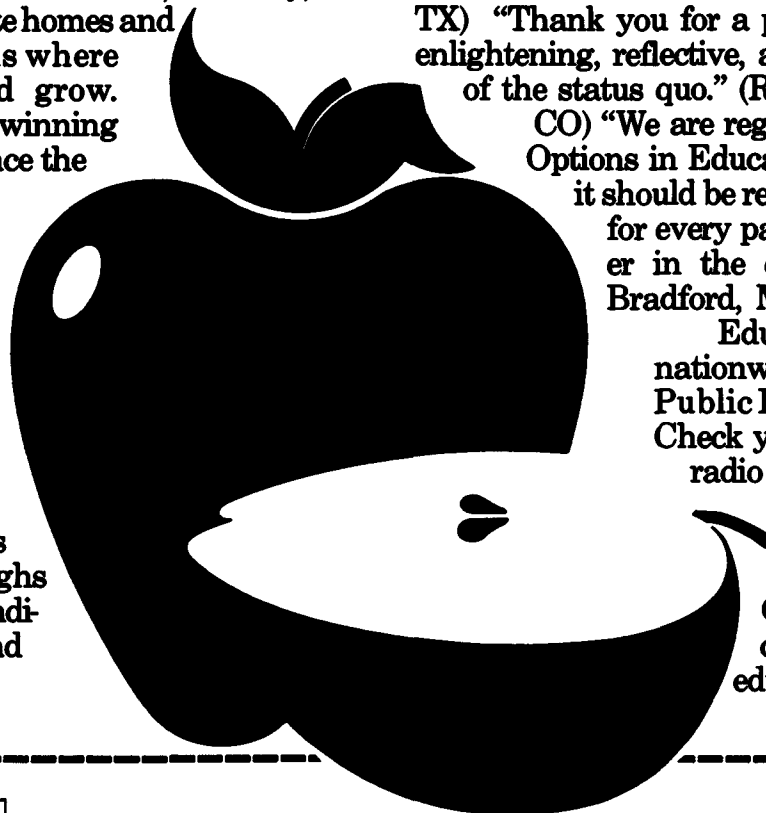
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brary of Congress Research Service, has found, after exhaustive research on the 1976 election, that the criteria customarily used to "prove" American voter apathy are misleading. As Moe has written (in *Common Sense*, the *Wilson Quarterly*, and the *Wall Street Journal*), real voter turnout is close to 88 percent—nationwide—for both the 1976 and 1980 elections.

Moe reaches this conclusion from the fact that the voter lists compiled by the individual states are "unpurged" and include, in most cases unwarrantedly: (1) members of the potential electorate who have died or moved to a different state; (2) non-registrants who do not or cannot register for a variety of reasons: they are aliens, in transit, incarcerated, in the military, or infirm because of age; added to these are people who have just turned eighteen. The result is that the overall figure for the "potential electorate," from which the gloomy percentages for non-voting are obtained, includes a sizable group who do not actually register or who are not even eligible to register in the first place. Even among those who actually do register and vote, there are problems in determining the total vote for President: a significant number of persons come to the polls and sign the register but either do not vote for one of the presidential candidates or have their ballots invalidated for some reason, "Yet," Moe observes, "they are classified as apathetic 'non-voters.'"

In personal correspondence with me, Dr. Moe goes further. "It is difficult," he observes, "to find any field in which more mischief is visited upon the intellect than voter participation." A veritable "myth" of voter apathy, he complains, has been constructed by "many people who simply don't know how to read or interpret statistics," and by others who "gain politically from the notion that apathy prevails." The argument of the latter group, he continues, is based on the ideological bias that claims that "people are alienated from the [capitalist] system.... The apathy argument fits the Marxian, or determinist, view of history."

As it turns out, American voters go to the polls in more impressive numbers—as a percentage of the adjusted eligible voters based on the mortality/mobility factor and other "statistically-hardening fac-

tors"—than do the members of the electorates in many European democracies. In England, for example, voter turnout in parliamentary elections is about 75 percent.

ALBERT L. WEEKS

New York University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Norman Podhoretz's excellent analysis of the Reagan electoral victory makes two isolated, incidental observations which can be profitably considered together. Mr. Podhoretz notes first that the extent of Jewish support for the Reagan candidacy was generally underestimated due, in significant part, to a reluctance by Jewish voters to reveal to either pollsters or friends their true preferences. As one who broke with friends, family, colleagues, and spouse to vote for Reagan, I can well appreciate the temptation to fib and declare oneself for John Anderson as "a way to get through dinner parties... without undue discomfort." I find that this reluctance is part of a general disinclination of many American Jews, for social and cultural reasons, even to identify themselves with the "new American majority" much less to participate in it as they did in the old American majority, the so-called Roosevelt coalition of the Democratic party.

Second, Mr. Podhoretz observes, again correctly, that although Reagan's election was largely a favorable development, there are disturbing elements in the Reagan electoral coalition, particularly the Moral Majority forces. Many American Jews are legitimately concerned about a possible wave of intolerance and bigotry as electoral gains are consolidated.

Obviously, if large numbers of otherwise sympathetic American Jews find even identification with the new American majority impossible because of non-political considerations, there will be little opportunity for Jews to impress the importance of our traditional political concern for tolerance, group pluralism, and related values on that majority. This would be an exceedingly high price to pay merely to avoid undue discomfiture at dinner parties.

MARVIN L. SZYMKOWICZ

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

... Norman Podhoretz rightly

points to the Republican party's takeover of ideas only recently associated with the Democratic party as a phenomenon of considerable importance. He seems unaware, however, that this kind of turnabout is not without precedent in American politics. During other periods of national turmoil, similar processes have often been at work. A particularly noteworthy instance occurred as a result of the rise of the original Republican party during the 1850's. Not only did the Republicans adopt the second half of the original Jeffersonian party name (Democratic-Republican), they also contended that they and not the Democrats were the true heirs of the Jeffersonian spirit. Abraham Lincoln, in a letter declining an invitation to lecture on Jefferson's birthday, made exactly this point. Lincoln went on to note—in an observation not without relevance for today—that the Democrats, in abandoning the principles of a free society, were in effect working to restore those of "classification, caste, and legitimacy" which were "the vanguard... of returning despotism."...

The moral of this story is that no particular person or group of persons can be regarded as permanently immune from the corruptions of power. This lesson, which Lincoln and his generation understood, is the logical and just conclusion of Mr. Podhoretz's fine article.

ROBERT LERNER

Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

... Norman Podhoretz refrains from discussing an interesting implication of his analysis: that Reagan's age—that is, the probability that his will be a one-term Presidency—may be his Watergate factor, the event that prevents the coalescing of a Republican majority because the capable uniter will not be in office long enough to accomplish that goal.

At the risk of asserting the obvious, Mr. Podhoretz might also have stressed the place of Israel in the Jewish voters' embrace of Reagan.... Jews voted for Reagan not necessarily to join the new American majority, but because of Jimmy Carter's seemingly willful disregard of Israel's strategic importance for the United States, his personal uncertainty about the nature and aims of Palestinian lead-

THREE SURVEYS REVEAL AN EMERGING CONSENSUS ON THE NEED FOR AMERICA TO BE MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

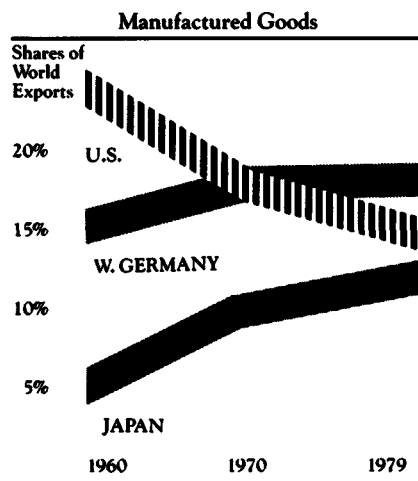
For the past year and a half, Union Carbide has been monitoring American opinion on a wide array of economic issues. In three separate surveys conducted between September 1979 and January 1981, Americans expressed strong concern about the American economy and an awareness that America has to do a better job of competing in the world.

The public's concern over the vitality of the American economy is supported by the facts. The United States ranked last among the major industrial nations in productivity growth in manufacturing in the last decade. Our plant and equipment is older than those of both West Germany and Japan. And we trail most industrial nations in the share of GNP we are investing in new plant and equipment.

While America's share of world export markets has declined, West Germany has become the world's leading exporter of manufactured goods, and Japan has passed the U.S. in the amount of such goods that are exported to less developed countries.

1979: ECONOMIC GROWTH IS NECESSARY.

The first indication of a new consensus emerged from our September 1979 survey (*The Vital Consensus*). In that survey we explored the "growth vs. no-growth" issue and found over 80% said that it would be best for the country if the economy grew significantly in the next five years. Almost two-thirds said that the federal government should do more than it is doing to help business grow and create new jobs.



1980: BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT MUST COOPERATE AS ALLIES...

In a June 1980 survey (*Adversaries or Allies*), we found that Americans wanted economic growth and also wanted government and business to work more closely together to shape economic policies—as allies instead of adversaries.

Americans, by a margin of 8 to 1, also said that making American business and industry more competitive with foreign business was either important or very important.

1981: ...TO MAKE AMERICA MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

In the third poll (*The Emerging Consensus*), conducted in January 1981, we found that over 80% think that trade is a two-way street and that 73% favor new U.S. government programs that would encourage American business to export more products. This survey also found that strong majorities want American businesses treated fairly in international trade and believe that the U.S. should shape its economic policies so that our problems at home and abroad are both taken into account.

America can no longer afford to be the only major industrial country without an integrated economic strategy that takes into account both foreign and domestic realities. The American people understand and endorse the need for such an integrated strategy, as do many of our nation's leaders.

In his economic address before Congress on February 18, President Reagan said, "It is time to create new jobs, to build and rebuild industry, and give the American people room to do what they do best"—in order, as the President later put it, "...to make America competitive once again in world markets."

Union Carbide supports the Administration's new economic program as the essential first step in making America more competitive. And our new survey on public attitudes toward international trade shows that by a strong majority Americans agree that the time has come for the U.S. to shape its economic policies so that they take our problems both at home and abroad into account.

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ers, his choice of spokesmen at the United Nations, and several other related reasons.

Having attracted these Jews, it is now up to President Reagan to determine if they are to remain within the coalition he is in the act of forging.

LAWRENCE J. EPSTEIN
Suffolk County Community College
Selden, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In my opinion, "The New American Majority" is a brilliant article that refutes in clear, no-nonsense form the prevailing liberal philosophy of the past fifteen years. Norman Podhoretz's conception of Reagan as the new Nixon rather than the new Goldwater is extremely insightful—had Democratic liberals recognized this, they might have shaped a more successful strategy in the presidential campaign. . . .

JOHN A. McMULLEN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While "The New American Majority" is further proof that Norman Podhoretz is a first-rate thinker and analyst, it does not do justice to his powers of prophecy.

Throughout 1980, when most political pundits were saying that the presidential race was too close to call, Mr. Podhoretz assured me whenever our paths happened to cross that Reagan would win in a landslide.

Given the accuracy of this prophecy, I hope Mr. Podhoretz will regularly share his views of the future with the readers of COMMENTARY.

J. DANIEL MAHONEY
Chairman, Conservative Party of
New York State
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I live and vote in the District of Columbia. Since its ratification in 1961, the Twenty-third Amendment to the U.S. Constitution has made the District of Columbia part of the process of electing the President of the United States. Thus in 1972, out of 51 jurisdictions voting for President, 2 voted for McGovern—Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. In 1980, not 6 but 7 jurisdictions voted for President Carter's reelection. That is, the District of Columbia plus 6 states chose Mr. Carter.

I know that it is easier to speak of "the 50 states" than recognize that for the purpose of electing our

President there are 51 jurisdictions eligible to vote.

FRED R. BROWN
Washington, D.C.

NORMAN PODHORETZ writes:

I agree with Edward N. Costikyan about the old political leaders—he himself of course once served as the leader of Tammany Hall—but I wonder whether the system in which they operated so successfully can ever be reconstructed. In the meantime, ideology will for better or for worse remain important. (Incidentally, to the question of what Carmine De Sapio's political views were, Daniel P. Moynihan, in an article published twenty years ago in COMMENTARY, gave the definitive answer: "The extent of his ideological commitment may be measured by his pronouncement to the Holy Name Society Communion Breakfast of the Sanitation Department that 'there is no Mother's Day behind the Iron Curtain.'")

My reference to Alfred Gottschalk came from a report in the *JTA Daily News Bulletin* (November 7, 1980, p. 2). I am glad to learn that the report was inaccurate and that his remarks about the dangers of a "new fascism" were not aimed at Reagan and his supporters.

EDITH U. FIERST evidently agrees with me that the liberal culture had no ground of principle on which to stand in objecting "when the number of abortions began to exceed the number of live births." What she seems to disagree with is my suspicion that many liberals did and do object in the secret recesses of their hearts. Such a suspicion is by its very nature speculative, and for all I know Mrs. Fierst is right about the condition of liberal sentiment.

Still, I find it hard to believe that most Americans, let alone most women, share her view that abortion is a mere "technique" and that there is no moral difference between abortion and contraception. I also find it hard to believe that so many young women become pregnant out of ignorance or because contraception is unavailable to them. It would take a truly staggering effort nowadays for anyone over the age of ten to remain ignorant about sex and reproduction; and it would almost take a more strenuous effort to avoid than to acquire contraceptives.

Given the easy availability both

of information and of contraceptive devices, unwanted pregnancies should have declined very steeply in recent years. The fact that this has evidently not happened needs to be pondered and studied. Are these young women—to resurrect yet another cliché of the 60's to go along with those already littering this discussion among liberals—trying to tell us something (about the effects of a liberalized policy)? And are we, as a culture, trying to tell ourselves something (about our collective will to survive) when we tolerate or even applaud a situation in which more babies are aborted than born?

JAKE SHERMAN is right in saying that people talk and think constantly about inflation. I believe, however, that so far this reflects a greater anxiety over the future than serious economic pain in the present. Certainly the economy was one of the crucial issues in the 1980 election, but I still think it represented another aspect of the general decline of the country to which the voters were mainly responding. Indeed, at the beginning of 1980, according to the pollsters Daniel Yankelovich and Larry Kaagan, foreign policy ranked "ahead of the economy" as "the most important problem facing the country today" in the minds of the American people.

DAVID MILLER is being too literal in his use of the term "McGovernite." Though McGovern himself played no special role in the Carter administration, many of his former enthusiasts did. But what is more to the point, many ideas and attitudes associated with the 1972 campaign (especially in foreign policy) became the guiding themes of the first three years of Carter's Presidency. Having spelled those out in my article (pp. 22-24), I see no reason to repeat them here.

LIKE Albert L. Weeks, I was intrigued by Ronald C. Moe's article arguing that the real voter turnout in 1980 may have been closer to 88 percent than to the 52 percent figure accepted by all other analysts. Yet even if the turnout was only 52 percent, Reagan's victory would still look almost as impressive as Roosevelt's in 1932, when the turnout was exactly the same; and in any case, we know from many studies that the non-voters (however many there really

were) would have divided in almost the same way the voters did in 1980.

I SYMPATHIZE with most of what Marvin L. Szymkowicz says. I have my doubts, however, as to whether the anxieties of many American Jews over the Moral Majority are so self-evidently legitimate. It is, indeed, a paradox that Jews should be so much more exercised about the religious Right, which includes some of the most devoted supporters of Israel in this country, than they are about "mainstream" or liberal Christian organizations like the National Council of Churches whose sympathy for the PLO becomes more blatant with every passing conference. A similar point could be made about an issue like quotas.

OBVIOUSLY, as Robert Lerner and Lawrence J. Epstein both suggest, the same reversal of Jewish alliances called for by the respective positions of the religious Right and the liberal churches on the Middle East may extend to the Democratic and Republican parties in general. If the Reagan administration remains true to the ideas about Israel and about quotas that attracted nearly 40 percent of the Jewish vote in 1980, the chances are that increasing numbers of Jews will leave the Democrats and move into the Republican party. (I think the same reasoning applies to other ethnic groups traditionally loyal to the Democratic party like the Irish and Italians.) If Reagan fails, the new American majority will once again be lost to the Republicans.

FINALLY, I want to thank John A. McMullen for his kind words, and J. Daniel Mahoney for coming forward to testify that I predicted the Reagan landslide. If I had known Mr. Mahoney was going to do this, I might have resisted the temptation to mention it myself!

On Language

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY: "Why Madame Bovary Couldn't Make Love in the Concrete" by Joseph Epstein [February] is an unnecessary and ill-informed article.

Mr. Epstein takes note of the vast amount of material about the English language recently published, in books, magazines, and

newspapers. He remarks that "in a modest way, language has become a hot subject," and he asks why this "freshened interest" and this "new public concern" have come about. His answer is unoriginal and, to put it mildly, incomplete. It appears to have been written simply to get him aboard the language bandwagon.

Before explaining why his answer is incomplete, I must say that "how to" books on speaking and writing more effectively have been coming off the presses of the great publishing houses for a very long time, and that for centuries, interested laymen, journalists, and scholars have been writing and speaking, sometimes brilliantly, about the use of English. Having said that, I do agree that there is "a new public concern" and that language has become "a hot subject." Mr. Epstein's article is itself evidence of that.

The principal reason for the "freshened interest" and "public concern" Mr. Epstein chooses to omit. As a journalist, I put down, in my book, *Strictly Speaking*, an account of the English I had heard and read, as it came from the educated elite in this country. *Strictly Speaking* was published, without advance publicity or promotion, by Bobbs-Merrill, in October 1974. It immediately became a best-seller and remained one for six months. On some non-fiction lists, it was for a while the leader. In November 1976, my second book on the subject, *A Civil Tongue*, was published. It also became a best-seller. Excerpts from both books were published in national magazines; both books were serialized in newspapers across the country; both were selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club; both were published in paperback; last year, they were also published in a one-volume edition. They are used in many schools and universities. Between them, considerably more than a million copies have been sold.

Because of these books, I have received thousands of letters. I have been invited to speak to or write for hundreds of organizations and on hundreds of campuses, and have been asked to grant hundreds of press, radio, and television interviews. Within weeks of the publication of *Strictly Speaking*, I began to see its theme copied and expounded, in this country and in England, in dozens of articles, columns, and books. (Mr. Epstein's is

another of these, with the standard names—Orwell, Gowers, Fowler, Chomsky—lazily thrown in, and the standard question raised: do we need an academy?) So "hot" was my work that there were some cases of plagiarism, but most of the time I received generous acknowledgment, and I have been delighted to see others active in the field.

My work was instrumental in making the subject popular. It has helped to make plain-language laws, Black English, bilingualism, illiteracy, and government and academic jargon matters of widespread public discussion. Mr. Epstein surely knows that. Moreover, almost every one of the points of view he adopts was taken by me in my books years ago. Yet my name, and my books, go unmentioned. Can it be because he is an academic of the kind I hold responsible for much of the turgid nonsense that today disfigures English?

By the way, Mr. Epstein might do well to improve his own English before he again engages in what he calls "writing zippy comments in the margins" of his students' papers. He gives us this: "It is an error of the kind of which only the poorly educated are susceptible." It should be susceptible to, not of. He misuses "entailed," and he writes that "language is under attack by feminists, by proponents of Black English and bilingualism, by homosexuals, and by a general resurgence of the populist strain in our culture." The groups he cites are not attacking language. They are attacking particular ways of using it. Nor can anything be attacked by a resurgence.

Mr. Epstein lists, among the reasons for the "freshened interest" in language, "editors [who] feel a missionary earnestness about the disheveled state of English." Do the editors of COMMENTARY?

Mr. Epstein is identified as the author of a number of books, including *Familiar Territory*. Perhaps he should have used that title for his article. The territory is certainly familiar. I made it so.

EDWIN NEWMAN

NBC News
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Epstein's cogent article merits one criticism—his comparison of John Simon's sniffer for grammatical confusion to that of a "truffle dog." Truffle hunters generally employ pigs rather than dogs.

However, COMMENTARY is to be commended for maintaining the kosher tradition, and Mr. Epstein's essay should help uproot the forces of modern anti-Semanticism.

ROY PIPERBERG

John Abbott College
Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Why Madame Bovary Couldn't Make Love in the Concrete," Joseph Epstein fails to make a large number of elementary and indispensable distinctions, for example: between language and language use, between literacy and language use, between language and rhetoric, between language and writing, between language and speech, between speech and writing. And so forth.

It is apparently this which leads him to pass over the centrally important fact that most language users control more than one variety of their native tongue. Indeed, any speaker who cannot switch registers to adapt to changing circumstances is manifestly incompetent. To recommend, as John Simon seems to do, the constant use of a single dialect (public, standard, traditional, learned, written English) is to urge us all to resemble the boors (and bores) who made correctness-mongering infamous.

These self-appointed legislators of usage are united in nothing so much as in their ignorance of language—of its central properties, the ways it changes, how it is structured, how it varies along with cultural variables of whatever kind. Thus they persistently confuse the bumbling of users with the medium itself, alleging corruption of the language where the corruption, if any, is in the speakers. They condemn certain forms but accept others which are essentially comparable, such as *hopefully* on the one hand, and, on the other, *happily*, *reputedly*, *incidentally*, and many more, all of them "sentence adverbs" (in that they modify whole sentences and themselves represent hidden sentences). No principle of language is more basic than the fact that no form can have its form in isolation, but only in relation to other forms—in its field (or paradigm) no less than its string (or syntagm). Given the elegance of structural patterning in language, atomistic nit-picking is simply ridiculous.

Standards of course exist, and must be respected, even in the

breach. But it is fraudulent to suggest that there can be such a thing as "correct" usage independent of social acceptance. Standard dialects became so because their speakers had power, not because they were linguistically superior to other dialects. ("A language is a dialect with an army and a navy," goes the old saw.) It is quite easy to show that a non-standard pattern might constitute an "improvement" if taken into the standard (e.g., on the analogy of *my mine*, *his him*, *your yourn*, etc.). And a great many condemned forms are actually in standard use among many speakers (as pointed out by Anthony Burgess in his New York Times review of Simon's book). . . .

As for Noam Chomsky, it is pure fancy to suggest that he would either (a) let his politics affect any statement he might make about language, or (b) show any interest whatever in prescribing usage, whether from within or outside a language academy. Indeed, it is doubtful that, of the thousands of professional linguists in the United States, even one could be found who would consider such authoritarianism as anything but futile, obscurantist, and wrong-headed.

J. DAVID DANIELSON

Department of Foreign Languages
and Literatures
University of Hartford
West Hartford, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I most enjoyed Joseph Epstein's article, with its wonderful title. His thoughts on language are perceptive, amusing, and stimulating. However, there is one sentence that I find somewhat strange, particularly in an article on language: "He [John Simon] resembles nothing so much as an exterminator hired to eliminate pests who blows up the whole building." The imagery is witty, but the sentence is somewhat confusing. On first reading, it seemed the *pests* were the antecedent for "who," though then there is the problem of agreement with *blows*; a quick rereading of the sentence straightened things out. But surely well-written prose should not require rereading when the point is, basically, clear and simple. Wouldn't commas around "hired . . . pests" have avoided any ambiguity? . . . A mountain out of a molehill? I don't think so. On such clarity, or lack of clarity, hangs the effectiveness of language.

"Let's eat Grandma" or Let's eat, Grandma" for example.

LAUREL H. RABIN

Chevy Chase, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Shame on Joseph Epstein for not insuring that his sensible article on literacy and language was not itself without blemish.

In writing, "Thus when he thwacks Vincent Canby over the knuckles for consistently using disinterested to mean lack of interest," Mr. Epstein is guilty of an identical error. "Consistently" does *not* mean continually, or frequently, or always—as Mr. Epstein presumably intended.

"Only" is probably the most frequently misplaced word in English sentence structure and its misplacement can often cause ambiguity. "I only believe in God" can mean that I do not worship Him or prostrate myself before Him, but only believe in Him. "I believe only in God" clearly indicates that He is the only one in whom I believe. Yet Mr. Epstein writes, "Some language questions can only be decided on the basis of taste." This can mean that some language questions cannot be enshrined but only be decided on the basis of taste. Why did he not put "only" where it should have been, by writing "Some language questions can be decided only on the basis of taste"?

Mr. Epstein seems to think that Noam Chomsky's work in linguistics has to do with "adjudicating questions of language." Chomsky would probably be the first to disclaim that his contributions to the study of linguistics would make obligatory his membership in John Simon's proposed "Academy of the Anglo-American Language."

And what are we to make of such sentences as "In a culture so intensely politicized as ours now is, creating such an Academy figures to be much more impossible than necessary." It would be fascinating to see what John Simon could do with this one.

SIDNEY A. FREIFELD

Ottawa, Ontario

JOSEPH EPSTEIN writes:

I should prefer not to respond to Edwin Newman's letter, but instead allow its large-hearted modesty to speak for itself.

In answer to Roy Piperberg, I must say that, though I have not myself been on a truffle hunt, my *Encyclopaedia Britannica* informs

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me that both pigs and dogs are used to hunt truffles.

As for J. David Danielson, who says "it is pure fancy" on my part to suggest that Noam Chomsky would "let his politics affect any statement he might make about language," I think I should like to pass on this one, too, lest I rouse Professor Chomsky to write one of those snooze-inducing twenty-two-column-long letters of protest that have become one of his hallmarks.

Finally, I wish to plead guilty to all the errors—grammatical, syntactical, and semantical—that alert readers have found in my essay.

Russia & Reform

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a chronicler of the tragic fate of Russian liberalism and a resident of the Middle East, I cannot but applaud Adam B. Ulam's bold call to the democratic West to recoup its strength and cohesion in order to persuade the Soviet rulers "to liberalize their own society and to abandon their expansionist and destabilizing policies abroad" ["How to Restrain the Soviets," December 1980]. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Ulam weakens his case by linking the two aims, and by basing his prescription for achieving the former on a curious reading of Russian history.

It may be very comforting to believe, as Mr. Ulam would like us to, that "the main impetus for the liberalization of the Russian political and social system in the 19th century and after 1905 came as a consequence not of internal pressure, but because of the worldwide attractiveness and power of liberal ideas." But a close examination of the facts reveals that this development had as much if not more to do with military defeats and the strain induced by unsuccessful wars than with the influence of liberal ideas and internal pressures. Thus, the abolition of serfdom, the partial emancipation of higher education from government interference, the introduction of elected local self-government, and the creation of a modern legal system in the early 1860's (the era of the Great Reforms) followed close on the heels of Russia's defeat in the Crimean War. Similarly, the transformation of autocracy into a "demi-semi constitutional regime" after 1905 (to borrow a phrase from Richard Charques) was forced on the re-

luctant Czar by the revolutionary events of 1905. These, in turn, were unleashed by Russia's defeat in the Russo-Japanese War. Finally, the collapse of czarism in February 1917 was, to a large extent, the result of the tensions engendered by Russia's participation in World War I and the defeats its army suffered at the hands of the Germans.

One can only hazard a guess at the reasons which led Mr. Ulam, whose knowledge of Russian history is second to none, to gloss over these facts. Was he afraid to provide ammunition for warmongers on the one hand and appeasers on the other? Whatever the reason, one cannot provide a firm basis for a much-needed Western strategy for dealing with the Soviets by telling only part of the story.

SHMUEL GALAI

Ben Gurion University of the
Negev
Beersheva, Israel

ADAM B. ULAM writes:

I don't think there is really a basic disagreement between Shmuel Galai and myself. Yes, the revolutionary and reform stirrings tended to come or became intensified in the wake of unsuccessful wars (or, for that matter, even following victorious ones, as in the case of the Decembrists, or after 1878). But Mr. Galai's own *The Liberation Movement in Russia, 1900-1905* shows very perceptively how the political ferment which led to the 1905 revolution was well on its way prior to the Japanese war. My main rejoinder, however, would be that the defeats were productive of political change precisely because the powers which inflicted them on Russia could boast of free institutions, certainly freer than those of the empire. Most notably, it was Great Britain, the object of emulation and/or envy for Russians of all political persuasions throughout the 19th century, which stood as a vivid example that freedom and national power went hand in hand. How different the lesson of the post-World War II period, and especially of the last fifteen years, when for all its anachronistic ideology, political repression, and faltering economy, the Soviet Union has been able to inflict or to contribute to political defeats suffered by the free world.

My point then was and is that it is only by recovering the momentum toward effective unity and

a sense of mission that the great democracies can arrest both Soviet expansion and the general drift toward anarchy in international affairs. It is only such unity and determination on the part of the West that can make peace more secure and constrain the Kremlin to turn its main efforts from making trouble for others to tending its own garden.

Jewish Women

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As the author of the section, "Women of Valor," in *The Jewish Almanac*, I feel that Ruth R. Wisse, in the article in which she discusses the *Almanac* ["Judaism for the Mass Market," January], has misunderstood my aims. I was not at all patronizing, as Mrs. Wisse claims. The first list, of ten American Jewish women "rediscovered," was of women of considerable achievement whose work is not commonly known or written about. The second part, originally titled "Women in Rabbinic Roles," required a great deal of research, interviewing, and correspondence. I included women who had distinguished themselves in Jewish scholarship, like Beruriah, Henrietta Szold, and Rebbetzin Pesha Chaya Poupko; in leadership, like the hasidic Moyd of Ludomir and the lay preacher Lily Montagu; and women who *almost* were ordained, like Irma Lindheim and Martha Neumark Montor. The list of women ordained since 1972 was just the end of that section.

Novelty was not my criterion. Every one of the women I listed had distinguished herself in some area of Jewish life.

IDA COHEN SELAVAN

Director, Nonformal Academy of
Jewish Studies
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

RUTH R. WISSE writes:

The description of her contribution to *The Jewish Almanac* by Ida Cohen Selavan illustrates my point. To emphasize women in rabbinic roles is to patronize. Why else would the achievement of Jewish women past and present be subject to the exclusive rabbinic criterion of excellence? Neither Glückel of Hameln nor Charlotte Jacobson of Hadassah qualifies as an achiever in this distorted interpretation of "women of valor." And this slight to Jewish women appears under the banner of women's rights!

It Can Happen Here.

It was a quiet April evening, shortly before midnight, and Deanna Ussery had already gone to bed. The house was dark except for a nightlight in the bedroom of her eight-year-old daughter, Sheila Ann.

Suddenly, there was an explosion of gunfire, and 12-gauge shotgun slugs shattered Sheila Ann's bedroom windows, ripping her bedspread and tearing holes in the wall just above her bed. Miraculously, no one was hurt. Sheila Ann was away for the night.

A made for TV movie? No, a real-life story of terror in Hot Springs, Arkansas, as set forth in the official record of a trial against a United Steelworkers of America local in Garland County Circuit Court.

It is a story of union violence and harassment against five courageous women who defied the strike orders handed down by officials of a USW local against National Rejectors, Inc. of Hot Springs.

Even after the strike was over, the women were subjected to name calling, obscene language and threats. Glue or grease was rubbed on their chair seats at work. Supervisors had to accompany them to the bathroom for their protection.

There were repeated incidents of hair-pulling, shoving, slapping and tire-slashing. They were pursued in their cars by thugs who tried to run them off the road.

The terror might have continued for many more months if it hadn't been for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. The Foundation is the only publicly supported charitable institution in America organized solely to provide free legal aid to employees whose rights have been violated because of abuses resulting from compulsory unionism.

After being asked for help, Founda-

tion attorneys immediately filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board, demanding an end to the campaign of intimidation and terror. The Board swiftly responded and the union publicly promised not to engage in such activities in the future if the NLRB agreed not to prosecute.

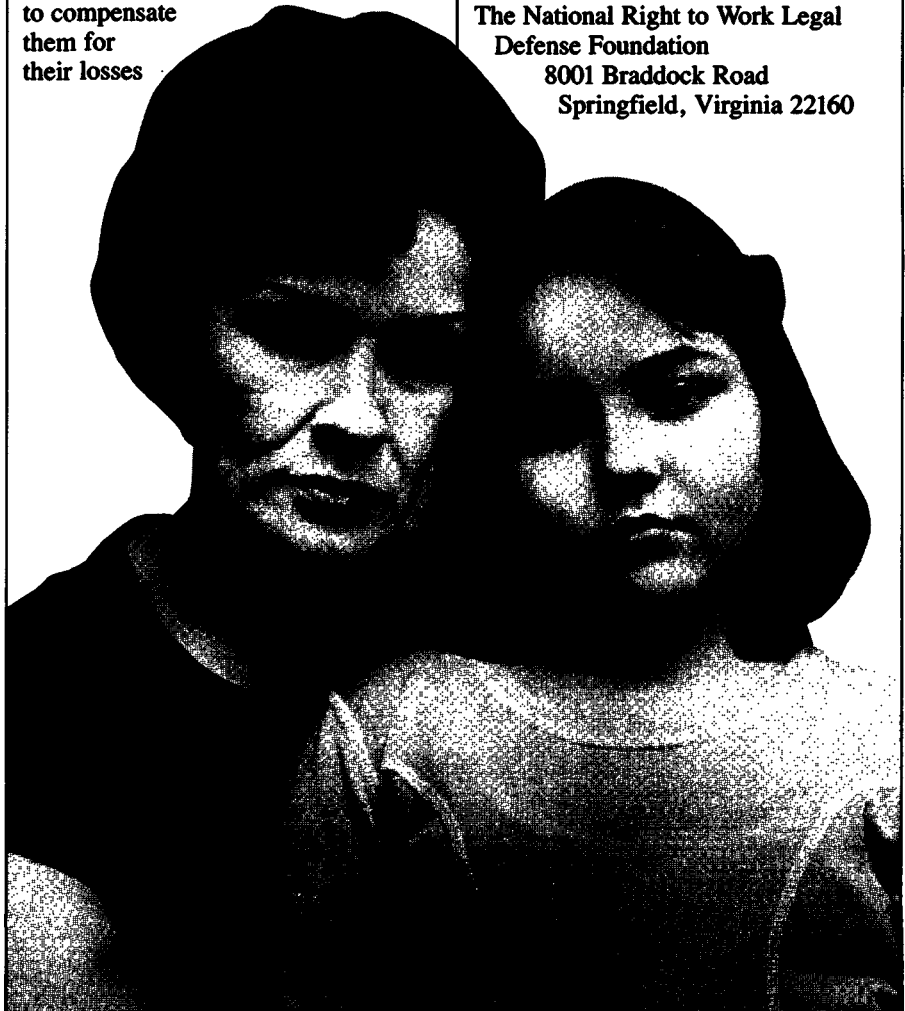
With the Foundation's assistance, the five women also brought suit against the union and its officers in the Arkansas state court. In May 1980, a trial court jury awarded them a total of \$250,000 in damages to compensate them for their losses

and suffering, and to punish the union for its lawlessness.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is currently helping American workers in more than 100 cases across the country, ranging from other union violence cases to those involving academic and political freedom and other fundamental rights. But it would like to do even more.

If you'd like to help Deanna Ussery and other workers like her, we'd like to hear from you.

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How to Make Peace with the Palestinians

Menahem Milson

NEGOTIATIONS among Israel, Egypt, and the United States concerning the autonomy plan for the West Bank and Gaza have been deadlocked for some time. This situation is the main source of discord between Israel and Egypt. It impedes the process of normalization between them and is liable to stifle the fledgling peace relations. It also hampers the American effort to build a strategic alliance in the Middle East.

Although the negotiating teams have met thirty-two times since May 1979, they have not been able to reach agreement on any of the principal questions in dispute. That is not surprising when one considers that the representatives of the people for whom the autonomy plan is intended refuse to take part in the talks and, indeed, reject the whole idea.

For various reasons, the new Reagan administration has, it seems, decided to pause before resuming intensive diplomatic efforts with relation to the West Bank and Gaza. This pause will have been well worth the while if it is used for a thorough reanalysis of the situation and of the reasons for the deadlock.

I

AN essential part of the "Framework for Peace in the Middle East Agreed at Camp David" (signed on September 17, 1978), otherwise known as the Camp David accords, is the chapter dealing with the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. From the outset the Egyptians made it clear that they did not wish to have a separate peace with Israel and would not sign a treaty except within an agreed framework that would include a solution to the Palestinian problem and to the question of the West Bank and Gaza. The Egyptians were not interested in a detailed plan but rather in establishing certain principles that would serve as guidelines. These were, in the

language of Egypt's draft declaration, "withdrawal of Israel from the West Bank and Gaza in accordance with Resolution 242 and the achievement of a just settlement of the Palestinian problem in all its aspects on the basis of the right to self-determination through talks in which Egypt, Jordan, Israel, and representatives of the Palestinian people would participate."

The Israeli government took a different approach: its proposed solution to these issues was a plan for self-rule or autonomy. This plan was first presented by Prime Minister Begin to President Carter during his visit to the U.S. in December 1977. (Only after returning home did Begin present it to the Knesset.)

When the Camp David accords were concluded, it turned out that the section dealing with the West Bank and Gaza was considerably longer than the one outlining the bilateral relations between Israel and Egypt. The intricate and tortuous text reflects an amalgam of the Egyptian approach and the Israeli one: general principles *and* autonomy plan.

The autonomy plan outlined in the Camp David accords is very different from the self-rule plan presented eight months earlier by Prime Minister Begin. It differs from its precursor in a number of ways: (a) it is unambiguously constructed not as a permanent solution but as a transitional plan for a period of five years; (b) the phrase "administrative autonomy" in the Begin plan has been replaced by "full autonomy"; (c) the plan is presented within a document that speaks of "the resolution of the Palestinian problem in all its aspects" and of "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people"; (d) the document stipulates that the Palestinian representatives will participate in the negotiations on the final status of the West Bank and Gaza, and may participate in the talks on "the modalities of establishing the elected self-governing authority."

It was thought that these departures from the Begin plan would induce Palestinians to participate in the talks and in implementation of the plan.

A few weeks before the negotiating parties met at Camp David, the Israeli press reported that high-ranking Israeli officials, notably Foreign Minister Dayan, had held a series of private talks with

MENAHÉM MILSON is professor of Arabic literature and chairman of the Institute of Asian and African Studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. An expert in Palestinian affairs, Mr. Milson is the author of (among other works) *A Sufi Rule for Novices* (Harvard University Press, 1975) and the editor of *Society and Political Structure in the Arab World* (Humanities Press, 1974).

prominent Palestinians from the territories and that their impression on the basis of these talks was that the autonomy idea had not been rejected outright by their interlocutors. A major Israeli newspaper, *Ha'Aretz*, reported that "sources in the military government were encouraged by Dayan's talks because it had become clear that there is indirect agreement among prominent personalities in the West Bank to accept the Israeli autonomy plan, with insignificant modifications" (September 3, 1978).

Thus, although the Israeli negotiators could not bring to Camp David a definite positive answer to the crucial question of Palestinian participation, they could convey impressions that were tinged with optimism, albeit cautious and reserved. Indeed, it must be assumed that none of the participants (including those in the Israeli delegation) would have negotiated and agreed upon a plan knowing that it was totally unacceptable to the people in the occupied territories whose active participation was essential in electing the "self-governing authority."

The Camp David accords were signed, and Jordan aligned itself with the Arab countries rejecting the agreement. Still, the three signatories—Israel, Egypt, and the U.S.—expected that Palestinians from the occupied territories would join in the autonomy talks. President Carter, for example, told a group of reporters at the White House (September 27, 1978): "I know we can get some Palestinians to negotiate." In an interview with the Voice of America, Harold Saunders of the State Department put it somewhat more diplomatically: "And we would hope also that the Palestinians in the area affected would also be willing to participate" (September 29, 1978). These expectations were focused specifically on the mayors in the West Bank and on the mayor of Gaza, Rashad al-Shawa.

The awaited Palestinians did not join. At the end of May 1979, the autonomy talks began without Palestinian participants. Yet the Camp David partners persisted in their expectations that the mayors would eventually join in.

ON WHAT did the Camp David partners base these expectations? The view was that the PLO would signal its supporters in the territories to join the autonomy talks. Some believed the mayors would put pressure on the PLO leadership in Beirut to allow them to negotiate in order to bring about the termination of Israeli military government and to heighten the chances of establishing an independent Palestinian state. The PLO leadership, for its part, would permit the mayors to negotiate and might even prod them to do so, for the outcome of such a move would be a considerable achievement: the Palestinians would gain full autonomy as a transitional stage toward the creation of an independent state, without the PLO's having to negotiate directly with Israel. In other words, it offered an op-

portunity for a net gain without requiring the PLO to pay a political price for it.

Some Israeli officials envisaged a somewhat different scenario leading to the same result. According to this version, the pro-PLO mayors would themselves realize the advantages inherent in the autonomy plan and would join the negotiations even without a go-ahead from the Beirut-based PLO leadership. The West Bank and Gaza mayors would in this way assert their independence of that leadership.

In both versions the pivotal idea was Palestinian participation through the pro-PLO mayors in the territories. Those who propounded the scenario in either of its variants believed that by means of the mayors' participation the negotiating process could skirt both the Israeli obstacle and the PLO obstacle: Israel's refusal to talk to the PLO and the PLO's refusal to negotiate with Israel. Foreign Minister Dayan declared that Israel would be ready to talk to the pro-PLO mayors "as long as they do not wear on their lapels a PLO tag." As for the PLO—it was argued—it stood only to gain, since the autonomy talks would lay the foundation for a Palestinian state and the PLO could steer the negotiations from behind the scenes without having to soil itself by dealing with Israel.

Closer examination of this scenario should have revealed the contradiction built into it. The mayors insisted publicly both that they were faithful followers of the PLO and that the PLO alone had the right to represent the Palestinians politically; the PLO lauded the mayors as integral to the movement. How then could the mayors participate in the talks without implicating the movement of which they were an integral part or, alternatively, without demonstrating that they were in fact independent of the PLO, thus undermining the PLO's most valuable asset—its status as the "sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians"? This is a question that the proponents of the idea of Palestinian participation through the pro-PLO mayors preferred totally to ignore.

The American and Israeli experts who envisaged the mayors' participation do not seem to have understood adequately the attitudes of the PLO and the nature of its influence in the territories. Nor, it appears, did they evaluate correctly the mayors' ability and willingness to assert their independence. The pro-PLO mayors adamantly refused to join the process. As for the PLO command, it not only refused to signal them to participate, but it strictly forbade them to have anything to do with the process.

Both Israel and the U.S. nevertheless tried to convince the West Bank leaders to enter the negotiation process. In private talks with Palestinian notables, Israeli and American officials emphasized the opportunity presented by the Camp David agreement as a step toward full self-determination and independence. An Israeli journalist, Dani Rubinstein, known for his pro-Palestinian views

and his friendship with the mayors, publicly called on his friends in the West Bank and Gaza to accept the accords. In an open letter in the Hebrew daily *Davar* (October 4, 1978) and in the Arabic-language pro-PLO paper published in Jerusalem, *al-Fajr* (October 13, 1978), Rubinstein cited many statements by Israeli politicians criticizing the Camp David autonomy plan as "a sure prescription for the creation of a Palestinian state" and as "a plan that is bound to push Israel back to the '67 lines." He concluded with a plea: "You should pay attention to the statements made recently by President Carter and his aides, and not let slip the opportunity which has come your way." This last hint was clear; it was well known that the views of the Carter administration on the Palestinian problem differed widely from those of Israel and went a long way toward satisfying Palestinian demands.

Rubinstein's plea fell on deaf ears. Nor were the efforts of two U.S. diplomats, Alfred Atherton and Harold Saunders, of any greater avail. Most of the local Arab leaders invited by the U.S. Consulate in Jerusalem in September-October 1978 to meet these two American envoys rejected the invitation. What must have disappointed the diplomats most was the rebuff by the West Bank mayors, who for some years had been "cultivated" by U.S. representatives and materially supported by organizations like the American Near East Refugee Aid (ANERA) and the American Friends Service Committee. Even so, hopes for including the mayors were not abandoned, and efforts to court them have continued, if with no success.

What has been behind the refusal of Palestinian politicians in the territories to join the talks? One favored explanation both in the Western press and in Israel is that what has stood in the way is the Israeli policy of establishing new settlements in the occupied territories. This explanation overlooks a simple fact. On no occasion, public or private, have the mayors told Israeli representatives or foreign diplomats that they would join the negotiations if only Israel would stop building settlements.

Another explanation is that the plan put forward by Israel does not go far enough toward real autonomy. But Egypt has published its own model for Palestinian autonomy, which is so far-reaching that it differs from full political independence in name only—yet the PLO supporters in the territories are unwilling to negotiate even on the basis of *that* model. They surely realize that were they to announce their acceptance of it as a basis for talks, they would win considerable political support both in the U.S. and in Israel, not to mention in the media. That they have not done so means that this explanation of their refusal is also untenable.

The mayors and other political spokesmen in the West Bank and Gaza offer, in effect, another explanation. They insist that the PLO is the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians, that it alone has the right to negotiate, and that there

can be no solution without it. And the PLO rejects Camp David.

This brings us to two key questions. Why does the PLO totally reject Camp David, and how has the PLO come to control the political public in the territories? By answering these questions we may discover where the experts, both Israeli and American, have erred in their evaluation of the situation and of prospects for the future.

II

FOR a number of years it has been argued by many political observers in Europe, in the U.S., and even in Israel itself that although the leadership of Fatah—which is the main group within the PLO, headed by Yasir Arafat who is also PLO chairman—will not publicly recognize Israel, it accepts the idea of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza alongside Israel. According to these Western observers, the Arafat group (which they like to call "the PLO moderates") now maintains a position which differs considerably from the one formulated in the Palestinian Covenant and calling for the elimination of Israel. These observers base their judgment on impressions gained in private talks with PLO leaders or envoys. Yet when they cite statements reportedly made by their PLO interlocutors, the latter invariably deny ever having made them or claim that they have been misquoted, misunderstood, or mistranslated. The moderate PLO turns out to be very elusive.

Rather than trying to form an opinion about Arafat's position on the basis of private talks, we would do better to consider the political behavior of the PLO and the *public* statements of the Arafat group.

From the PLO's point of view, the most important reason for rejecting Camp David is that acceptance of the accords implies recognition of Israel. In the thirty years that passed between the establishment of Israel and Sadat's trip to Jerusalem in November 1977, the fact that the Arabs did not make peace with Israel and refused even to negotiate directly with it was explained by many experts as inevitable in the light of the Islamic heritage and the Arab "mentality," as if these were as immutable as the laws of nature. Eventually this explanatory theory, which sheds some light on the cultural but not on the political background of Arab attitudes to Israel, came to be taken as a *justification* of the Arab refusal to make peace with Israel. On the basis of this theory it was argued that direct negotiations and a peace treaty between the Arabs and Israel could not realistically be expected to come to pass. Moreover, it was said, Israel should not demand from the Arabs what they could not give—namely, direct negotiations and contractual peace—but should be satisfied with some kind of settlement, not necessarily a peace treaty, through some process, not necessarily direct negotiations.

Sadat's visit to Jerusalem in November 1977 demolished this concept in one stroke. He proved that an Arab head of state could recognize Israel and not be overthrown within twenty-four hours, that an Arab leader could enter into direct negotiations and even sign a peace treaty with Israel. To be sure, to recognize Israel and conduct negotiations and finally sign a peace treaty—these are very difficult things from the Arab point of view. But they are the price the Arab side is required to pay in order to obtain what it wants. For an Arab leader it is admittedly a hard political decision—hard but, as proved by Sadat, not impossible.

THE price of recognition is not one that the PLO is willing to pay. The PLO would like to obtain territorial concessions from Israel without dealing directly with it and without paying *any* political price in return. It is for this reason that the PLO prefers an arrangement under which the West Bank and Gaza would first be made over into a UN trusteeship and thereafter be transferred to it. And it is also for this reason that the PLO rejects even the Egyptian position on the West Bank and Gaza, which is that Israel should withdraw to the pre-June 1967 borders and that the Palestinians should be allowed full self-determination.

In an interview with the PLO paper *Falasteen al-Thawra* (November 4, 1980), Arafat said: "The day I saw Sadat land at Lod airport to grant the enemy what no Zionist ever dreamed of—that was the worst day of my life." Farouk Kaddoumi, head of the PLO's political department, told the Palestine Solidarity Congress in Basle in May 1979: "Sadat's visit ruined the peace efforts because it meant recognition of Israel." And the mayor of Ramallah, Karim Khalaf, said at a rally in Nablus: "Sadat is the second Balfour." Refusal to recognize Israel's right to exist is essential to the PLO position, including that of the Arafat so-called "moderate" group. The recognition of Israel reflected in Sadat's visit to Jerusalem and underlying the Camp David accords is to the PLO the cardinal sin.

Khalid al-Hasan, a member of the PLO executive, went to Europe in the summer of 1980 to further the political dialogue with the EEC countries by presenting a flexible and moderate PLO stand. On his return to Beirut he clarified just what the limits of PLO flexibility and moderation are. He said: "If the Europeans claim that they are our friends and talk to us about altering the Palestinian Covenant and *recognizing Israel*, then there's no difference between them and the Americans. . . . We made it clear to them that all they have to do is help us establish the Palestinian state. After that will come the work of uniting Palestine, as we have already explained. This is our dream, and we have the right to work toward its realization" (*al-Safir*, Beirut, May 20, 1980, emphasis added).*

Abu Iyad (Salah Khalaf), one of the leaders of Fatah and the PLO, reiterated these positions in a

recent interview (published in the *Jerusalem Post* November 27, 1980) in which he stated that the PLO will not lay down its weapons until it achieves its goal—a "secular democratic state" in the whole of Palestine to replace the Jewish state that now exists in part of it. May Sayegh, secretary-general of the PLO women's council, told the same interviewer: "Our goal is the total liberation of Palestine; any Palestinian who wants less is a traitor." And at a public meeting at the University of Beirut, Arafat declared (PLO Radio, December 7, 1980): "The victorious march will continue until the flag of Palestine is raised above Jerusalem and above the whole area of Palestine from the river [Jordan] to the sea [the Mediterranean], and from Ras al-Naqqura [on the Lebanese border] to Eilat." A few days later he reiterated: "When one speaks about settling the Palestinians I want to say: Acco before Gaza and Beersheva before Hebron. I want both Likud and Labor to understand this. We recognize only one thing, which is that the Palestinian flag should be raised above Jaffa. That is the only thing which we recognize" (PLO Radio, December 14, 1980).

This insistence on the part of various PLO spokesmen reflects one of the principles canonized in the Palestinian Covenant, the second section of which declares that "Palestine within its borders as defined under the British Mandate is one indivisible territorial unit."

Related to the notion of the indivisibility of Palestine is the claim that the Arab citizens of Israel are an integral part of the Palestinian people. This, according to PLO spokesmen, is another reason for rejecting Camp David, for the accords do not take cognizance of the unity of the Palestinian people and "overlook the problem of the Palestinians living in the Palestinian territories occupied in 1948"—that is, the Israeli Arabs.† The declared PLO goal of "unifying Palestine" means that a PLO state in the West Bank and Gaza must be a revanchist state, one that would strive to arouse an irredentist movement among the Arabs in Israel.

Still another reason for the PLO to reject Camp David is that the accords fail to recognize what in PLO language is known as the "right of return": that is, the right of all Arab refugees from the 1948 war to return to their original areas of domicile. To the PLO this is an absolute and non-negotiable right; no PLO spokesman is willing to forgo it. Some Western commentators claim that although the PLO mainstream does maintain "the right of return" in principle, it would not insist on implementing it in practice, and that if given the choice of monetary compensation, most Pales-

* "Unifying Palestine" is a euphemism signifying the end of Israel and the inclusion of its territory in the Arab Palestinian state.

† See Faye A. Sayegh *Camp David and Palestine*, Association of Arab-American University Graduates (New York), October 1978, pp. 2-3.

tinian refugees would opt for that. One cannot but wonder on what basis so confident a prediction is advanced. Abu Mazin (Mahmoud Rida Abbas), a member of the Fatah central committee and of the "moderate" wing, said in an interview in *al-Ra'y* (September 28, 1979): "No Palestinian will be found who does not want to return to his homeland. If the Palestinians are given the choice between compensation and return, no one would agree to take the compensation and give up the return."

The "strategy of stages," which the PLO formally adopted at the twelfth Palestinian National Convention in June 1974, has enabled spokesmen of Fatah occasionally to give the impression of moderation and indeed to present relatively moderate positions. According to this strategy, the first stage in the overall PLO program is the establishment of a Palestinian state in any part of Palestine that may be evacuated by Israel, on the condition that this will not be in exchange for recognizing Israel or relinquishing "the right of return." When PLO spokesmen address Western audiences they can—if they wish—concentrate on this first stage without mentioning (but also, without renouncing) the subsequent stages. Farouk Kadoumi has spelled out all the stages very clearly: "There are two initial phases to our return. The first is to the 1967 lines, the second—to the 1948 lines . . . the third stage is the democratic state of Palestine. So we fight for these three stages."*

The insistence of PLO spokesmen on the "unification of Palestine" and "the right of return" is not just an expression of fidelity to dogma. It reflects an important social and political fact. The immediate power base of the PLO is in the Palestinian camps in Lebanon, most of whose people fled to Lebanon in 1948 from Galilee and Haifa. For these people the West Bank and Gaza mean very little; the achievement of a Palestinian state in these areas, which were in Arab hands until 1967, would not be the realization of their dream.

There is yet another conflict between the Camp David accords and the PLO. The accords explicitly repudiate "threats or acts of force." But the Fatah platform ratified in Damascus (May 1980) states in the preamble: "Our method for realizing our aims is armed popular revolution; armed struggle is strategy, not tactics." The resolutions of this Damascus convention emphasize the importance of terrorist activity; they speak of "armed popular revolution as the only indispensable way to liberate Palestine," and of "the escalation of the armed struggle."

The PLO makes it clear that it will not lay down its weapons after a state is established in the West Bank and Gaza. According to PLO spokesman Mahmoud Labadi (in *al-Jumhour*, October 3, 1980): "We must not forget that every political achievement opens new horizons for the military alternative." In more picturesque language, Abd'l-Muhsin Abu Meizer, another PLO spokesman, has said: "The armed struggle and the political

struggle are organically connected like sowing and reaping; what the guns sow, you reap politically" (*al-Qabas*, Kuwait, December 16, 1980).

In other words, the creation of a Palestinian state would not be the end either of political aspirations or of "armed struggle" (the standard PLO term for terrorist activity).

THE PLO rejection of the Camp David accords is thus not a response to this or that interpretation of the autonomy plan or to the policy of the Begin government. It is absolute, an expression in concrete political behavior of the refusal to recognize Israel's right to exist as a sovereign state. To be sure, the words "liquidation of Israel" do not usually appear these days in PLO declarations and resolutions, which speak instead of the "liquidation of the Zionist entity." But there is no mistaking the meaning of that phrase; it is none other than the end of Israel. This point is made very clearly in the platform of Fatah, cited above, which declares that Fatah's aim is the "complete liberation of Palestine and the liquidation of the Zionist entity economically, politically, militarily, culturally, and ideologically. . . ."

The PLO also insists that the Soviet Union participate in solving the Palestinian question. This is the position not only of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (led by George Habbash) and the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (Nayef Hawatme's group), which are known for their Marxist ideology, but also of Arafat's group, the Fatah. The resolutions of the Fatah convention in Damascus declare: "Fatah is a part of the international liberation movement in common struggle against imperialism, Zionism, racism, and their agents, and we establish our relations with all parties in the international arena in a way which is compatible with our principles and the Palestinian Covenant." More specifically, they speak of "strengthening the strategic alliance with the socialistic countries, with the Soviet Union at their head . . . strengthening the relations with the liberation movements in the world who stand with us in one line against American imperialism, Zionism, racism, fascism, and reaction and strengthening the struggle of the international liberation movements."

As for the U.S., the resolutions state: "The U.S. is in the forefront of the enemies of our people and our nation . . . it establishes military alliances in order militarily to subjugate the region [the Middle East] to its influence in order to continue to rob the treasures of our nation. Therefore there is no alternative but to strengthen the international front against American policy and to wage war against this policy, to foil it and to strike at American interests in the region."

* Interview with *Newsweek*, quoted here from the *International Herald Tribune*, March 8, 1977.

III

So much for the PLO rejection of the Camp David accords. It remains to trace how the PLO has come to control the West Bank and Gaza politically at a time when these areas are controlled militarily and administratively by Israel. The PLO's political dominance in these territories is not a "natural" development, but rather is at least in part a result of certain acts of omission and commission by both Israeli and American officials.

In 1948, following the war waged by the Arabs of Palestine and the Arab states to foil the establishment of Israel, the territories known as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip came under Arab rule. Egypt, in control of the Gaza Strip, kept it as a separate entity under a military government. By contrast, the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan, which held the West Bank and East Jerusalem, annexed these areas and made them an integral part of the Jordanian state.

It should be noted that although the Jordanian army effectively controlled the West Bank, King Abdallah (the grandfather of today's King Hussein) carried out formal annexation only after he had been publicly invited to unify the two parts of Palestine by a representative body of Palestinians. On December 1, 1948, an assembly of some two thousand mayors, local notables, village heads, and Bedouin chiefs was convened in Jericho; it declared its belief in the unity of Palestine on both banks of the River Jordan and proclaimed His Majesty Abdallah "King of all Palestine." In April 1950, the annexation was formally ratified by the two houses of the Jordanian congress. Although this act of "unification" was recognized *de jure* only by Great Britain and Pakistan, it was recognized *de facto* by the international community in general and by the Arab nations that had earlier protested against it.

Under Jordanian rule, the West Bank was divided into three districts: Nablus, Jerusalem, and Hebron. Like the five districts of the East Bank, these were all tied to the central government in Amman, and in that way were integrated into the Jordanian administrative structure. The West Bank was not an administrative unit apart; East Jerusalem was not a capital.

The next nineteen years were characterized by a dual process: on the one hand, the "Palestinization" of the population, economy, and civil service of Jordan; on the other hand, the integration of the West Bank political elite into the Jordanian establishment. To be sure, this process was rooted in various factors—geographic, political, historical, and ideological—which had been in operation for a long time before Jordan's emergence as an independent monarchy. From the time Transjordan (the forerunner of today's Jordan) was created in 1922, its civil service was mostly recruited from among western Palestinians. By way of example we may recall some outstanding names:

Tawfiq abu'l-Huda (born in Acre), Samir and Abd al-Mun'im al-Rifa'i (born in Safed), Ibrahim Hashim and Ahmed Tuqan (both born in Nablus)—all of whom held high-ranking positions (including cabinet posts) before as well as after 1948. After 1948, however, the number of West Bankers in the administration increased considerably, partly because of the need for educated personnel and partly through a deliberate policy of integration.

The ideology and national self-image of the Palestinian elite facilitated the process of unification. The Palestinian movement was part of the Arab national movement, and it took its particular role to be that of keeping the territories defined under the British Mandate as Palestine free from non-Arab rule, and establishing Arab sovereignty in them. The Palestinian identity—just like the Syrian, Iraqi, or Libyan—includes both an attachment to the one common Arab heritage (history, language, culture) and patriotic feelings particular to the native territory whose boundaries were set by the European colonial powers.

The case of Anwar Nuseiba, one of the foremost Palestinian political figures, is very instructive in this respect. Nuseiba was the secretary of the Palestinian government established by the Mufti Hajj Amin el-Husseini in Gaza in 1948, but in 1949 he crossed over to the Jordanian establishment, in which he attained high positions, among them governor of the Jerusalem district, minister of defense, and ambassador to London. Explaining his view of the matter of Palestinian versus Jordanian identity, Nuseiba stated in 1977:

To me Jordanian citizenship was Arab citizenship. To me, Jordan was part of Palestine. I accepted that citizenship because it included my own home and my own home town, Jerusalem, and Palestine, western Palestine, not all of Palestine. So I am not ashamed of that. I have not relinquished my Palestinianness and I am not ashamed of being a Jordanian citizen. You said Palestine was a creation of the British. This is true, but so was the division of the Arab countries, if you want, a creation of the British, the French, and the Russians at that time. What we had hoped to achieve was a union of the Arab countries, a union in which there would be no boundaries between Jordan and Palestine and Syria and Lebanon and Iraq, if you wish. That was aborted. It does not mean that my feeling for that concept has disappeared, and therefore it was not difficult for me—living in Jerusalem, belonging to Jerusalem, proud of my Palestinianness—to work and have the honor to work as a citizen of Jordan.*

This illuminates the order of loyalties: primarily to the idea of Arabism and Arab rule, secondarily to the political framework within which the idea is realized.

* Quoted from a transcript of a Truman Institute symposium (Jerusalem, June 1977). The full text appears in Hebrew translation in *Ten Years of Israeli Rule in Judea and Samaria*, Raphael Israeli, ed. (Jerusalem, Magnes Press, 1980).

IN addition to all this, in sharp contrast to the practice in other Arab countries, where refugees from Palestine were not allowed to become citizens of the host countries, within the unified kingdom of Jordan all the Palestinians, whether indigenous residents or refugees from areas occupied by Israel in the 1948 war, were given Jordanian citizenship.

Consequently, the population of Jordan is now largely of western Palestinian origin. According to reliable estimates, more than two-thirds of all Jordanian citizens, including the population of the West Bank and East Jerusalem, are Palestinians—that is, western Palestinians. Even if we omit the population of the West Bank and East Jerusalem, western Palestinians constitute about 60 percent of the total number of Jordanian nationals. Some 80 percent of the population of the capital city of Amman are western Palestinians.

Jordan, like the other Arab countries, was committed to the Arab ideology of refusing to recognize Israel's right to exist, but it did not see, and does not see, Israel's destruction as the primary goal or the *raison d'être* of the Jordanian state. On the contrary, Jordan's long borders with Israel made it necessary for Jordanian decision-makers to deal in a pragmatic way with the situation—obnoxious but nonetheless real—of a Jewish state at their side. They consequently had no choice but to devise all sorts of arrangements for a *modus vivendi* with Israel. They would not deny (any more than other Arab politicians and ideologues) the primacy and validity of the great millenarian vision of Arab unity and domination, but they also would not make this the guiding principle of their actual policies. Militant anti-Israeli radicalism was something Jordan could not afford, for such radicalism could embroil it in open war which it might not be able to survive, or else it could create in the country a dynamic of rising militant expectations which, unrealized, could lead to upheaval undermining the state's structure.

Hence Jordanian policy vis-à-vis Israel gave priority to considerations other than the millenarian. In their practical acceptance of Israel's existence the Jordanian policy-makers were in fact resorting to a well-established concept in Islamic political and legal tradition—the concept of “compelling necessity” (*darura*). If we translate this Islamic concept into modern political terminology we may say that in it, perceived constraints counterbalance millenarian aspirations. It should be noted that in traditional Islamic legal and political thought, considerations of necessity are not at all regarded as shameful or illegitimate.

Modern Arab politics is characterized by a constant tension between two forces. On the one side there is the vision of Arab glory and unity, a vision rooted in the inherited Arab and Islamic self-image and transformed from traditional religious concepts into the language of 20th-century political ideologies and, in particular, the language of Third World radicalism. This radiant vision in-

spires millenarian tendencies in which religious fervor is transformed into political zeal, fanaticism is virtue, and compromise is tantamount to treason. On the other side there is the whole gamut of practical considerations and mundane motivations.

The millenarian and the pragmatic create two overlapping fields of gravitation within which Arab politics is conducted. Actual political behavior in the Arab world always moves between these two poles, and is influenced by both. Whereas radical extremist Arab politicians are drawn to the millenarian pole, moderate Arab politicians advocate and pursue policies that confront the necessities of society and stress the need to deal with actual circumstances. These two different attitudes are also reflected in different types of public rhetoric—as between, say, a Sadat and a Kaddafi. (Arab leaders always try to make sure that the rhetoric used in their countries or spheres of influence does not clash with the policy they want to follow.)

Radicalism was inimical to the very nature of Jordan as a pro-Western monarchy. The Jordanian authorities were therefore bent on curbing radical political tendencies.

IV

TO ASSURE its political control over the West Bank between 1948 and 1967, the Jordanian government applied a system of patronage (which, in fact, is standard in Arab politics). Economic benefits, prestigious appointments, and access to the king and his lieutenants were granted in return for loyalty.

In such a system the most valuable prize for a public personality is access to those who hold central power. To deny this privilege is to undercut a leader's position within his constituency and to deprive him of his influence. If a notable or local politician cannot act as an intermediary between the central authority and his constituents (family, town, or tribe)—a service absolutely crucial in that social and political structure—they will inevitably turn to somebody else.

The West Bank and the Palestinians were in this manner integrated into the political system of the Jordanian state—a situation which changed when Israel occupied the West Bank in June 1967. Under the Israeli military government the West Bank became one administrative unit instead of three separate districts as it had been under Jordan.

Thereafter the Jordanian government, deprived of direct control, could no longer effectively apply the system of patronage. Furthermore, Israeli policies in the West Bank were the very opposite of the Jordanian mode of governing. Benefits and services were given by the Israeli authorities on the basis of non-political, objective administrative rules. Whether a person was a declared supporter of the PLO or a moderate Arab seeking to live in

peace with Israel did not matter when it came to the services afforded him by the Israeli government.

West Bank personalities known for their moderate political positions discovered that their sensible views did not earn them preferential treatment from the Israeli authorities. In many cases, they were stunned to see persons notorious for their strong anti-Israel public positions faring better in their dealings with Israeli officials than they themselves did.

The reasons for this paradoxical phenomenon can be traced to certain conventional ideas which were as common in Israel as in America. According to these ideas, a spokesman (of the other camp) who held extreme positions must be genuine and honest, while a moderate and pragmatic spokesman must be either insincere, or unrepresentative, or both. This converged with another conventional notion, that radical leaders represented "the wave of the future" and therefore should be accommodated.

This whole complex of attitudes—which had about it something of a self-fulfilling nature—was reflected in the behavior of Israelis and Americans toward the pro-PLO figures in the West Bank. As a result, the public position of those figures was bolstered and that of the moderates undercut. In a society where easy access to the authorities is a major political asset, the accommodating attitude of the Israeli authorities to the pro-PLO mayors and public figures with similar views strengthened their position in their constituency. The same went for the American practice of regular visits with pro-PLO figures and financial support for their projects. When a pro-PLO mayor was invited by an official American agency to visit the U.S. (as was the mayor of Halhul in 1977), it signified to the people in the territories that the U.S. in fact accepted the extremists who adhered to the PLO's absolutist dogma. Indeed, it signified that the U.S. accepted them on *their* terms, without a precondition that they moderate their declared public allegiance to the extremist line.

The Israeli authorities proclaimed that they did not care what the Arabs in the territories said or what political views they espoused and that nobody would be punished for expressing his views. This was Israeli policy, and also Israeli practice—and it was a practice for which Israelis took great moral credit, having brought the blessing of freedom of expression to the West Bank. Many Israelis were furthermore satisfied to see that the flow of political comments and statements coming forth from the West Bank included some anti-Jordan views in addition to anti-Israel vituperation.

In this connection it is worth pointing out that the attitude of the Israeli government (much like that of the Israeli public) to Jordan from 1967 on was a complicated one. Although the Israeli government recognized Jordan's status as the interlocutor for any settlement concerning the West

Bank, there have always been some members of the Israeli cabinet (and the Israeli political public) who have wished to see the Jordanian claim weakened. This has been true of all Israeli governments since 1967. The anti-Jordan views that some Palestinians began to publish in the new atmosphere of freedom of expression seemed useful to these Israelis, some of whom went so far as to imagine that the West Bank could emerge as a separate political entity, independent of Jordan. The fact that many of the anti-Jordan voices were also anti-Israel and pro-PLO did not appear to bother them at the time, nor did they seem aware that these utterances were mostly inspired by opposition to Jordan as a pro-Western country suspected of secretly inclining to make peace with Israel.

Yet the process of "de-Jordanization" had natural limits beyond which it could not go. There was the immutable geographic fact that all the land routes connecting the West Bank with the rest of the Arab world ran through Jordan, a situation that placed a very powerful sanction in the hands of the Jordanian government with regard to West Bankers. There was the demographic factor: many West Bankers had relatives in Jordan (often relatives highly placed in the Jordanian establishment). There was also the multifaceted economic factor: most of the products of the West Bank were sold in Jordan or transported through it to other Arab markets; many West Bankers had investments in the East Bank; and thousands of West Bank civil servants and teachers received pensions or second salaries from Jordan. Nor should it be forgotten that as Jordanian nationals, the West Bankers depended on Jordanian passports. These factors, which continue to obtain today, set limits to the process of de-Jordanization.

POLITICALLY, however, the most significant factor checking the de-Jordanization process was that until October 1974, when the Arab countries meeting at Rabat declared the PLO to be the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people, Jordan was the recognized claimant to the West Bank. Thus, when municipal elections were held in the West Bank in 1972, pro-Jordanian candidates ran for office and won. The one exception was in Ramallah, where a new man was elected mayor. This was Karim Khalaf, a radical anti-Jordanian nationalist strongly influenced by the Communists in his town.

Karim Khalaf was one of quite a number of anti-Jordanian Palestinians who, under the Israeli military government, were allowed and even encouraged to appear on the public scene as civil servants and journalists. Under Jordanian rule, of course, that would have been unthinkable. Karim Khalaf was employed by the Israeli military government as a magistrate and attorney. Arabs in Ramallah assert that he won the 1972 elections because he was known to have good relations with the Israeli military authorities and easy access to

them. The people of Ramallah say that when he was elected, it was the Israelis who interceded on his behalf with the Jordanians to have his Jordanian passport renewed and his mayoral appointment recognized by the Jordanian authorities across the river—a *sine qua non* of his ability to function.*

In view of the power of sanction still held by the Jordanians, such anti-Jordan persons who became publicly active under Israeli rule soon learned to restrain the free expression of their sentiments. For the most part the radicalism that could be publicly expressed *with impunity* on the West Bank under Israeli rule was anti-Israel radicalism.

Under Israeli control political-party activity was prohibited in the territories. This, however, does not mean that there was no political activity. Whereas the moderate elements obeyed the law, the radical elements, taking full advantage of the freedom of expression assured by Israel, used all sorts of non-political organizations (such as trade unions and women's welfare groups) as bases for anti-Israel indoctrination.

Israeli policy attached great significance to the economic aspect of life in the West Bank and Gaza. The Israelis in charge assumed that economic growth and prosperity would in themselves have a moderating effect, as a populace busy at economic enterprise and materially satisfied would steer clear of illegal activity. In line with this assumption, Israeli authorities acted to increase agricultural productivity, encourage investment in industry, and generally raise the standard of living.

Indeed, the economic accomplishments in the territories were remarkable: the GNP increased from 1967 to 1978 at an average annual rate of about 13 percent in real terms, per-capita income rose at an annual average of 11 percent in real terms. But the somewhat naive assumption that rising prosperity and economic development would counterbalance radicalizing influences and form a barrier between the populace and the terrorist organizations was not borne out.

BY APRIL 1976, when Israel again held municipal elections in the West Bank, the political situation had changed from 1972. Since the Rabat conference in October 1974, when the Arab countries had resolved that the PLO was the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians, Jordan was no longer considered the claimant to the West Bank. The elections were preceded by an intensive campaign conducted by the PLO radio stations in Syria and Lebanon, calling on the population to vote *en masse* for the candidates who supported the PLO. During the months prior to the elections, from November 1975 until March 1976, there were serious disorders in the major towns of the West Bank instigated by PLO followers to prove to the people that the PLO had control of the streets. Under these circumstances, the pro-Jordanian mayors of

Nablus and Hebron, both of them pragmatic and experienced politicians, refused to run. The results of the so-called de-Jordanization, which was in reality anti-Israel radicalization, were now showing.

The Israeli authorities were dismayed by the outcome of the elections—the PLO supporters won in all the major towns. Nevertheless, the Israelis nurtured the hope that once in office the new mayors would be more interested in their municipal duties than in nationalist politics, and would gradually move away from the PLO. This did not happen. Instead the mayors turned their offices into protected platforms for PLO propaganda and, more significantly, converted the municipalities with their budgets and sanctions into political power bases for the PLO. The capacity of the mayors to influence the population was considerably enhanced by the large sums of money which the PLO began to funnel to them (particularly after the 13th PLO council in Cairo in March 1977). After the signing of the Camp David accords, the Baghdad conference allocated \$150 million for consolidating the PLO hold on the West Bank and Gaza.

The Israelis, under the spell of their notion that economic development would be a moderating factor, were at a loss to define a clear policy against the flow of PLO money into the West Bank. Some Israelis responded by saying: What do we care if they build factories with PLO money, so long as they don't build weapons factories? This response missed the fact that the money was granted at a political price—support for the PLO in general, and, more specifically, after the Camp David accords, rejection of the peace process. Another Israeli response to the problem was to distinguish between PLO money and money from Arab states. But this was an illusory distinction, since all the grants by Arab countries to the West Bank and Gaza (whether handed over by PLO envoys or by representatives of the donor state) were politically controlled by the PLO. They were distributed to persons or organizations in the territories on a *quid pro quo* basis. It was all PLO patronage money.

SADAT's visit to Jerusalem in November 1977 stirred the public in the territories. Thousands of Arabs from the West Bank cheered Sadat in the al-Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem: "Long live the hero of peace!" A number of prominent West Bank moderate leaders publicly welcomed Sadat. It seemed at the time that the moderates might veer away from the PLO line. But the PLO moved quickly to suppress any deviation. Threats were made on the lives and property of people suspected of wavering from the PLO line; within a few months after Sadat's visit, three persons were assassinated. Among them was the Ramallah businessman and politi-

* See *Ha'Aretz*, January 2, 1981.

cian, Abd al-Nur Janho, who had defied the PLO and publicly supported the Sadat initiative. In an interview with John B. Oakes of the *New York Times* (December 21, 1977), Janho had challenged the PLO's right to represent the Palestinians and expressed his belief that the Sadat peace move gave the West Bank Arabs a chance to solve their problems without war. Janho was shot dead on February 8, 1978.

The Camp David accords heightened the political significance of the people living in the territories, and now the complacent assumption that their declared political positions were of no consequence turned out to be wholly untenable. To be sure, the Arabs in the territories could not and would not make peace on their own, but it became clear that the implementation of any agreement would require the consent and cooperation of at least some of their leaders.

The PLO recognized that to foil the Camp David accords it had to have a monolithic front in the territories. PLO supporters in the West Bank organized a series of rallies in the colleges of Bir Zeit (near Ramallah), Bethlehem, and Nablus (on October 4, October 16, and November 7, 1978, respectively) at which one speaker after another denounced the peace agreement; called for the liberation *with arms* of the whole of Palestine, including Galilee, Haifa, and Jaffa; castigated the U.S.; heaped personal abuse on Sadat; and threatened anyone who dared deviate from the line. Leading the vituperative campaign against the peace agreement were the very same mayors who according to the American and Israeli scenario should have been the Palestinians willing to participate in the peace process.

The PLO rallies, which were widely publicized on television and in the Arabic press, were not merely opportunities for self-expression, but public ceremonies in which the acclaimed political formulas were canonized as dogma. Once the total rejection of the Camp David accords was thus canonized, deviation from it became tantamount to apostasy—and the punishment for apostasy was death. Sheikh Hashem Khuzendar, the religious leader of Gaza, who unabashedly continued to support the Sadat initiative, was assassinated on June 1, 1979.

A few weeks after this assassination, Farouk Kaddoumi commented to the Lebanese paper *Monday Morning* (June 24, 1979): "The PLO and the Palestinian people in the occupied territories and outside them know very well how to use such methods to prevent certain personalities from deviating from the revolutionary path. Our people in the interior [i.e., the territories] recognize their responsibilities and are capable of taking the necessary disciplinary measures against those who try to leave the right path."

PLO pressure in the territories was thus twofold—the offer of patronage money on the one hand, and on the other hand

physical terror and intimidation. It was hard to resist. Nevertheless, an undercurrent of moderate tendencies survived. Well aware of it, the PLO made sure that these tendencies were not allowed to surface. In the summer of 1980, Abu Mazin announced: "The PLO should act with all its strength to prevent voices supporting the autonomy from arising among the people of Gaza." A few weeks later a series of assassinations occurred in the Gaza Strip: during the months of November and December 1980, twelve persons were shot to death. This was a result of a specific decision by Fatah. Abu Iyad said (*al-Watan*, Kuwait, January 18-19, 1981):

After Sadat's visit to Jerusalem and the Camp David accords, we took some decisions to execute spies on a limited scale. We were concerned lest people of weak character might participate in the conspiracy of the autonomy. I can proudly declare that by the end of 1980 these agents were not able to come out of their holes, that is, after September 1980 some of them reared their heads a bit and then a resolution was issued to carry out a few executions. There is a decision to liquidate all elements cooperating with the enemy.

In this way the PLO achieved what has been described in the media as "the unanimous support of the people." This is not to say that patronage money and intimidation were the only motives behind people's allegiance to the PLO. Various temperaments and ideological orientations existed within the political public in the territories; there were pragmatists as well as adherents of absolutist dogma. What is important—and disturbing—is that the pragmatists and the moderates learned that it paid to obey the PLO, and how dangerous it was to disobey.

The socio-political situation that developed in the territories under Israel's military government was one in which the balance between the radical millenarian and the practical became skewed. For the people in the territories both the radical vision and considerations of expediency came to be stacked on one and the same side.

V

THIS situation was not inevitable, and is not irreversible. In the light of the analysis given above of the reasons for the present deadlock, we may draw conclusions that can help in forming a new, more constructive policy capable of sustaining the efforts begun at Camp David.

To begin with, it must be recognized that the declared political positions of people in the territories are of great significance. What counts politically is actual behavior and public positions, not what may be maintained privately or said in confidence. The PLO is fully aware of this and has acted accordingly to assure that no dissenting voices are heard. Conversely, in order to effect

progress toward a peaceful settlement, one must create conditions within which moderates in the territories will be able to express their views openly.

In this connection it is important to realize that the extreme radical personalities and groups among the Palestinians in the territories are not necessarily the "authentic" representatives. Choosing partners for negotiations according to the implicit assumption that more extreme means more authentic is a sure formula for damaging the chances of a peaceful settlement. One cannot hope to have an agreement with followers of the radical millenarian vision, the protagonists of absolute dogma who negate any form of compromise. One *can* reach an agreement with those who are willing to work within the necessities and constraints of reality and accept the political consequences. Such people (whether individuals or public organizations), who are ready for a compromise solution, require moral and political support against the extremists.

The facts of geography and demography suggest that a political separation between the West Bank and the East Bank is artificial and potentially explosive. A permanent and stable settlement of the Palestinian problem must include a solution for the Palestinian refugees in Lebanon, who number about 300,000. It would be impossible to settle them in the West Bank. However, the East Bank, with an area eighteen times larger, can accommodate a substantial portion of them. Hence any agreement on the permanent solution of the Palestinian problem must ultimately be struck between Israel and that political entity whose center is Amman. At present one cannot move directly toward this kind of solution, because neither Jordan nor the political public in the territories is ready for it. Without at least some legitimation from within the territories, Jordan cannot go against the inter-Arab consensus.

How is such legitimation to be achieved? By freeing the population of the territories from the grip of the PLO. This must be done by Israel, with the support and cooperation of the U.S. During the next year, while the U.S. is—one hopes—rebuilding its credibility in the Middle East, Israel will have to engage in a persistent political campaign against PLO domination in the territories. The way for the U.S. to help is not to demand further concessions from Israel in order to satisfy the PLO.

The PLO's demands are absolute and unlimited, and the organization is not prepared to pay any political price to Israel in a bilateral relationship. Nor will Israel, which obtained a peace treaty with Egypt in return for concessions in Sinai, agree to give up at a lesser price territories and defense positions that are of greater value to it. This road

leads only to impasse, destabilization, and Soviet penetration.

It has been suggested, in the light of the deadlock, that Israel should unilaterally implement the autonomy plan. The advocates of this idea argue that once Israel relinquishes its administrative functions in the West Bank, the mayors will have to assume responsibility for these functions, while Israel will continue to maintain its military presence and civilian settlements in the area. In this way, it is said, Israel will be able to bypass the Palestinian refusal to participate in the peace process.

But this is no solution to the problem, and not even a start in the right direction. It only obfuscates the issue. What hampers the peace process is not that the mayors refuse to assume additional administrative responsibilities, but that they refuse to accept the idea of a peace process altogether. If Israel relinquished all its administrative authority in the territories, the power vacuum would be filled by the supporters of the PLO. This would be a final blow to the remnants of moderation in the West Bank and Gaza.*

Continued political domination of the territories by the PLO will guarantee that organization's continued legitimacy within the Arab world, not to mention its power to veto any Arab move in the direction of Camp David.

Indeed, rejection of the U.S.-sponsored "Framework for Peace in the Middle East" is precisely what is preventing the formation of a potential pro-U.S. alliance in the Middle East. The political gap between Egypt on one side and Saudi Arabia and Jordan on the other cannot be bridged unless the latter two accept or at least cease to oppose the "Framework for Peace." Such a change in the approach of Saudi Arabia and Jordan to the solution of the Palestinian problem can take place only if it is legitimized from within the territories. Thus the chances of the pro-U.S. strategic alliance in the Middle East depend also on the emergence of a moderate camp in the West Bank and Gaza—something which cannot be expected to happen if the PLO continues to dominate the territories politically.

Unless the U.S. and Israel make a real effort to create conditions in which moderate Palestinians can speak out, both the chances of peace between Israel and the Arabs and the chances of a pro-Western strategic alliance in the Middle East will remain seriously impaired.

* There is yet another objection to this plan, namely, that as Israel unilaterally reduces its control over the area the result will be an escalation of terrorist activity against Israel. Advocates of the idea of a unilateral implementation of the autonomy plan do not discard this fearsome probability, but say that in that case Israeli forces can again move into the areas from which they have withdrawn. That is, back to square one, at an as yet undetermined cost in human life.

The Imperial Media

Joseph Kraft

You can tell Superman is Superman in lots of ways. He can fly. He has X-ray vision. He can stop a bullet in mid-flight. But perhaps the most singular of his qualities is the ability to do the transformation trick. He can change identities without paying a price. One minute he's Clark Kent, a reporter mild as Perry Como. The next he's Woody Hayes, slugging all the bad guys on the field. But he moves smoothly between the two roles. He doesn't get found out. He doesn't make people mad at him for being duplicitous. And, above all, he isn't schizophrenic; he isn't full of unavowed self-doubt.

Those things don't happen in the real world, and that fact says perhaps the most interesting thing there is to say about the imperial media. In the past two decades, those of us in the press and television have undergone a startling transformation. We have been among the principal beneficiaries of American life. We have enjoyed a huge rise in income, in status, and in power. In the process we have edged away from roles and standards hallowed by tradition. We no longer represent a wide diversity of views. We have ceased to be neutral in reporting events. We have moved from the sidelines to a place at the center of the action. Inevitably we have become subjects of hot controversy among ordinary people, political leaders, and even in the courts. Inevitably also we have experienced a tension between what we are supposed to do and what we actually do—between myth and reality. This inner tension finds relief in a self-serving creed or ideology—the ideology of the First Amendment. And that ideology implicitly stakes the imperial claim—the claim that what is good for the media is good for America.

Before going any further, a word of definition is in order. By the term media I mean something fairly precise. I am not talking about local papers or radio stations. I am talking about the relative handful of national news enterprises—the three networks; the news magazines; and the one or two leading regional papers which most of us read.

I also want to say a word about my own relation to journalism. It is a profession—and I use that

word advisedly and in contrast to such other possibilities as craft, trade, or calling—which I cherish. It has been generous to me and given me cause for gratitude. I admire and like most of the people in the business. In the next few pages I am going to be fingering the weaknesses, pretensions, follies, biases, and insensitivities of my profession. I will dwell extensively on its occupational deformations. Sometimes I will cite myself as an example, sometimes other people. But I should say at the outset that when it comes to apportioning blame, I have no illusions of immunity. To the charges I am going to be leveling, I want to enter a plea of guilty.

Now to the recent change in our status. Let me first point to the scene of a play about the newspaper business, *The Front Page*, written almost exactly fifty years ago. The setting is the press room in the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago. Here are a couple of the details:

It is a bare, disordered room, peopled by newspapermen in need of shaves, pants pressing, and small change. Hither reporters are drawn by an irresistible lure, the privilege of telephoning free. . . . An equally important lure is the continuous poker game that has been going on for a generation, presumably with the same pack of cards. Here is the rendezvous of some of the most able and amiable bums in the newspaper business; here they meet to gossip, play cards, sleep off jags, and date up waitresses between such murders, fires, riots, and other public events that concern them. It is little wonder that Hildy Johnson [the hero of *The Front Page*] refers to his fellow journalists as a cross between a bootlegger and a whore.

In contrast, let me cite the lines from the final broadcast given by Eric Sevareid after nearly forty years as a radio and television commentator for CBS. Sevareid said:

We are not the worst people in the land, we who work as journalists. Our product in print or over the air is a lot better, more educated, more responsible than it was when I began some forty-five years ago as a cub reporter. This has been the best generation of all in which to have lived as a journalist in this country. We are no longer starvelings and we sit above the salt. We have affected our times.

JOSEPH KRAFT is a nationally syndicated columnist based in Washington, D.C. This article is drawn from the Jefferson Lectures which he delivered at the University of California at Berkeley in 1979.

Those two citations express to me a neglected, but I think centrally important feature coloring the lives of those of us who work in the media. We have not merely been unwardly mobile, as the cant phrase goes. We have been shot from cannons. We have advanced almost overnight from the bottom to the top; from the scum of the earth described by Hildy Johnson to the seats of the high and mighty. We have become a kind of *lumpen* aristocracy in American society, affiliated, as priests at least, with the celebrity culture.

THE rise in the status of journalists finds many, many causes. Probably the most important is the change in the character of the news. The reporters in *The Front Page* were preoccupied by local events which they could feel and smell and see—fires, murders, riots. The real, live journalists of that day—the H. L. Menckens and Ben Hechts—could walk into police headquarters and sniff around and get a feel for what was actually happening in Baltimore or Chicago. But that is clearly not the kind of event which preoccupies the national media today. Whatever else we do, we rarely deal with village affairs. We write and speak of far-off places—Iran, Poland, Namibia. We deal with huge aggregates—budgets in the billions; work forces in the millions. Finally, we deal with intrinsically difficult matters—the calculus of deterrence and the anti-ballistic missile, for example; or the full-employment budget; or parity prices in agriculture; or monetary aggregates, and their impact on mortgage rates.

Given this kind of work, journalists these days have to be well-educated. And so, increasingly, they are. Probably the most striking evidence of the change lies with the specialists. At the Supreme Court on any decision day, among the best-informed people in the place are the reporters who regularly cover the court. The last time I checked, twelve of the fifteen were lawyers. The same pattern applies in virtually every other distinctive area of reportorial work. In foreign policy, there are specialists in Africa, Europe, China, the Soviet Union, defense—even India. Every major newspaper, and each network, has specially trained people who cover the economy. Among the political reporters there are White House watchers, and congressional experts, and even people who follow—as though it were the stock of IBM—the ups and downs of the Senate Finance Committee.

Moreover, the specialists are only refined versions of the generalists. Managing editors, with a certain gruffness that hangs over from the Hildy Johnson era, like to say that they want good, solid reporters, trained in police work, whom they can assign to any beat. Maybe so. But it turns out that the general-assignment reporter covering the Department of Housing and Urban Development has to learn about inner cities and red-lining and mortgage rates. The general-assignment reporter

covering the Department of Interior has to learn about wilderness policies, and the bureaucratic rivalry between the Corps of Engineers and the Council of Environmental Quality, and the interplay with Congress and private interests. The general-assignment reporter covering the Department of Health and Human Services has to learn about drugs and doctors and the containment of hospital costs—every one of them a complicated subject. No doubt it helps in trying to understand such matters to be savvy and shrewd. But you have to be more than that. You have to learn to think in abstractions; you ought, if you're going to be any good, to learn to think in terms of trade-offs—to see things not only now but whole; to look at not just parts but at systems. You have to be, in an apprentice way at least, a kind of intellectual.

The condition is now well-recognized. The publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, Otis Chandler, made the point in a lecture series at the University of Maryland not long ago. "It was not too many years ago," he said,

that most reporters came from ordinary, working-class homes, and reflected pretty much the values and prejudices of the mass market. Today, because of the increasing sophistication of the average newspaper reader, because of the trend toward specialized reporting, we are hiring, as many other newspapers are, many reporters from the upper and middle classes, men and women who in general are better educated, are more sophisticated, and are certainly paid more than most of our general citizens.

The same note has been struck, in a slightly more apprehensive way, by Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*. In his recent book, *Reporting*, Cannon writes:

As reporters climb up the income scale, their social values also change. Reporters who a few years ago were preoccupied by the basic economic issues of life are now more likely to be aroused by energy or environmental issues, or, for a long decade, the Vietnam war. . . . The gulf is growing between reporters and working-class Americans. . . . This is particularly likely to be true on the big national newspapers and television networks where reporters, correspondents, and editors are apt to be in the upper 10 percent of national-income levels.

Cannon quotes a colleague on the *Post*, David Broder, to this effect: "Reporters are by no means any kind of a cross-section. We are overeducated, we are overpaid in terms of the median, and we have a higher socioeconomic stratification than the people for whom we are writing."

It is a mark of how far the upgrading process has proceeded that the change in status and outlook can now be described almost as a matter of course. That was not the case when the point was made by one of the most perceptive of our social critics, Daniel P. Moynihan, back in 1971. Bombs of controversy exploded all around him when

Moynihan, writing in COMMENTARY ("The Presidency and the Press," March 1971), observed:

One's impression is that twenty years and more ago the preponderance of the working press, as it liked to call itself, was surprisingly close in origins and attitudes to working people generally. They were not Ivy Leaguers. They are now, or soon will be. Journalism has become, if not an elite profession, a profession attractive to elites. This is noticeably so in Washington, where the upper reaches of journalism constitute one of the most important and enduring social elites of the city, with all the accoutrements one associates with the leisured class.

MOYNIHAN's reference to the appeal of the media for new entrants leads me into a second cause of the sudden rise in the social status of journalists. There is a different process of self-selection at the start.

For most of us who entered journalism some thirty years ago, the choice flowed from two kinds of disabilities. First of all, we were not good enough to be creative writers, poets or novelists. Secondly, we didn't feel that we could succeed in the world of what was then known as the gray-flannel suit—the world of the Organization Man, the world of corporations and lawyers. So we chose an in-between position. We became journalists. Being a newsman had a certain raffish quality. But nobody could have been attracted by the thought of becoming rich, or important, or powerful. Fame was not the spur.

It is now. The new entrants have their eye on a target and they are frankly ambitious. For example, Dan Rather in his autobiography, *The Camera Never Blinks*, ascribes considerable influence for his career choice to a college journalism teacher. "You can do it, Dan," the teacher would say to him, according to Rather. "You can go all the way." Bob Woodward (of Woodward and Bernstein) acknowledges that "I liked the upward mobility. It was easy to get to the top, or easier than the law." Richard Reeves, a former political reporter for the *New York Times*, who became a magazine writer, gives this account of his career choice: "Most of us are terribly curious introverts and we need the institutional cloak. I could go to a party and never say a word to anyone—I don't know how to begin a conversation. But if I say, 'Excuse me, I'm Dick Reeves of the *Times*,' that breaks the ice for me and I can deal with the situation."

Not that ambition always takes the When-E.F.-Hutton-Speaks-Everybody-Listens form. There is also, and it is important for young journalists, what Saul Bellow once called moral ambition—the urge to make people better than they are. Robert L. Bartley, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, has written that most of the younger people coming into journalism are more interested in

the larger society and not so much in personal life. He calls them an "idealistic elite." As evidence he cites a study of high-school graduates who go into journalism by Penn Kimball and Samuel Lubell published in the *Journalism Quarterly* in 1960. The study found that "a high-school student's point of view toward the idealistic possibilities of journalism is directly related to his decision to choose it as a career. An intense sense of usefulness about journalism was accompanied by extremely high regard for it as interesting work." Or as Julius Ducha, a former reporter who is now director of the Washington Journalism Center, once put it: "Reporters are frustrated reformers. . . . They look upon themselves almost with reverence, like they are protecting the world against the forces of evil."

In the same sentence in which he remarked that reporters are frustrated reformers, Ducha observed that television news people were frustrated actors. I cite that comment because it identifies a force even more powerful than moral ambition that attracts new entrants to the television end of the news business. I refer to the celebrity cult.

Many potent factors cause television news to develop celebrities. Television requires elaborate technical preparation—the dispatch of crews and cameras and reporters, the erection of equipment in proper settings, the transmission of the voice and film footage. As a result, the three networks tend to cover pretty much the same events. A basically similar commodity, moreover, is being purveyed to truly mass audiences. Millions and millions of people, far more than the audience for any newspaper or magazine, watch television news. The sums of money involved are huge and quickly made. Fortunes turn on a difference of a point or two in the ratings. Competition between the networks, accordingly, is extremely keen, and the most obvious way one network establishes its qualities over another in the news field is through the medium of personality. The reporter and the anchor man necessarily become familiar public figures—recognizable to most of the country; built up through organized publicity; subjected to constant comparative tests of box-office appeal. They are, in a word, celebrities, and I think it is an intrinsic feature of television, a normal ingredient of the business, that it has imparted to the enterprise of gathering and dispensing news a celebrity quality.

Perhaps the most unself-conscious evidence comes from a book called *Air Time*, by Gary Paul Gates, which purports to be an insiders' history of CBS News. Here are a couple of random citations.

Of Charles Collingwood, Gates writes: "Collingwood was the biggest name at CBS News. . . . He decided he would rather remain a semi-star for a first-class network than become the headliner at an inferior one."

Of Walter Cronkite at one of the political conventions, Gates writes: "CBS not only won a vic-

tory in the ratings, but it suddenly had in Walter Cronkite a new star."

Of Huntley and Brinkley, Gates writes: "NBC had two new stars."

Of Harry Reasoner, Gates writes: "The star system which had become such an integral part of TV journalism all but demanded his presence. . . ."

Of Dan Rather, Gates writes: "Through his aggressive coverage of the Nixon White House, he had become a star."

Of Roger Mudd, Gates writes: "God forbid that Roger Mudd should catch a cold. He had become a star."

In *The Camera Never Blinks*, Dan Rather fusses and worries a lot about the star system and celebrityism coming to dominate news. He raises the prospect that some day Paul Newman might decide to become a newscaster. He evokes the danger of would-be actors going for jobs as anchor men. He says the trouble is real, not imaginary. And he cites a true case. The case he mentions is that of a television celebrity who fostered an auction among the networks and finally signed up for a fabulous sum with the highest bidder. He says that that auction "brought into question again the newsmen as a celebrity. After all, no one is paid a million dollars just to do the evening news." He says that because of the auction, "the temptation will be stronger now to hire someone else's talent. It is more food for the star system, the feeling that what counts is the name on the marquee, not the integrity of your news."

Now the person Rather has in mind, the person who precipitated the auction and signed up for a million, is Barbara Walters. And of course Mr. Rather is just off-loading his problems—and the problems of many others—on Miss Walters. The fact is that the star system is a dominant feature of television news, and nobody knows it better than Dan Rather. For the tables were turned on him, in a rare case of poetic justice, when he was designated to succeed Walter Cronkite as anchor man for the CBS News. At that time, the loser in the contest, Roger Mudd, observed: "CBS has made its decision according to its current values and standards. From the beginning I've regarded myself as a news reporter and not as a newsmaker or celebrity."

A RELATIVE decline in competing professions makes the surge in journalistic status look all the more pronounced. During the past twenty years most of the intermediate groupings in American society—groups which interpose themselves between government, on the one hand, and the unorganized people, on the other—have lost status. Churchmen may be important on specialized issues, but they have ceased to give general tone to American opinion. Labor, which gave the country so much of the New Deal, is no longer a source of light on intellectual problems, and has even, witness the rise of George Mc-

Govern and Jimmy Carter, lost the power of veto within the Democratic party. Business, which used to buy up parts of government, was made to pay through the nose in the Watergate scandal. Instead of well-known tycoons, today's business leaders are, in David Riesman's phrase, "a bunch of people who went to Purdue."

Within government itself, there has taken place the same falling off. Everybody knows that the political parties aren't what they used to be—even in Cook County. Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter all testify to the declining power and prestige of the Presidency. Nor can it be said that the Congress has taken up the slack. Giants do not stalk the hallways of the House and Senate.

If most of the best-known ingredients of the national power structure have been losing authority, there is one element—one much-imagined component—which I think has never acquired strength, never indeed come into being. For most of American history there has existed the quaint conceit that this country has an establishment or elite. But that view resists serious analysis.

Social power may still reside, in the older cities, in a group of Protestant families who came on the scene early, and developed certain tony schools and clubs. But economic power is dispersed, and intellectual power even more so. We have no *grandes écoles*, as in France, where persons of high talent are amalgamated with the aristocracy. There is no House of Lords, as in Britain, where persons who have made it can take their ease while deliberating about the nation and enjoying a sure measure of respect.

The absence of an absorptive national establishment explains something that is almost unique to this country—the celebrity class. Celebrities are in our country the functional equivalent of dukes and earls in Europe. They bring glamor and excitement, and gossip and some hope even, into otherwise drab lives. But if celebrities play an important part in American culture, it is not an assured part. The cast keeps changing all the time. Today's star is tomorrow's has-been. So the atmosphere is full of furious rivalries. Moreover, the plight of the castoffs is cruel. To go from the glare of publicity to the edge of oblivion is a harsh fate. Those on the edge not only cling to their positions with furious tenacity, they harbor a deep and obscure resentment—a pervasive hostility toward a system that does not have a capacity for putting those who succeed at ease, that makes life so jumpy and edgy.

That last point brings me full circle. I have tried to show that those of us in the media enjoyed an enormous surge in status and power in recent years. That surge coincided with the decline of various other groups, to the point where we could almost perceive ourselves as the only institutional force left on a well-nigh devastated plain. But while we have acquired confidence and

self-assertiveness, there is no security. We are driven to keep moving forward, and in an adversary way. We are thus highly prone to that disease of the times—narcissism. The narcissism of the journalist, of course, is not mere conceit. It consists in the belief that because we describe events, we make them happen.

II

MORE than a hundred years ago, Sir Robert Morier, writing to Lord Russell, referred to public opinion as the unknown god to whom we all burn incense. Matters have not changed much since then despite the development of new sciences and sophisticated techniques for figuring out what people think and why. The pollsters and psychologists can measure how many persons favor candidate X or Y, or even policy A or B. But what they can count they cannot weigh. Intensity of feeling defies precise measurement. But it makes all the difference. That is why, to the surprise of many, minorities with firm views so often prevail over majorities with loosely held views. That is also why violent swings of opinion take place under the force of events—often with election results unforeseen by even the cleverest pollster. Nor have we learned how to present people, or even samples of people, with true choices. The extensive sounding of opinion throughout the Vietnam war yielded the information that most Americans wanted the United States to get out of the war. It also showed that most Americans did not want the United States to lose the war. But there was no way to get out without losing, and so far as I know, there was never a decisive determinant of the preferred alternative.

Even more obscure is the relation between the media and public opinion. The press and television pack a punch when it comes to raising topics beyond the immediate range of ordinary people. Distant externals—events in China or Namibia—are our meat, and we can shape the loosely held views people may, as a kind of luxury, hold on such matters. But when it comes to what counts, to events that require paying or bleeding, people form views out of their own experience. These views tend to be deeply held. They are virtually immune to press and television. Indeed the media, as commercial enterprises, generally align themselves with the majority view. It becomes impossible to tell the echo from the voice.

But if public opinion remains an unknown god, and if we should be cautious about imputing decisive influence to such trivial experiences as reading papers or watching television, the power of the media is nevertheless real, and felt to be real by many people in many ways. Paul Weaver has shown that the news is a form of discourse, an alignment of orders of magnitude, first in a paper, then on a page, then within a story, that tends to present a moralistic picture of good guys versus

bad guys. Irving Kristol has drawn attention to the original connection of the press, and by extension, television, with the pervasive populist opposition to the powers that be. Edward Jay Epstein, by applying organizational theory to television, has demonstrated how much the news shows tend to be tilted toward what happens in certain big cities—notably New York, Washington, Chicago, and Los Angeles. He has also revealed the drive to organize news events on television as a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end—not to mention a conflict, an encounter, and an outcome—usually between good guys and bad guys. Leon Sigal has applied Richard Neustadt's theory of bureaucratic rivalry to the news-gathering operations of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* to demonstrate—in ways anticipated, I think, by Douglass Cater and myself—how much those papers are parts of the “central nervous system” of the American government. Michael Schudson has investigated the voyeurs of society—private detectives and probation officers, as well as newsmen—and found that they tend to view their subjects from an elevated vantage point.

The sudden rise in status to the uneasy eminence of celebrity only fortifies that disposition. Insecure self-assertion combines with an immanent dislike of the system to foster a strong oppositional bias. The record shows that Moynihan was not wrong when he found that the media had been taken in tow by the “adversary culture.”

In the 1950's and 1960's, the press and television became the principal vehicle for the protests of minority groups. First came the blacks. The protests in Selma, Montgomery, Birmingham, and Ole Miss, engaged the intense interest of the media. Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson, Julian Bond, and Andrew Young became media heroes. The journalists who covered their protests—Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times*, Dan Rather of CBS, Claude Sitton of the *New York Times*—zoomed through the ranks to the top of the profession.

In sequential order, virtually every other militant protest group followed the same pattern. Students, women, consumers, Chicanos, the aged, American Indians, and the handicapped all developed techniques for attracting attention, chiefly through figures attractive to journalists who themselves rode the issue to fame and fortune. So too with Vietnam. Many of us who opposed the war early, indeed, I would say most of us, did so for the wrong reasons. I had been in Algeria and was convinced the Vietcong could not be beaten, or that if they were beaten, the result would be a political loss. Several others were piano-wire hawks. They thought the war was all right except that the U.S. should fight it by dirtier and more stealthy means. When they turned against the war, as witness chiefly the case of Daniel Ellsberg, they turned against American society as a whole. But right or wrong, most of us who op-

posed the war early made good names for ourselves, and acquired a weighty view of our influence on public opinion. The *New York Times* came to believe that by publishing the Pentagon Papers, it actually stopped the war—a dubious claim, since the war continued for four years thereafter, and the anti-war movement suffered a devastating loss of public support. A legend around CBS, equally implausible, it seems to me, is that President Johnson knew he was through when Walter Cronkite gave up on winning in Vietnam.

WATERGATE was next. The *Washington Post* was on to the President's lies first, pursued the story most diligently, and rightly—I think—received most of the credit. But every other news organ of note surfaced with something. *Time* and the *New York Times* led the way on the wiretapping. *Newsday* broke new ground on the role of Bebe Rebozo. *Newsweek* had the John Dean story first. The *Baltimore Sun* led the way on irregularities in the IRS. The television networks, although they did not uncover much that was new, made the war between Nixon and the press a main event in every living room.

My guess is that the processes of justice would probably have achieved much of what happened anyway. Nobody could put the fix in at the lower levels of the FBI. Nobody could corrupt Judge Sirica. The staff and members of the Senate committee under Senators Ervin and Baker proved that although they could not catch a fly ball, they knew a presidential tape when it hit them in the face. The Supreme Court did its work, and the Judiciary Committee did its work. In the end the system triumphed, but it was the press that got most of the credit.

Since then there has been no holding us. The more august the person the hotter the chase. The more secret the agency the more indiscriminating the attack. The general assumption of most of my colleagues, and I do not suppose I am much of an exception, is that behind every story there is a secret, and that every secret is a dirty secret. As an example, let me cite the treatment given by the three networks to what should have been one of the straightest of news events—the national budget for fiscal 1980. All three networks cited President Carter's description of the budget—"lean and austere." But all three presented that view in terms which suggested it was so much malarkey. Here is the NBC account:

Good evening. . . .

The President sent Congress the first federal budget since Proposition 13 . . . the first since the public outcry against taxing and spending rattled the windows in government offices across the country.

Well, this new budget calls for more spending and higher taxes than the last one.

The President nevertheless calls it lean and austere—meaning that while the spending is higher it is not as much higher as it might have been.

Here is the ABC account:

In a maze of figures inside this book is the projected level of federal spending for the next year—\$531.6 billion. That would leave the government \$29 billion in the red, and would represent the nineteenth deficit in the last twenty years. Despite the fact money will be pouring out of the federal till at a record rate, the budget is austere. Spending will be a smaller percentage of the gross national product than in recent years.

Here is the CBS account:

It sounded more like a cut of meat than the biggest federal budget in history—\$531.6 billion. President Carter called it lean and austere, tough and fair. But Republican Senator Roth of Delaware said calling it lean is like looking at a package of bacon in the supermarket: you don't see the fat until you open the package.

In the follow-ups, in opening the package, the networks merely presented the various complaints *seriatim*. Thus NBC featured a ticking clock which kept count of the billions of dollars spent by the government. The commentator pointed out that if you paid \$10,000 in taxes that year, the government would spend it in two-thirds of a second. He noted that many Americans were paying as much in social-security taxes as in income taxes. He added that while individuals had to balance their books, the government could spend more than it took in by printing money which, of course, fed inflation.

NBC also included a special section on HEW. The special section pointed out that the new budget included a cut in the social-security benefits which had the effect of:

Ending benefits to college students who could qualify for student loans.

Ending the \$255 lump-sum death benefit.

Ending social-security benefits to widows when their children reach age sixteen.

Reforming the disability-insurance program so that disabled workers have incentives to return to work.

And ending the minimum monthly benefit of \$122 to workers who also draw government pensions.

All of those cuts were represented as scandals, without any mention of the fact that there were other programs—outside social security—which paid many of the same benefits.

The NBC presentation also included an account of the increased monies paid out for defense. It set up, in the fashion dear to television, a clean-cut, good guy vs. bad guy fight—social-welfare cuts vs. defense increases. One of the commentators said: "Although the administration won't admit it,

many of the nation's social programs are being cut so that more money can be spent on defense."

ABC set up the same conflict. A reporter on Capitol Hill asserted that "some Democrats were concerned about the proposed increase in defense spending, especially on the MX missile. They feel budget cuts should not be saddled on just the old, the poor, and the minorities." Then two Democratic Senators—Kennedy and Cranston—were interviewed complaining about the unfair distribution. Senator Cranston said: "There's no reason for national defense to be expanded while we contract aid to people who desperately need help from our government."

THE distinguishing feature of the coverage was the listing of every single complaint without any effort at resolution. There was little or no emphasis on the obvious point that budgets are exercises in arranging competing priorities, and that conflict is a normal ingredient of the process—the name of the game, in fact. As a result, the stories missed two points that in retrospect stand out as the most significant of the entire episode: first, that Carter did his budget trimming, not by asserting priorities, but by cutting tiny bits and pieces across the board; second, that making decisions at the margin, in the fashion dear to incrementalists, yielded the worst of both worlds—cuts inadequate to restrain inflation, and defense spending inadequate to close gaps and give adversaries second thoughts. Not only was the coverage slanted, but the bias was uniform. It did not reflect the diversity of viewpoint normally evoked by a complicated state paper dealing with many controversial matters. It thus went beyond what I used to think of as the last best defense of media objectivity—the pluralistic defense.

The pluralistic defense starts from the premise that no person, no paper, no magazine, no network can possibly be objective and unbiased. It assumes that our knowledge of events is bound to be highly imperfect. It also assumes that there will be intense rivalry among competing media, between one network and another, and even among the reporters working on a single news show or paper. From those factors there springs the conclusion that the biases roughly cancel each other out. The theory is that the complexity of events blends with the ignorance of the beholders and the rivalry of the news media to present a pluralistic version of what took place. No one account is exactly right. Neither, however, does the sum total produce a distinct tilt. The truth is not established by any single journalist or paper or network. It is surounded.

But the pluralistic model of an unbiased system depended upon the persons in the news media being broadly representative. The theory was that every view would find some expression, some sympathetic presentation across the broad spectrum of bias making up the media diet. We have seen,

however, that increasingly the media are staffed by an unrepresentative group—a group that is better-educated, more highly paid, more sure of itself, and more hostile to the system than the average. Indeed, far from reflecting the population as a whole, those of us in the media replicate the set of deep splits that make up the American class system.

As I see it—and this I must emphasize is a highly personal view without any serious support in systematic research—the basic line of cleavage in American society separates upper-income, highly educated America from what I have called Middle America—persons with family incomes of \$20,000 or less who have not been educated beyond high school or junior college. The outlook of upper-income Americans tends to be "enlightened." We are skeptical about established authority, particularly in the field of national security and matters of law and order. We are sympathetic to the claims of those with grievances—whether black or brown or Indian or senior citizens. We tend to favor helping them, even though the benefits—integrated neighborhoods, school busing, affirmative action—tend to be paid for by Middle America. As for Middle America's complaints—about gun control, anti-abortion rulings, abolishing the death penalty, yielding Panama—we tend to write them off as disconnected single issues.

Not only are we not representative, we are aligned on one side in the hottest class contention now dividing America. The TV programs I have cited at such length seem to me a case in point. They implicitly knock the whole government system, and make it seem that the President and the Defense Department, in particular, are offering bogus arrangements. They side with the dependent classes—the castes of American society. They put a finger in the eye of Middle America.

THE bias reflected in the single case of the budget becomes more apparent when the historical record is unfurled. The media, as we have seen, were out front in assailing Vietnam and the national-security state; similarly in exposing Watergate and the "imperial Presidency." Before that we sided openly with the protesting minority groups. We not only gave them publicity which they believed, we caused them to overplay their hands. And when their time of troubles came, when the Middle American majority turned against the exaggerated claims, we blamed the Defense Department and the President.

Insofar as we in the media caused the minority groups to overplay their hands, we bear some responsibility for the setbacks they have suffered during the past few years. We helped to foster the overreaction of the Middle American majority. To me, at least, it seems plain that Middle America feels it commands little sympathy and next to no attention in the media. Middle Americans are convinced they don't get a square deal on televi-

sion and in the newspapers. That is one of the reasons so many people rallied to the crude attacks made by Spiro Agnew on the press and television in 1970. It is also one of the reasons so many Americans lined up against the media and for Mayor Daley at the time of the police riots during the Chicago convention of the Democratic party in 1968. More importantly, lack of confidence in the press and television is what caused Middle America to announce its views through other media. In 1968, it sent a message through George Wallace at least in part because it didn't trust the networks. In 1978, it sent a message through Proposition 13 in part because it didn't trust the press. In 1980, to a degree at least, it masked intentions to vote for Ronald Reagan because it didn't trust those handmaidens of the media—the pollsters. In the eyes of most Americans, in other words, we have not been neutral.

Not only have we traded objectivity for bias, but we have also abandoned a place on the sidelines for a piece of the action. We have ceased to be referees and drama critics and become players in the game and actors on the stage. The more candid of my colleagues have admitted as much for a long time. The Alsop brothers back in 1958 acknowledged that reporting "offered the sense of being engaged in the political process of one's time." Douglass Cater expressed the same view when he called his book on the press, *The Fourth Branch of Government*. In it he wrote that "the reporter is the recorder of government but he is also a participant. He operates in a system in which power is divided. He, as much as anyone, and more than a great many, helps shape the course of events."

Examples of helping to shape the course of events are legion—so commonplace indeed that they go almost unnoticed. Thus Tom Wicker, in his recent book, *On Press*, describes with admiration the detachment of the Saigon press corps during the Vietnam war—an attitude which made them skeptical of the information regularly handed out by government spokesmen at the regular briefings. Wicker noticed that quality while he was on a tour of Southeast Asia with Vice President Hubert Humphrey. After Saigon, the party went on to Bangkok in Thailand. Here is Wicker's account of what happened: "That night in Bangkok, some of us tried for hours to persuade Humphrey staff men to take the word to the Vice President that he'd been given an over-optimistic report." In other words, even as he was praising his colleagues in Saigon for being detached, one of the most thoughtful and honest of American journalists was himself getting into the swim—trying to put in a fix of sorts with no less a person than the Vice President.

Far more explicit examples are well known. Tom Wicker himself played a highly public role in the negotiations which led up to the massacre at Attica prison in New York. James Reston of the

Times was part of the conversation which caused Senator Arthur Vandenberg to abandon isolationism for internationalism on the morrow of World War II. Walter Lippmann, who was often thought of as "Olympian" in his insistence on standing above the petty play of events and men, agreed to see advance texts of speeches prepared for both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Not only that, he made comments upon them, and found that the comments were acted upon in the final drafts. Nor, I think, would anybody else have done it differently.

THE publishers and editors of the New York *Times* were involved in two episodes which, taken together, show how difficult, how well-nigh impossible, it is these days to stand aloof. In the first case, the *Times* had advance word of the preparations for the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961. For national-security reasons, the paper took the edge off the story and gave it soft play. It did not stir a furor. President Kennedy later said that had the *Times* run the story hard, he probably would have had to call off the invasion—with much happier results for everybody. A couple of years later, the *Times* also got advance word that Soviet missiles were on their way to Cuba. The publisher of the paper, and its top editors, decided not to publish the story lest it interfere with the President's plans for dealing with the Russians to withdraw the shipment. The President was grateful the news had not been published, and I think it may be safely said that in this case everybody benefited from withholding. But in both cases, the *Times* was part of the action, a player on the field, and it is hard to see—given the relations which now obtain between press and government—that it could have been otherwise.

But what happened by force of circumstance often in the past now happens much more often by force of celebrity. Walter Cronkite, for instance, used to take time off from his duties as anchorman to do interviews with other celebrities. These encounters were known, unblushingly, as "Newsmaker Interviews." Among Cronkite's most famous interviews were those he held in the fall of 1977 with President Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel. Despite clear evidence to the contrary, it is widely believed that Cronkite made Sadat's visit to Jerusalem happen. Thus Tom Wicker writes: "In the fall of 1977, Cronkite even became the central figure in arranging the visit to Israel of President Anwar Sadat of Egypt. One of the great events in modern diplomatic history was set up in a television interview."

Whatever the outcome, however, it seems clear that making news is something newspapers, magazines, and the television networks now seek to do as a matter of course. The New York *Times* went out of its way to stir up a fuss about the CIA—at least in part because the Washington *Post* had made the paper look bad on Watergate. Virtually

every news organization went after the CIA for failure to foretell events in Iran, though not much of a case could be made because the failure was a general one, a failure to understand the potency of Islamic fundamentalism in which academics and businessmen, and even newspapers, shared as well as intelligence agencies.

The belief that news is what we make happen is now so ingrained that the media often eclipse the event they are reporting. I don't refer merely to media events—like the visit of Deng Ziaoping or a political convention where there is reportorial overkill on a dizzying scale. I mean not seeing or understanding what is really happening because of preoccupation with self.

As a poignant example let me cite an account of a domestic tragedy—the story of the five women who allowed themselves to be sterilized to maintain jobs at a hazardous plant of the American Cyanamid Corporation. I can think of few events with more genuine intrinsic pathos. But a paper, which I'm not going to cite, treated the whole matter as though the media were the critical factor. The lead of the story said: "The giant American Cyanamid Corporation has what can only be described as a corporate public-relations man's nightmare on its hands here." That is in real life the rough equivalent of the apocryphal story of the reporter who ran through the streets of Berlin just after its occupation by the Russians screaming, "Anybody here been raped who speaks English?"

III

PERHAPS the most vivid expression of the changed role of press and television emerges from comments by public figures. Political leaders, of course, have always been sensitive to criticism. Jefferson, well known for the remark that if forced to choose he would rather have a press without a government than a government without a press, also asserted that what he mainly found in the press was lies. Teddy Roosevelt did not popularize the term "muck-rakers" in any laudatory spirit, but rather to point up the proclivity of certain journalists for dirt. Harry Truman once observed to a friend that "I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow citizens who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in the world in their time." But there is a difference between those generalized assaults and the invidious attacks that have recently become prominent. It wasn't just good clean fun when President Eisenhower warned the delegates to the 1964 Republican convention that they should not let themselves be divided by "those outside our family, including sensation-seeking columnists and commentators." Agnew's shots at the "nabobs of negativism" and the "effete Eastern establishment" were dark with hostility. So was President

Nixon's injunction to Ron Ziegler to treat the press "with contempt."

During the Nixon administration not a few newsmen were deliberately cut up in ways calculated to hurt them. The *Washington Post* had a television license called into question. A blatant attempt was made to get Dan Rather transferred from the White House beat. All kinds of personal investigations were opened into the lives of the reporters who worked with the Pentagon Papers—especially Neil Sheehan of the *New York Times*. Half a dozen of us were made the subject of wiretaps.

Other far more damaging and punitive measures were taken against press and television at lower levels of government and in local settings. Congress tried to punish CBS for its program, *The Selling of the Pentagon*. A House committee tried to get Daniel Schorr for releasing a document that it classified after most of the release had been accomplished. Finally, local law-enforcement officials, whether from the North or South, have not been exactly sympathetic to the free play of information in civil-rights matters.

Moreover, it is not as though the end of Vietnam, and the outcome of Watergate, vindicated the press and television (as some of us fondly believe). On the contrary, our stock with the general public continues to sink. The Harris Poll reports public confidence in television news fell from 34 percent in 1975 to 29 percent in 1980. Confidence in the press fell from 24 percent in 1975 to 19 percent in 1980. A survey by the University of Texas found that 84.4 percent of the sample believed that journalists slanted the news.

If the disparity between our actual role and our mythic claims for ourselves has caused others to hit out at the press and television, it has also generated inner doubts and uncertainties, a defensiveness within the media. A subject that was once singularly barren has now become a major topic of interest. No self-respecting foundation has failed to commission some study on the press and television. Virtually all newspapers and magazines of note have appointed inside ombudsmen to be sure that they are behaving in a fair way. The television networks, in what I would call a transparent effort to ingratiate themselves with Middle America, have moved away from reporters and correspondents with a strong working knowledge of their subject. The typical up-and-coming man in network news has been described by one television critic as Mr. Al Average. He has no point of view, he has no regional marks—especially no accent—and he can change at a moment's notice into the costume and habits of a farmer, a tycoon, a hard-hat, or you name it. Finally, a defensive tone has crept into the work of even the most self-confident journalists. Dan Rather's book, *The Camera Never Blinks*, starts with a confrontation between himself and President Nixon in a press conference in Houston. Rather then spends about nine pages

telling how he happened to challenge the President. He puts the blame on an effort by the White House to manipulate the news. He says of the President and his men: "They had seen the enemy and it was us."

The sense of being under attack expresses the feelings of the profession as a whole. We have become painfully aware that much of the outside world is hostile, and regards as bogus our claims to fairness and objectivity. We have responded the way people under that kind of pressure generally respond—by coming up with a defensive rationale, an ideology.

I want to use ideology here in a neutral tone—after the fashion of Karl Mannheim, as developed especially in the book *The American Business Creed*, by Francis Sutton, Seymour Harris, Carl Kaysen, and James Tobin. That book points out that American businessmen have been subjected to a tension between the myth of free enterprise and the realities of a commercial and industrial world largely dependent upon government and influence in high places. The response of the businessmen to this strain has been to create a creed, or ideology, a way of thought, which stresses all the old-time values of free enterprise and thrift and self-reliance. The creed causes businessmen to advance with special force precisely the claims that in their bones they know are least applicable. Sutton and company give this definition of ideology: "Where a role involves patterns of conflicting demands, then occupants of that role . . . respond by elaborating a system of ideas and symbols, which in part may serve as a guide to action, but chiefly has broader and more direct functions as a response to strain."

MY CONTENTION is that those of us in the media have developed a journalistic creed, an ideology of the First Amendment. The essence of our claim is that what we do is central to the health and survival of American society. We strongly imply that our claims come ahead of those of everybody else. We are better than other citizens; we have rights that are higher than those of the Congress, the executive branch, and even the courts. Thus we are saying that what's good for the media is good for the United States.

A series of celebrated court cases chart the development of First Amendment ideology. The starting point in each case was a broadening of constitutional rights and protection afforded the press. Thereafter circumstance called into question the expanded grant of protection. The Supreme Court tried to adjust accordingly. Each adjustment was denounced as a mortal blow to the freedom of the press. But in fact, nobody could seriously argue today that the suppression of information by tyrannical authority—the peril envisioned in the Constitution—represents a serious problem for modern American society.

The law of libel lies at the center of the first set of cases. In 1964, the Supreme Court upheld a claim by the New York *Times* that printing falsehoods about public officials was not, in view of the First Amendment privilege, automatic grounds for libel. The Court said that when public officials were involved, libel occurred only when the untruth was "published with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." In 1967, that definition was broadened so that it applied not merely to "public officials" but also to "public figures"—namely, the football coach Wally Butts. In 1970, the privilege was broadened still further so that it applied to private individuals, innocent bystanders, so to speak, who might be "involved in an issue of public or general concern."

In 1973, Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert filed a libel suit against the CBS show, *60 Minutes*, its star, Mike Wallace, and one of its producers, Barry Lando. Colonel Herbert claimed he was libeled when the show asserted that he did not, as he had claimed, report to his superior officers various atrocities committed in the Vietnam war. Herbert acknowledged that he was a "public figure," and that he would, under the *Sullivan* case ruling, have to prove malice. The CBS producer, Lando, balked at answering questions about conversations with Wallace and about his judgment of the truthfulness of persons interviewed for the show. In 1979, the Supreme Court ruled that the First Amendment did not protect Lando against the questions put by Colonel Herbert. In the majority opinion, Justice Byron White argued that it would be difficult to prove malice without some "focus on the defendant's state of mind." Indeed, it is hard to see, if Lando had won, how any libel case could ever be brought. Still Bill Leonard, the president of CBS News, said the Lando decision was "another dangerous invasion of the nation's news rooms" and that it reduced "constitutional protection to the journalists' most precious possession—his mind, his thought, and his editorial judgment."

A second example of the same pattern—but with a different outcome—arose in the Stanford *Daily News* case. In 1971, local police were assaulted as they tried to quell a demonstration at the Stanford University hospital. Pictures of the demonstration were published by the Stanford *Daily News*. The county prosecutor, under a search warrant from a local judge, authorized a surprise search of the newsroom. The *Daily* sued on the ground that it was an innocent party in no way connected with the demonstration; therefore, it argued, issuance of a search warrant without prior notice was a violation of the First Amendment. The Court, in 1978, ruled that the First Amendment did not shield the paper against the higher claims of the "public need" for information pertinent to law enforcement. Not only was the decision limited, but the court indicated that the law

was fuzzy and could usefully be changed. Nevertheless, the decision was denounced in the most virulent terms. For example, Howard K. Smith, then of ABC News, harked back to the days of Hitler:

When I was a young reporter at the United Press in Nazi Berlin there was a kick at the door . . . and five Gestapo men barged past me, began opening every desk and studying every piece of paper they could find. Six hours later they left. . . . I remember thanking God this could not happen in America. Well, now it can. It is the worst, most dangerous ruling the Court has made in memory.

Of course it did not happen in this country, nor was there ever the slightest danger it would. On the contrary, two years later, Congress passed, and President Carter signed, a bill prohibiting federal, state, and local authorities from conducting surprise warrant searches on newsrooms, except in the most limited cases.

A third example, with still a different outcome, developed around the tricky issue of pre-trial publicity. In 1976, the Supreme Court ruled that in virtually no circumstances could judges constitutionally restrain the press from publishing information which emerged in open court even when the publication endangered the defendant's right to a fair trial. To limit the spoiling of cases through pre-trial publicity, judges started taking action to bottle up pre-trial hearings. In 1979, in the *DePasquale* case, the Court ruled, 5-4, that closing pre-trial hearings at the request of the defendant was acceptable. There followed the usual storm of outrage from the media. Allen Neuharth of the Gannett papers, which had brought the suit, called the decision "another chilling demonstration that the majority of the Burger Court is determined to unmake the Constitution."

That chilling demonstration was undemonstrated less than a year later. In the *Richmond Newspaper* decision of 1980, the Court affirmed the right of the press to attend criminal proceedings except in the most unusual circumstances. Chief Justice Warren Burger wrote that the First Amendment guarantees press attendance at criminal trials unless the defendant is able to show that "closure is required to protect . . . a fair trial." Before handing down the decision, which only affirmed positively what the prior decision had not denied, members of the Court, for once, skirmished publicly with the press. In commenting on reports of the 1979 decision, the Chief Justice speculated that lower-court judges had misinterpreted the *DePasquale* ruling because they "read newspaper reports of what we said rather than the Court's majority opinion." Justice Lewis Powell said of the criticism of the *DePasquale* decision that "one wonders whether some of the crying wolf may not be a bit premature." Justice William Brennan

chastised editors and publishers for lacking a "certain recognition that the press, like other institutions, must accommodate a variety of societal institutions."

PROBABLY the most egregious examples of that insensitivity emerge from the series of cases involving the right of those of us in the media to keep sources confidential. Here the master case is the *Branzburg* decision rendered by the Supreme Court in 1972. The Court ruled that reporters, like most people, had to testify at a "grand jury or a trial and give what information" they possess. At the same time, the Court acknowledged that in certain specified cases, journalists, under the First Amendment, did have certain rights to maintain confidentiality of sources. Judge Lewis Powell in the swing opinion wrote that "the Court does not hold that newsmen . . . are without constitutional rights with respect to the gathering of news or in safeguarding their sources. The courts will be available to newsmen under circumstances where legitimate First Amendment interests require protection."

Just such a case came up in the matter of the New York *Times* reporter Myron Farber, who did some fine investigative reporting which resulted in the indictment of a New Jersey doctor on charges of first-degree murder. The doctor's lawyer requested access to Farber's notes for the purpose of preparing his defense. Farber and the *Times* refused on grounds that giving up confidential material would violate their First Amendment rights. At that point the judge made what seems to me to have been a distinctly unwise ruling. Instead of asking the defense to specify what materials it needed and for what purpose, he asked Farber and the *Times* to turn over their notes for his inspection *in camera*. He would then decide what material was relevant or not. The *Times* and Farber refused, and were found in contempt.

Though I think the judge made a foolish decision, I believe he made a decision that lay well within his prerogatives. The case did involve a conflict between a reporter's rights under the First Amendment, and a defendant's rights under the Sixth Amendment. In our system, judges—bad judges as well as good judges—are quintessentially responsible for deciding such conflicting constitutional claims. Nobody in the media I have ever heard of—certainly not the New York *Times*—denied that quintessential responsibility when the Supreme Court decided that President Nixon was obliged to turn over his tapes to the special prosecutor. But in the *Farber* case the *Times* protested at every level of the judicial system that the original ruling was a violation of the First Amendment. It lost each appeal, and rightly so, because the courts do have the special prerogative of deciding about conflicts of constitutional rights.

Eventually the case became moot when the alleged murderer was acquitted, but not before Farber had spent six weeks in jail for contempt of court, and the *Times* had shelled out thousands of dollars in fines. Yet, far from ending at that point, the case became the subject of a long and painful howl from the media. I do not have the space—or the stomach—to summarize all the complaints. But a good example is the article Theodore H. White wrote about the *Farber* case in the *New York Times Magazine*.

In that article, White argues that protection of sources is not an aspect of journalistic enterprise (as I would maintain), but the very essence of the free press. He says that without such protection Watergate would never have been uncovered. He also asserts that the “conduct of American public affairs was rooted in the right of the American press and its reporters” to protect their sources. He warns that “now the courts, in a new departure, seem bent on erasing a protection built into the very foundation of the American system”:

Every veteran reporter knows that not all judges are spiritual descendants of Holmes, Brandeis, and Warren. All too many judges wrapped in the black robes of court, are graduate politicians, neither scholars nor solons, and as one descends the hierarchy from the federal to state to local levels one finds more and more of them are hacks.

White stigmatizes the hacks as agents of ethnic groups, political cabals, and even the Mafia. He sees them, in the *Farber* case, eroding the soul of our liberty and greatness, the First Amendment. He concludes: “The First Amendment, in the final analysis, was not devised to protect any reporter or publisher from the law or to give us special entitlements. The First Amendment is listed as First to protect the people. . . .”

There you have the full-blown ideology. The interest of the press is the interest of the people. What’s good for the media is good for the United States. The courts have to yield their prerogatives to the media. So do defendants in murder trials. Why? Because journalistic enterprise—the right of papers to investigate cover-ups—is the heart of the First Amendment. In my judgment that is clearly not the case. In fact, it is a long, long way from what the framers of the Constitution had in mind. And we in this country are a long, long way from even coming close to killing the First Amendment protection. Indeed, I submit that the freedom of the press has not abated one whit since the *Farber* case came up and went down.

I DO NOT mean to say that the First Amendment is not precious. I think the privilege is exceedingly precious—too precious to be the plaything of journalistic self-righteousness. I think the courts, far from being bad guys as White implies, have, over the years, been the most powerful guardians of First Amendment rights. I think that in a conflict between us and the courts, the right of the courts to decide—even though some judges are not Brandeis—is paramount. So I take the furor over the First Amendment and the *Farber* case in particular to be an exaggerated claim—a piece of ideology.

No doubt there is something to the ideology. A free system of information-gathering and distribution is important to the United States. So is a free-enterprise system. But neither one is transcendent in value. For those in the media, especially, self-interest dictates a little modesty in staking claims for our importance. Rather than adopting a self-righteous ideology, we ought to acknowledge our weak spots—not only by printing corrections, not through a press council, and certainly not through control by government, but by being more sensitive to what we have become. I think we need to acknowledge—to ourselves at least—that we are shapers and movers; that we are biased; that we are not representative. Most important of all, it seems to me we need to see that in our new roles we have a new set of responsibilities. It is no longer good enough to say that we mirror the world, or merely report things as they are. If things go wrong, we bear some blame. And it seems to me vital that we admit—to ourselves at least, and in public as much as possible—when we do go wrong. And I don’t just mean misspelling the name of the Vice-Premier of China. I mean seeing that at times, anyway, we went overboard on the Great Society, and on civil rights, and the imperial Presidency. I mean admitting that some of the consequences of our noblest efforts have turned sour.

That kind of responsibility, it seems to me, is required, because it is only by admitting our larger mistakes that we can deserve public support. Public support, given the dangerous role we play, is absolutely essential in a populist country such as ours. As Alexander Hamilton once put it: “What is the liberty of the press? Who can give it any definition which would not leave the utmost latitude for evasion? I hold it to be impracticable, and from this I infer that its security, whatever fine declarations may be inserted in any constitution respecting it, must altogether depend on public opinion, and on the general spirit of the people and of the government.”

Let Me Call You Quota, Sweetheart

Walter Berns

IT WAS said of the late Justice William O. Douglas, and it was said by way of praising him, that more than any other judge in our time he dared to ask the question of what is good for the country and to translate (or, at least, to try to translate) his answers to that question into constitutional law. In this respect he was the very model of the activist judge, and it is the activist judge who has come to characterize the federal judiciary, especially the federal judiciary in Washington.

Not everyone, of course, agrees that this should be so. Some thirty years ago Justice Felix Frankfurter registered his disagreement with one of Douglas's judgments by reminding his colleagues that a Supreme Court Justice does not (or is not supposed to) "sit like a kadi under a tree dispensing justice according to considerations of individual expediency," or, he might have said, according to his private judgment of what is good for the country.

The general public would probably agree with that, especially since a kadi is rather like a mullah and Americans have learned something about mullahs recently. Nevertheless, it has been Douglas's view of the role of the judge that has won out in the prestigious law schools and in the influential press—our "greatest living jurist," pronounced Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong in *The Brethren* just before Douglas died—which is one reason we now have a surfeit of kadis on the federal bench, and at every level. Even lower-court judges now do casually what Douglas was praised for daring to do. For the same reason, there is also a surfeit of kadis among lawyers generally, and particularly among lawyers in the various departments and agencies of the federal government.

This disposition to disregard the authority both in and of law represents the triumph of legal realism, the school of thought which, throughout most of the 20th century, has been trying to persuade us that the essence of the judicial process does not consist in interpreting law, whether statute or constitutional, but in making it. Of necessity, legal realists insist, judges make law, and if this makes

them kadis, so be it. Besides, they say our judges are usually better qualified than our legislators to know what is good for the country.

In some circles this idea enjoys the status of self-evident truth, but the very fact that it has been iterated and reiterated for so many years is proof enough that the average person is not yet convinced. As he sees it, laws are supposed to be made by legislators, whom he elects, and applied in individual cases by judges, whom, at the federal level, he does not elect. If he is at all reflective, he will concede that, for example, given an ordinance forbidding vehicles to be driven in public parks, it will be necessary for someone—a policeman, perhaps, and ultimately a judge—to decide whether a tricycle ridden by a six-year-old child is a vehicle. But he is not ready to concede that, to take another example, when Congress makes a law *forbidding* discrimination, it is open to federal judges, even if they sit on the Supreme Court, to remake it into a law *permitting* discrimination. And whatever the *New York Times* might say (a way "to atone for past discrimination"), he is likely to stamp an angry foot when a federal judge tries to persuade him that a system of racial quotas is not discriminatory.

Unfortunately, while this typical citizen has been immersed in his private world, emerging occasionally to cast a ballot for those he wants to represent him in the public, there have been others who have come to understand that what really matters under our present system of government is not voting but suing: suing in the federal courts, suing the federal government, and, best of all, suing the federal government in the federal courts in the District of Columbia. Their favorite statute is Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

CONGRESS forbade employers to discriminate on the basis of sex; Title VII flatly forbids it. But it was not Congress that forbade sexual harassment; the idea that sexual harassment is a form of sexual discrimination could only have been conceived by someone with a fertile imagination and no respect for statutory language. After all, the employer who demands sexual favors of a particular woman, even if he demands them in exchange for a job, will surely be astonished—or would once have been astonished—

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to be told that this is proof of his bias against women as a class. (His trouble, he is likely to protest, is that he finds women irresistible.) Even when disabused on this point, he would protest his innocence (or the innocence of his company) by showing that whereas some of his supervisors demand sexual favors of women, there are others who demand them of men, and, though reprehensible when considered as individual acts (he might point to a company policy strictly forbidding them), this catholicity of sexual preference is proof of the absence of discrimination on the part of the company.

By now, however, every major employer in the country ought to know that the federal courts have held otherwise. Not only that, but the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit has now ruled, in a case by the name of *Bundy v. Jackson*, that an employer can be held to have discriminated on the basis of sex without a showing that he had discriminated on the basis of sex.

This truly inspired reading of the statute was offered by Chief Judge J. Skelly Wright, a judge made in the mold of Douglas and not given to acquiescing in Congress's decision as to what is good for the country. As he wrote in the *Harvard Law Review* a few years ago, the Warren Court especially must be praised for teaching us that there is "no theoretical gulf between the law and morality," by which Judge Wright meant that the law must be made to conform with morality—someone else's law and his morality.

With the help of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, one of Washington's most zealous agencies, Title VII plaintiffs began, foolishly as it turned out, by filing their sexual harassment charges against private companies—Bausch & Lomb, the Bank of America, and the Public Service Electric & Gas Company. Unlike government agencies, private companies have reason to offer more than a token resistance. Furthermore, because these companies were located outside Washington, the suits were tried by federal courts outside Washington. These two factors may explain why the plaintiffs did not prevail.

Not until similar charges were brought against the Environmental Protection Agency and the Community Relations Service, both agencies of the federal government, and tried or heard on appeal in Washington, was sexual harassment held to be a form of discrimination forbidden by Title VII. This was in 1977.

Still, even after the EPA case, employers could assume that since Title VII forbids discrimination, and forbids sexual harassment only insofar as it is part of a discriminatory act, any plaintiff would have to prove not only that she (or, in principle at least, he) was the victim of a sexual advance but, by refusing to submit, that she had been denied some tangible employment benefit, whether in the form of a job, promotion, or salary increase. Not so, said Chief Judge Wright for the three-

judge panel in *Bundy v. Jackson*. That may have been true at the time of the EPA case, but, said Wright, unless the court reads Title VII to forbid the sexual behavior in and of itself, employers might engage in such behavior with impunity. (In saying this Wright conveniently overlooked the possibility that local lechers might be dealt with under local law.) So saying, and admitting that the plaintiff had not contended her resistance had caused her to be deprived of any "tangible job benefits," Wright sent the case back to the trial court with instructions to hold hearings on the plaintiff's claim to deserve a promotion.

If the law of this case becomes the law of the land—Wright's opinion was issued only in January of this year—private as well as public employers can be held to have discriminated if, like the city of Washington here, they permit their female employees to be subjected to unwelcome sexual advances. These "demeaning propositions" poison the work environment, Wright said, and a poisoned environment is a discriminatory environment. It would be the job of EEOC to clean it up.

Interestingly enough, not even the EEOC had dared to claim the authority that Wright would give it. In its so-called Interim Guidelines on Sexual Harassment, published in the spring of 1980, it had hinted it was toying with the idea, but in its Final Guidelines the EEOC noted that there had been a good deal of opposition from outside the agency, and the idea was abandoned, at least temporarily. And why should there not have been opposition? The prospect of the EEOC becoming a kind of Sexual Environmental Protection Agency is one to strike fear in the heart of any employer. To protect himself, he would have to impress on his employees that any on-the-job or even job-related sexual banter (so easily mistaken for the real thing) would cost them their employment. The consequence might be a clean working environment but not one that many of us, man or woman, would like to work in. ("Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;/Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.")

THESE suits (most of them arising under Title VII) bear the names of their nominal plaintiffs—Williams, Barnes, Bundy, Simer, or Luevano—but in practice they are brought or instigated by public-interest law firms and the EEOC. With the assistance of federal judges, these plaintiffs have fashioned an extremely effective institution of unrepresentative government, which now threatens to entrench itself alongside the government we know from the Constitution. This is government by consent decree, a development of, if we may so call it, the sweetheart suit.

In the *Simer* case, a sweetheart suit if ever there was one, a couple of public-interest law firms, acting nominally on behalf of Elsie Simer and eight other plaintiffs, sued the federal government's

Community Services Administration. At issue were some \$18 million of unexpended emergency energy funds appropriated by Congress to help poor people cope with rising fuel costs. With grants from still another federal agency (YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK, as the signs at highway construction sites used to say), the law firms sued to force the expenditure of those funds. What resulted was a "negotiated" settlement, a consent decree, according to which Elsie Simer and her eight co-plaintiffs were each awarded \$250, the maximum allowed under the statute, and the law firms pocketed a lion's share of the remaining \$17,997,750.

Nice work if you can get it, as the old song says. Unfortunately for them, the *Wall Street Journal* got wind of this last August, and in a detailed story pointed to the possible collusive aspects of the case. Armed with this information, the Capital Legal Foundation, an organization that actually deserves its designation as a public-interest law firm, intervened and forced the federal judge who had signed the consent decree to vacate it. He had, the judge confessed later, been "lulled by the appearance of an adversarial situation," misled by the parties "both as to the facts and the law." Perhaps he had been. At least he and CSA's General Counsel had the decency to be embarrassed by the revelations, which is more than can be said for the principals in the *Luevano* case.

Luevano v. Campbell began when some public-interest law firms combined with civil-rights lawyers to file a class-action suit against the director of the Office of Personnel Management (or Civil Service Commission, as it used to be called), alleging that the Professional and Administrative Career Examination (or PACE), the principal entry-level test administered to candidates for positions in the federal government's executive branch, discriminated against blacks and Hispanics.

Acting on behalf of those blacks and Hispanics who had failed the test (Angel Luevano being one of them), the lawyers asked the judge (1) to declare that the OPM, by using the test, had deprived the plaintiffs of rights secured by Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964; (2) to enjoin the further use of the test; (3) to enjoin the defendant from acting in any way to deprive plaintiffs of their Title VII rights; (4) to award plaintiffs back pay for the work they had not had the opportunity to perform; (5) to award plaintiffs the costs of their suit, including attorneys' fees; and (6) to provide "such other and further relief as the Court may deem just and proper."

This is what the plaintiffs wanted and, we are asked to believe, what the defendant, the federal government, did not want to give them. For two years, with lawyers from the Department of Justice acting for the OPM, the parties "negotiated," so to speak, and then, in January 1981, in order to resolve the dispute "without the time and expense of contested litigation," they agreed to settle.

Some settlement. The government not only gave the plaintiffs everything they asked for; by giving them a hiring quota system, the government actually gave them more than they asked for. This did not deter the judge, Joyce Hens Green of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, from giving the agreement her preliminary approval. On the same day, even as he packed his private papers and marched off to join a Washington law firm, the outgoing Associate Attorney General, John H. Shenefield, announced his pleasure with the agreement and denied that it would require the imposition of a quota system. There being no "absolute numerical requirement," he said to the press, there is no quota.

The New York *Times* agreed: "The fact is that the government undertook no numerical obligation. And when the promised remedial action is completed, hiring will again be totally color-blind." This is, at best, wishful thinking; there is no reason to think that we shall ever see the end of this "remedial action." Even so, what the *Times* finds convenient to conceal is that the statute which is said to require remedial action in fact forbids it.

TITLE VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which was amended in 1972 to cover employment by the federal government, declares it to be an unlawful employment practice for an employer "to fail or refuse to hire or to discharge any individual, or otherwise to discriminate against any individual with respect to his compensation, terms, conditions, or privileges of employment, because of such individual's race, color, religion, sex, or national origin."

As statutes go, this one would appear to be a model of clarity and precision. To make it even clearer that its purpose was to forbid what the *Times* calls remedial action, or reverse discrimination, Congress went on to declare that nothing in Title VII should be interpreted to require employers "to grant preferential treatment" to any individual or group because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin, not even to correct "an imbalance which may exist with respect to the total number or percentage of persons of any race [etc.] employed by any employer."

Not only did Congress forbid reverse discrimination, but, in still another section of Title VII, it made it clear that employers would continue to be permitted to screen job applicants by means of professionally developed ability tests, provided the tests were not "designed, intended, or used to discriminate because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin."

Remedial action, as the *Times* calls it, is permitted today not because the Supreme Court could not understand this language but because it ignored it, and because Congress has permitted the Court to ignore it. The Court knew very well that the Kaiser Aluminum Company was violating the

statute when it reserved half the places in a training program for its black employees. But, said Justice Brennan in the *Weber* case, to read the statute as written would bring about an end completely at variance with the purpose of the statute. Congress's express purpose was to eliminate discrimination against persons with specified characteristics; but Brennan said Congress's real purpose was to provide jobs for such persons, even if this required employers to discriminate against persons with other characteristics. Besides, he added, the statute does not say that employers are not *permitted* to prefer one race over another, at least blacks over whites.*

Moreover, whereas Congress had made it clear that employers would be permitted to use general ability or aptitude tests, the Court said in another case that only job-related tests would be permitted: "What Congress has commanded," it said, despite substantial evidence to the contrary, "is that any tests used must measure the person for the job and not the person in the abstract." With this the way was paved for the Carter administration's agreement to impose racial quotas.

HERE, summarized from some 40 pages of convoluted text, are the main provisions of that agreement:

(1) Within three years following Judge Green's final approval of it, the government will phase out the PACE and replace it with job-related "alternative examining procedures," procedures that have no "adverse impact" on blacks and Hispanics; (2) examining procedures are understood to have an "adverse impact" not when blacks and Hispanics do not pass the tests at the same rate as non-Hispanic whites, but when they are not *hired* at substantially the same rate; (3) if there is "adverse impact," the government must make "all practicable efforts" to eliminate it; (4) all practicable efforts must include the following: (a) appointment without testing of anyone with a college grade-point average of 3.5 or better, or of anyone who stands in the top 10 percent of his class; (b) appointment without reference to test score of anyone who speaks Spanish or has the "requisite knowledge of Hispanic culture" (where the job to which the appointment is made is one where performance would be enhanced by these skills); (c) appointment without testing of anyone who successfully completes a work-study program organized by a federal agency and a college, including a two-year college; (d) establishment of special programs designed to enable blacks and Hispanics to pass the PACE during the period it is still in use; and (e) in the event that adverse impact is not yet eliminated, a willingness to adopt whatever measures the plaintiffs or the court should require); (5) the government may cease these efforts to eliminate adverse impact when—the Reagan administration managed to eliminate this provision—blacks and Hispanics comprise "at least 20 percent of all

incumbents at the GS-5 level and higher levels in the entire job category on a nationwide basis" and when—the Reagan administration did not succeed in eliminating this one—an agency can demonstrate the "validity" of its alternative examining procedure.

In addition to these substantive provisions, the Justice Department agreed to pay the plaintiffs sums of money ranging from \$6,250 to \$12,500; to help two of the plaintiffs find government jobs; to search OPM records for the names of other blacks and Hispanics who took the PACE but did not get jobs, and, if they had filed charges of discrimination, to pay each a sum of \$3,000 as "back wages," and assist each of them to find a government job; to compile records of the racial composition of the federal work force; to pay plaintiffs' attorneys (and expert witnesses) for the work already done, and for the work they will do in connection with monitoring compliance with the decree, and for the work involved in any future judicial proceedings instituted under provisions of the decree.

On one point only was the Justice Department seemingly adamant: it refused to admit that the government's use of the PACE violated Title VII or that it had not been properly validated in accordance with the appropriate guidelines; it therefore refused to concede that the government was "subject to any liability." What was withheld in principle, however, was given up in practice: the government scrapped the test and doled out the money. In exchange for all this, the plaintiffs graciously agreed to accept what the government gave them.

This drastic measure, controlling the method by which, annually, hundreds of thousands of applicants for federal jobs will be examined, was adopted not by the OPM, the agency in charge of examining and hiring, but by Justice Department lawyers working in the context of a lawsuit. Many of the agencies that would be immediately affected were not even informed that there was a law suit or, indeed, until one week before it was signed, that there was an agreement. The agreement was signed over the objections of the OPM, the agency most vitally concerned; it was signed even though officials in the OPM had thought that, after the November 1980 election, the whole scheme had been shelved. It was signed even though the Reagan transition team had been told that nothing would be done until the new administration had had the opportunity to study it. It was signed without consulting private employers, although it is clear that both the plaintiffs and the government lawyers had them in mind when they negotiated the agreement. (Title VII applies to private employers as well as to the government, and the Uniform Guidelines on Employee Selection Proce-

* See Carl Cohen, "Justice Debased: The *Weber* Decision," COMMENTARY, September 1979.

dures, which speak openly of the necessity to take affirmative action, are written primarily with them in mind.) It was signed simply because some lawyers in the Department of Justice and the EEOC arrogated to themselves the authority to decide what was good for the country, and it mattered not at all to them that they represented a repudiated administration.

SHORTLY after taking office, the new Attorney General, William French Smith, was quoted as saying that in view of the legal difficulties of withdrawing from an agreement to which the government had given its consent, the Reagan administration would, with amendments, abide by its terms. The blatant quota provision was removed, and that is surely significant, but the government is still obliged to eliminate adverse impact, and its efforts to do so must continue until it succeeds in devising examining procedures which have been validated. And this presents a problem.

There are rules for determining the validity of an examining procedure, which is to say, for determining whether it accurately measures the qualities or skills required for successful job performance; they are set down in the Uniform Guidelines on Employee Selection Procedures, a document written by the EEOC and other affirmative-action agencies. It should surprise no one familiar with the Guidelines or the agencies to learn that no examining procedure has yet been validated. Nor is it being unduly cynical to suggest that, so long as the Guidelines are in place, none ever will be.

The purpose of the Guidelines is, quite clearly, to prevent the validation of any examining procedure that does not produce a racially balanced work force; and the purpose of the consent decree, as signed by the Carter Justice Department, was, equally clearly, to see to it that any validating be done according to *those* Guidelines and not Guidelines written by the new administration. Fortunately, the Reagan team managed to amend the agreement to allow it to follow the Guidelines as set down in the Code of Federal Regulations, "or as subsequently modified." If the government can change the Guidelines (which will depend on its ability to impose its will on the zealots in the bureaucracy), this change might prove to be significant.

But the Carter people set still another trap. The plaintiffs may challenge an agency's claim to have validated an alternative examining procedure, but the agency may not meet that challenge unless it gains the consent of the Justice Department. "No agency," reads section 12 (f) of the agreement, "may assert in Court the validity of an alternative examining procedure . . . unless it has first obtained a written statement from the Attorney General or his or her designate that he or she will defend the validity of the agency's use of the alterna-

tive examining procedure." So the issue—hiring by merit or quotas—will turn on who is Attorney General, or more likely, who is Associate Attorney General, someone like John H. Shenefield or someone who knows what is going on.

Then, to make it virtually certain that the OPM (or any agency) will not be able to escape its obligation to hire blacks and Hispanics at the same rate that it hires non-Hispanic whites, even if it succeeds in demonstrating the validity (the job-relatedness) of its new procedures, the parties to the agreement cleverly included the following provision (and the Reagan team was not clever enough to have it removed): "Once an agency has demonstrated the validity of an alternative examining procedure in accordance with this Decree, it has no obligation under the Decree to modify the procedure or the use of the procedure, or to replace it, *unless there is another selection procedure for the same job having at least substantially equal validity and less adverse impact*" (emphasis added). This means that the OPM will be required to set aside its procedures in favor of procedures designed by the plaintiffs (with the help of the EEOC) unless it can prove to Judge Green that their validity is not "substantially" equal.

So, finally, we have reached the end. In the absence of validated *and* acceptable tests, the OPM will be obliged to continue to make all practicable efforts to eliminate adverse impact until the point is reached where the work force comprises X percent black, Y percent Hispanic, and Z percent non-Hispanic whites. This is not a quota—we have the word of John Shenefield and the *New York Times* on it—because there is not an "absolute numerical requirement." If quota means fixed number or even fixed proportion, they are right: the number or proportion of blacks and Hispanics to be appointed will depend on how many of them apply for jobs and on the relation of that number to the number of non-Hispanic white applicants; and these numbers can change. In fact, they can be changed radically: one or another group can flood the applicant pool.

It must also be pointed out that the success of this bold new program of hiring will depend on the ability of the government accurately to identify, classify, and count the individual members of each group. There will have to be rules for this; the government cannot allow applicants to define themselves, as the Commerce Department learned when it began to administer the Minority Business Enterprise program. In these matters at least, our government is getting better all the time.

WITH the founding of the United States, it was hoped that government and, indeed, the whole public sphere, would become merely instrumental. The great political questions had been settled in principle, and in America, with the Declaration of Independence and the subsequent establishing of the Constitu-

tion, they had been settled in practice as well. For example, it was thought that there could be no further disputing the issue of who should rule, or who is entitled to rule: to the Founders it was a self-evident truth that just government is government to which the governed give their consent. Nor would there be further disputing of the issue of government's purpose: government is instituted to secure the rights with which all men are by nature equally endowed. Beyond that, government was to leave men alone. As the late Herbert Storing put it in his last published work, government was seen by the Founders to have the narrow but still indispensable function of "facilitating the peaceful enjoyment of private life." No longer political in the larger sense, government would be reduced to administration.

We have, however, never lacked dispute as to how that administration should be organized or, more particularly, how its members should be chosen. The original "administration by gentlemen," as Leonard D. White called it in his history of administration, gave way in time to President Jackson's more democratic principle of rotation of office and, when that principle was corrupted, to the principle of "to the victor belong the spoils." Then came civil-service reform and eventually Woodrow Wilson's science of administration: how rights were to be secured became a question of scientific management (and not one to be answered by political spoilsmen). But the story does not end here.

White, who, at the University of Chicago, taught many of the political scientists of my generation, had a good deal of influence in the design of the procedures by which the members of the public service, as he called it, would be chosen. A scientist, yes, but he was too much a gentleman in the older sense to think that public administration was a job for narrow specialists or technical experts. His model was the British public service, and especially its highest level and the system by which its members were chosen. There, recent honors graduates of the few best universities were selected by competitive examination, with a view not to their ability to perform a specific job but, rather, with a view to their ability, because of their education and intelligence, to perform well in increasingly responsible positions. Public service was understood to be a lifetime career. When President Roosevelt appointed him a Civil Service Commissioner in 1934, White was instrumental in inaugurating an American (and therefore more democratic) version of this British system.

The Junior Professional Assistant Examination, as it came to be called in 1939, was a "broad-band" examination, administered to college graduates; it assessed both verbal ability and capacity to

perform a specific job. In 1955, for various reasons, it was replaced by the Federal Service Entrance Examination; differing in certain respects, the FSEE still tested for verbal, quantitative, and abstract reasoning ability. Entering at the GS-5 or GS-7 level, the successful applicants began what the Civil Service Commission hoped would be a lifetime of public service.

IN 1974, the FSEE gave way to the PACE, but again there was no essential difference among the three tests. The officials who designed them dared to hope that in time the tests would gain the prestige once enjoyed by the Foreign Service Examination, and that the best of the country's young persons—fairly selected by competitive examinations—would choose lifelong careers in the public service.

The PACE asks the sort of questions that students who have taken the College Boards would recognize. It is not an easy test; in a given year only about 40 percent will pass it, and fewer than 8 percent will pass it with a score of 90 or above, and it is from this small group that the successful applicants will be chosen. In recent years, approximately 150,000 persons annually have taken the test and 7,000 have been appointed. Unfortunately, few of these have been blacks and Hispanics. The majority of the white applicants fail the test, but as a group the whites do better than blacks as a group or Hispanics as a group. In 1978, to cite specific figures, of the blacks taking the test, only 5 percent passed, and only 0.3 percent passed with a score of 90 or better. (The corresponding figures for Hispanics are 12.9 percent and 1.5 percent.)

These are terrible statistics; they cry out for remedial action of some sort. But they also suggest the price that we are likely to have to pay if the government is required to abandon the merit system and replace it with a system of racial quotas or, in deference to Mr. Shenefield and the *New York Times*, a system of remedial or compensatory hiring. That price will be heavy, and the parties to the *Luevano* decree seem to acknowledge this even as they deny it. They know that hiring ought to be done on the basis of merit—both principle and the efficient running of the government require it—which is why, in one section of the agreement, they say that "nothing in this Decree shall be interpreted as requiring any federal agency to hire any person for a job who is unqualified to perform the job. . . ." But their commitment to affirmative action requires them to add, "under qualification standards that have been properly validated in accord with the Uniform Guidelines." Both merit and a racially balanced work force. Unfortunately, as those terrible statistics suggest, it will be some time before the two prove to be compatible.

The Choice

A Story

Jeanette Erlbaum Goldsmith

FOR years Dorothy had remained close with Paul (formerly Pinny), her childhood sweetheart. They had met in their early teens at a Williamsburgh Y and, contrary to yeshiva student custom, they began dating. Only her older brother, Joel, a high-school senior, objected to their closeness; but he was already on his second or third romance and too busy to cause much trouble between them. (Pinny referred to him vindictively as the Mad Lover and to his friends as the Demented Disciples.) Occasionally, however, for the amusement of his sisters (even Dorothy laughed), Joel threw a towel over his shoulder, like a cape, the way Pinny often wore his sweaters and, mincing about the room, imitated Paul's sometimes theatrical manner.

Pinny lived with his working mother and an older sister whom he rarely saw. Dorothy, motherless, ran the house and cared for the younger children, while her father tended his small butcher store. She and Pinny played truant often, Paul helping her to clean house and prepare supper. They concocted elaborate lunches for themselves, danced to popular tunes on the radio, and planned their future married life—even to the style of furniture and color of the rooms. (Blushing, they had both agreed on French Provincial for the bedroom with lavender accessories.)

Dorothy's father, Mr. Geliebter, was never averse to finding Pinny, whose cooking he enjoyed, home with his daughter, perhaps assuming they had been at school all day. He was always immersed in his own affairs, occasionally distressed by reports of truancy regarding Dorothy or misconduct on the part of Joel, who fortunately redeemed himself with outstanding scholarship. But he remained a permissive parent, except when the conduct of his children caused gossip damaging to his reputation as a *glatt* kosher butcher and threatened his livelihood. Only let his children be discreet in their social lives, let the girls dress respectably, avoiding the proscribed slacks, and let his sons go about with their heads covered, and he was satisfied. Like the rest of his family, he never doubted that Pinny and his daughter were destined for one another.

Nevertheless, Paul went one summer, reluctantly, to visit relatives in California and when he returned he already knew that Dorothy had betrayed him. None of the friends she named had given her away, Dorothy learned; it was her own letters to Pinny, full of enthusiastic references to Art Messner, cousin of a mutual friend.

Art was somewhat older than Paul, though his friends claimed that he had only recently lost his baby fat and, in rebellion against his parents, cut off his earlocks, let his shaved hair grow, and replaced the black velvet *yarmulke* with an Israeli model, crocheted by an admirer and the size of a half-dollar. Indeed, when she had first mentioned him to Paul in one of her regular letters, he had written back:

So now he calls himself Art, I gather. Guess it is preferable to Avrumi. I'm thinking of doing away with Pinny myself. I can't envision that klutz I remember with the goldilox *payiss* as the Adonis you describe. But maybe you're getting hard up in my absence, and even a pair of empty trousers looks good to you?

Art's conversation, meager, bored her. Unlike Paul, he didn't like to discuss things; didn't know how to dance; disdained visits to department stores and the Village. Only their heated necking sessions in all the obvious places—movie theaters, hallways, at bus stops, and on rooftops, in park bushes and swimming pools—made her loath to return to her dutiful pecking with Paul.

But Paul had returned ready to forgive. He wanted her to meet him, their first reunion, in front of Picasso's *Guernica* at the Museum of Modern Art. He would bring a picnic lunch of homemade fried chicken and potato salad that they could share later in Central Park. He also promised her the ride she had longed for in a handsome carriage.

Art was difficult, even after she had sworn to break off with Pinny. But finally she cajoled him into riding uptown with her and parting at the corner of the museum. Dorothy was impressed, as Pinny had predicted in his letters, with the deep tan, the weight loss that must have been the surprise he had written of, and the new hairdo, something like Sal Mineo's in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Yet when he reached out to hug her and greedily

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bent his lips to hers, she tensed and drew away without thinking.

"That's some picture. My brother Heshie could do better with his eyes closed." She had commented without studying the work, to escape Pinny's boiling eyes, then grew engrossed in it. "Is that a mother holding a dead baby?"

"Yes. And look at the man with the broken sword."

"What, is it a war?"

"War," he shrugged. "Chaos."

She felt unsettled by the picture and was afraid to ask Paul why he had wanted to meet in front of it. Yet he would be hurt if she didn't ask. When she did, however, he seemed surprised by the question.

"Because you couldn't miss it. This is one of the most famous paintings in the world!" He began talking about the collage technique and the amazing depth of emotion that Picasso had managed to convey with it. Dorothy was impatient with the discourse, eager to get down to the central issue of their relationship, yet at the same time nervous about doing so.

Paul sensed her disinterest in the conversation and before she was prepared for it challenged her to choose between himself and Art. "The attraction will pass," he warned. "But I won't wait for you to come crawling back."

"Wouldn't you love to see me crawling?" She continued to rant, but noticed that he was no longer listening, his face averted with wet eyes staring blankly at the picture by Picasso.

FOR years, Pinny, who had declared that making love was central to his life, had urged Dorothy to have sex with him. She no longer shared Art's sense of the sanctity of sex, though it was one of the arguments she used in refusing Paul. After so many years, the act had become too casual and insignificant, even when the physical pleasure had not palled. Maybe she anticipated Art's mortification if she were to betray him (another argument), or, if he never found out, her own guilt. Maybe she was simply afraid of the adventure, as Paul charged. Or, perhaps, as she had also told him, she would have liked him to be more selective so she could feel chosen. Essentially, however, she had never been physically attracted to Paul, and she was not tempted by the prospect of going to bed with him.

Yet once she might have gone to bed with him. It was at the beginning of her last pregnancy when she and Art began renting a bungalow in the Catskills and Paul (hardly coincidentally, according to Art), took a waiter's job at a nearby resort hotel. Paul had dropped by late on a chilly evening. Most of the women had dressed in warm nightgowns and retired early with books or their portable TV's and the lawn had an eerie, abandoned look when she opened the door for Pinny. Annoyed that she had to set aside her novel, *Sons*

and *Lovers*, she scolded Pinny for coming so late. She felt anxious, too, about Art's reaction, if he should hear of it, though she meant to tell him herself, to her entertaining Paul alone. Usually her sisters, Bashi, already married and pregnant with her first child, Lyla and Miri, still girls at the time, who were staying with Bashi, and other women from the colony would gather at Dorothy's bungalow to talk. Dorothy would hold court from the large double bed in the makeshift alcove, the drape that separated it from the kitchen pulled open, while the women crowded around the table. When Paul came, always to a rowdy welcome from the other women, he seemed as much their guest as her own. Now, innocent as their relations might be, people could talk and Art would feel justifiably humiliated.

Paul had brought food and towels from the hotel and was miffed by the cool reception. "I was almost asleep," she apologized. "You would have come for nothing." She exclaimed over the roast beef dinner he had pilfered, the rich pastries, and the towels. He went to warm his hands over the burners on the stove, rubbing them together luxuriously as at a hearth. "Amazing how this stove really heats up the place." Dorothy was rifling belatedly through a small chest of drawers for Art's robe when Paul turned quickly to face her. "You don't even need that gown you have on."

He ogled the scant nightgown, probably transparent and too revealing at the neck and armholes (she always doctored them for comfort), in which she had been caught off guard. "You're such a fool," she told him. Yet his face, when she studied it, showed none of the prankishness or mischief she had assumed, but a look, if anything, of pained rapture. "That looks like a nightgown you had when you were a girl."

"I'd need two of those today."

"It was also see-through. But I like a naked body. It's honest, direct, and unashamed."

"I'm none of those things," she laughed, uncomfortable, pulling out a shirt of Art's, which she drew on clumsily over her gown.

"I know," he said. "Hug me."

It was a humble appeal and she embraced him fully, the generous hug with which she usually greeted him. He gripped her more tightly than usual, though, and unexpectedly hardened against her. She had tensed with the shock, then abandoned herself to his embrace. "Let's fuck," he urged heatedly, but the bald statement chilled her and she threw off his arms.

Paul seemed hurt by her resistance, yet he recovered quickly, beginning to tease her with the usual references to her cowardice. This time, though, because he hadn't thought of blaming himself, it enraged her. Then it suddenly occurred to her that perhaps he blamed her before she could blame him.

A few months earlier, before or after Passover, while his roommates flitted through the apartment

(Paul had promised that they wouldn't be alone if Art dropped her off for a visit), he had confided his sexual orientation, "no longer strictly heterosexual," to her initial disbelief and gradual acceptance of the revelation as something she really must have known all along. And despite his reassurances that women were still attractive to him, and especially Dorothy, the perennial hold-out, she felt altered in his eyes—no longer the object of desire he had made her out to be.

"You couldn't have really loved me," she reasoned.

Paul's Adam's apple had worked with emotion and his jaw drooped. "How can you think such a thing?"

She answered, "I don't know what to think," and unaccountably, she felt, because his actions were no business of hers, burst into tears. Pinny began to cry too—not because he was ashamed of his life, he protested, or even because he had hurt her, as she had then assumed, but because she was such an irredeemable prude, because she couldn't, despite her insistence that she could, accept his alternative point of view.

EVENTUALLY, they came to look back on the painful scene with nostalgia and talked of it with the same ease with which they discussed that first parting of the ways, when they had been children. She had already confided to Paul long ago that after their doleful ride home on the subway and the strained separation at her stoop, where he had refused in a choked voice to come upstairs for lemonade, she had called Art, waited for him by her house after supper, and necked in the hallway till the sky had become streaked with dawn. "I never thought I could live with what I did to you," she confessed. "And there I was, never giving you a second thought."

Though Joel railed at them, as when they had gnawed their fingernails over Flash Gordon or wept at schmaltzy movies and sentimental love songs, Dorothy regaled her sisters often with the story because they wanted it repeated, like a favorite fairy tale:

We took a cab to the park. He didn't turn to me or say a word. I looked at the picnic basket on my lap, it was covered with a checkered cloth, black and white, at half of Pinny's face, he wouldn't look at me, his poor red ear, inflated nostril, ugly Adam's apple, trembling, and felt a sob, like a knife, tear through my chest. The cabbie turned to look, then turned away quickly. "Cry," Pinny whispered, as if he were cursing me. "I want to see you cry."

Sometimes she began with the hansom ride, or the impulsive race to the subway, or with the lake-side lunch scene:

We had our lunch at the edge of the lake. Pinny spread the checkered cloth for me to sit on. "You don't want to stain that skirt." My white

skirt, like a petticoat, with the scalloped hem. "You need one of those straw picture hats," he told me. "And a black velvet ribbon for a choker." Because they would bring out the velvet in my eyes and the lushness of my hair. Then he remembered his misery and bit his lip.

Details would frequently change. She had worn the white skirt or a red one. Paul had begged her to change her mind. Or she had changed her mind and Paul had refused the sacrifice. Her sisters grew distressed over the contradictions and each time she would assure them that the latest version was the true one.

Joel had his own variations on the story, which drew laughs even from Dorothy, when he was in the humor to tease rather than excoriate them:

We rode in the hantom carriage. It wath the hantometh carriage I ever thaw. But it thtunk from horth pith. I didn't expect it to end like thith, Pinny thed. We can thtill be frenth, I thed. Men and women can't be frenth, Pinny thed, becauth the man alwayth wantth to get into the womanth panth.

Once she had married Art, and Lyla, not next in line, but more inclined than Bashi, took over the running of her father's house, Dorothy continued to tell the story. Though she tended to an increasingly standardized version, she still began in different places, sometimes ending with the beginning or beginning with the ending. But even when she meant to adhere to a strict linear form, she began or ended in different places, sometimes opening with the meeting at the museum; with Paul's unwilling departure for California; sometimes with their first shy encounter at the Y. She closed with the race to the subway; or with Paul's sleepless night and her own forgetful rapture in Art's embrace; later, with Pinny's long face at her wedding; and still later, with the wild life Paul was leading and his apparent fruitless search for the true love she had found in Art.

"The skirt," Paul at one time recalled, "was magenta. A rustly affair, probably taffeta. How you had the nerve to go around in that cinematic bonnet, I won't venture. If only you had the same daring today. But marriage and motherhood have had the predictable effects."

Gradually, she gave up the attempt to arrive at a definitive version. She and Paul exchanged reminiscences, accepting or rejecting the other's accounts as the mood struck them. Sometimes her children added a detail, or Art contradicted one. Sometimes Paul's recollections became her own; sometimes he echoed hers, as if the details had never been in contention, but the ones he had insisted upon all along.

2.

THOUGH Art had finally finished college and begun teaching science at a junior high school, still waiting on tables or delivering meat in his spare time, their financial

situation had not improved. Her children had entered school, first Ada, then Hanie. She had bickered with Art, who favored a neighborhood school with an emphasis on religious studies, but won him over to an expensive yeshiva with a reputation for general excellence. Even with the scholarship she had eloquently negotiated, it was more than they could afford. Then she had pressured Art into giving up their apartment in a low-cost housing project and buying a house near the school so that the children could make friends in the new neighborhood. (The house was financed by an uncle, whose interest rates exceeded those of the bank that had refused them a loan.) "It will only make them want what we can't give them," Art had worried. But she was already thinking of their futures and the superior prospective spouses they would be likely to meet.

When Art wasn't working or moonlighting, when he wasn't preparing lesson plans or grading papers, he was repairing some piece of junk in his basement that he had picked up off the street (though it was never the emergency lamp or chest of drawers she happened to need at the time); or he was landscaping his garden; or poring over his bookkeeping, as if pondering over it to the wee hours would magically deliver them into solvency. He also puttered interminably with the fish tanks he had set up in the living room and which she hated; and he spent one night a week at cards, in which he always claimed to break even, though she doubted it.

She accused him of avoiding her and the children; he charged her with ingratitude and lack of understanding. They seemed to argue more than they talked; yet when they talked, it became apparent how little they had to say to one another, and even less that they could agree upon. The children, on whom they spent themselves, would, she knew, forget their sacrifice. Art was estranged from his parents who frowned on his "modern Orthodoxy," and she felt cool toward her father, who, with only Heshie at home, seemed to wink at her economic hardship.

Art loved teaching and was gratified by the rapport he always developed with his students (especially the female ones, she suspected). Joel had earned a degree in psychology and Miri was a top student at a prestigious art school in which she had been granted a full scholarship. Lyla, over Dorothy's frantic objections, had married even younger than herself, but was now divorced. Many of Dorothy's married friends were having clandestine affairs, going back to school, or working full time. Her own routines she found increasingly stultifying—the endless mopping and sweeping; mealtime hassles that she resolved too often by stuffing the leftovers into her own mouth; the rushing with the double stroller to meet Hanie and Ada at school; hectic suppers; quarrels over homework; bath hours; tuckings-in; her own soporific malcontent.

YET her leisure, such as it had been with a house to run and four children to look after, diminished rather than increased with all the children in school. To help cover the cost of tuition for Rivky and Tsvi, she had taken a job as assistant at a local nursery, citing to the *rebbetsin*, who ran the school, her experience with her own children and with her brothers and sisters before them. When Tsvi began attending full time, she took an afternoon session as well.

She still managed to entertain Paul, though she sent him home before it got too late, and to yield occasionally to an urgent invitation to his apartment. While Art, Lyla, or Heshie babysat, she took a car service to Brooklyn Heights, an expensive privilege she earned now with her contribution to the domestic economy.

It was a long time since she had visited, and Paul's bedroom seemed redone yet again. They sat on the edge of the king-sized bed, coordinated with matching sheets and slipcovers, a chaotic jungle print, beautiful, Dorothy thought, but unsettling.

Like Art, who had at first objected to her working but had then changed his mind, Paul was proud of her initiative at the nursery. When she told him of her popularity among the parents, whose children were uncommonly attached to her, and of the *rebbetsin's* grudging admiration for the innovations she had made in the classroom, Paul's eyes shone with delight.

Paul's former roommate, Lory, who had hoped to marry him, Alex, who had supplanted her, and Adrienne, an old friend and traveling companion, were hanging fresh wallpaper in the kitchen. They wanted Paul's advice about the cabinets, knocking noisily at the door, slightly open at Dorothy's insistence and speaking in mock-hushed whispers. "Wait, I'll see if they're decent."

"She's decent, but I can't say the same for him."

"You mean, he still has his clothes on?"

Paul rose reluctantly. "Coming, dears," whispering to Dorothy, "don't go way." But she followed into the foyer after them.

Lory, who had gained (Paul disgustingly reported) twenty pounds, was reascending the wooden ladder. She stood, still stately and beautiful, and smiled down at Dorothy. "Hi."

"Darling," Adrienne gushed. "You came to see his little slaves at work."

"I wouldn't call them little," Alex interjected. Adrienne, in a sort of toga, one of the loose-fitting costumes she always wore, made a face. "We can't all be blessed with your shape—a little flat-chested for my tastes."

Alex, of a medium build and with good-natured features, shrugged. "Fortunately, I don't have to appeal to you."

Paul opted for painted cabinets and herded Dorothy back into his room. "Amazing," he mused, "the way Avrumi's middle-class mind-sets go poof when cold cash is at stake."

Dorothy defended him, but was secretly disappointed that her first meager paychecks seemed to have permanently laid to rest Art's former contention that a woman's place was in the home.

THOUGH promotion to full-fledged teacher was delayed by Dorothy's lack of a college degree, her regular attendance at a seminar on early childhood and high marks among the parents eventually won her the position. Art seemed less pleased than he had been, though her salary rose. The children felt neglected, he argued, when she ran out to her classes and teachers' conferences and he himself rarely saw her.

Paul too seemed to miss the "old days," when she had more time for him, and when her conversation ran along more channels than those of preschoolers and the latest trends in early-childhood education. Yet she thought he had become something of a Johnny-one-note himself, forever harping on his superior life, which, to her, seemed to center around his sexual exploits and pandering to his kaleidoscopic whims.

When Pinny had turned thirty, Dorothy, alone, because Art didn't want to rub elbows with Paul's "freaks," had attended his gala party. She felt warmly toward his close friends, chatting with Adrienne or Lory, but glancing with trepidation at the others, all in outlandish costume, giggly or morose on marijuana or other drugs. A recently declared homosexual, Gary, began quarreling loudly with his wife, who still clung to him, though he spent most of his time with his sinuous male lover; and Lory began to cry in the middle of a sentence with Dorothy. Pinny floated like the perfect host, urging everyone to be "gay." He wore a phallic corsage on his wrist, and later in the evening trotted out a phallic birthday cake baked by Adrienne. A chocolate phallus rose in perfect detail from the cake and Dorothy had laughed, but felt ill, when Paul cut a slice for his young niece.

DOROTHY and Paul sat in the kitchen, hushed, except for the hum of the refrigerator and drip of the tap over the sink. Paul had pulled up with his chair and put an arm around her playfully. She pulled away from him almost snappishly and Paul had to catch himself from falling out of the chair. "Dangerous lady."

Paul's name still came up inevitably when she and Art fought. But Art was more civil when Paul visited and, during the summer, when she and Art rented their Catskill bungalow and Paul worked at the nearby hotel, the two men had begun spending some time together. Art won consistently at paddle ball, backgammon, scrabble, and chess, though Paul played competitively and hated to lose. Their conversation focused on "life styles," and whenever they broke their silent concentration, it was to continue the debate. However, in spite of the lengthy arguments, each

seemed bound to his own point of view, and each accused the other of unhappiness.

Paul had retrenched himself in his chair and begun devoting his attentions to the grapefruit sections that Dorothy had put out in deference to his new diet. "Art finally trusts you," she reproached him.

"Do you belong to Art?" Paul asked. "I wouldn't feel I had taken anything away from him."

"We belong to each other," Dorothy said. In fact, she told Paul, they had begun fighting recently over Art's friendship with Edith, a new next-door neighbor.

"He always put up with me," Paul said, intimating that she should be equally tolerant of Edith.

"Grudgingly," Dorothy reminded him. Besides, she felt, they had all known each other for years and this Edith, from nowhere, had pushed herself in like a member of the family.

3.

SHE had always tended to ignore her neighbors, but Dorothy could not ignore Edith. Edith would spot her coming or going and call over in her loud inescapable voice. She sent her children in for cans of tomato sauce or containers of sour cream, for use of the phone, or even the bathroom, if her own were occupied. And she pressed on her gifts of home-baked chocolate cake and apple pie, over Dorothy's protests.

On Friday nights, when Ike, her husband, fell into an instant stupor after his hearty meal ("the *Shabbes* coma," Edith called it), she would come and sit on their porch until Dorothy's eyes began to close. She was, like Dorothy, in her early thirties, a tall heavy woman with soft brown eyes and handsome, almost mannish features. Though Art winced at her crude jokes and reddened when she *kvetched* about Ike, "the strong silent type who can't lift a dish towel and cringes at the sound of the piano," which Edith played to soothe her nerves, he sat charitably, even after Dorothy had to stumble off to sleep.

"What were you two doing all this time?" she murmured, when he finally settled into bed.

"Just talking."

"When did you get so much to say?"

Despite the needling, Dorothy assumed that they had a one-sided dialogue, with Edith sounding off and Art politely listening. When she learned that Art seemed to do his share of sounding off, too, she was furious. ("Ike would kill me," Edith had told her, "if I tried to keep up with my old boyfriends.")

"She just asked me about Pinny and I told her you were old friends," Art explained when Dorothy confronted him.

"Like it's really her business!"

How should he know it was a secret, Art shrugged, since she had been flaunting it so long?

And even Paul, when she complained to him, agreed, as if that were the point, that there was nothing to hide. "At least Avrumi isn't hung up on appearances."

Indeed, Art seemed impervious to them, dressing eccentrically when he worked in the garden so that he often drew a crowd across the street; or disappearing without comment into the basement, when people came to visit. He had grown less guarded about fighting in front of the children, too, or within earshot of the neighbors. When they fought—about his *meshugene* habits; his "affair" with Edith; even about the house plants, which he monopolized, overwatering them, she insisted, or needlessly pruning them—he ranted, "Pinny should thank God for saving him. Now he has the honey, and I have the sting."

Despite her objections, Art's friendship with Edith grew. He landscaped her lawn; rewired her lamps; insulated her windows; in short, saw to all the odds and ends that Ike, over Edith's threats and tears, refused to attend to. In return, Edith baked according to the whims of Art's sweet tooth; mended trousers and shirts that Dorothy scorned as beyond repair; unsnagged or replaced broken zippers; put her car at his disposal, whenever his own broke down; and always responded to his calls for a ping-pong partner, playing long competitive matches in his basement.

When Dorothy went off again to the country because it was cheaper than camp for the children, Art stayed home to remodel the vacant upstairs apartment and dined at Edith's table almost every night.

DOROTHY was depressed by the break in her routine activities (she had continued to rise in the esteem of parents, colleagues, and employer), by her return to the full-time drudgery of housemaid and governess; but, mainly, she felt, by her anxiety over Edith.

Now the mother of two, Bashi, who also returned perennially to her old bungalow, laughed over Art's *chutzpa* and Edith's cunning, but gnawed her lips over where it would all lead. "I always said you don't know how to treat him."

Dorothy's sisters had begun calling Art "Angel" years back, when they had seen him diapering or feeding his babies, washing or ironing his own clothes, preparing his own between-meal snacks, or brewing for himself the countless cups of coffee he was addicted to. Dorothy had never thought any of these things remarkable, until she noticed that other husbands seemed horrified by them, and even more by the fact that she seemed to take them for granted. Bashi's husband had always left the room when Bashi diapered her babies, and Ike (so Edith reported) nudged Edith awake if he became thirsty during the night and wanted a glass of water.

"Be extra nice when he comes up," Bashi advised. "And don't *hock* him about Edith."

Nevertheless, in the new nightgown he had brought up, white with ruffled sleeves and neck ("Still thinks I'm a virgin," she had laughed), she urged, when the subject inevitably arose, "Picture yourself in Ike's shoes."

"I've been in his shoes for years," Art countered. And Ike, like himself, didn't begrudge his wife a friendship she enjoyed. Ike wouldn't object to anything, Dorothy rejoined, so long as it kept his meals on schedule and Edith off his back.

"She should know how you talk about her, she wouldn't like you so much."

"She has no business liking me—she doesn't even know me!"

"She wants to know you."

"I just want her to leave me alone," Dorothy shouted.

"You'd like her, if you knew her," Art dared.

"If you don't mind, I'll choose my own friends."

An opening, she realized, once the words were out, and indeed Art took advantage of it to sneer, "She's not as good as Paul."

To her endless chagrin, Art preferred to avoid confrontation and at home dodged it by taking refuge in his basement or garden. Here, he could disappear for a stretch to play cards or take a swim, but he had to return inevitably to the cramped bungalow where she waited. Then she demanded to know where he had been, why he had gone, how, when he hid himself all week from his wife and children, he had the gall to hide himself now. "Why should I be married? It's like having no husband at all."

Finally, he shouted, "You should have married Pinny."

"I already made the mistake of marrying you."

He murmured, barely audible, "At least we're in agreement on something."

Even after all these years, she told him, she still couldn't lip-read. So why didn't he speak up for once?

"If I had to do it over," he yelled, "I wouldn't get married! Satisfied?"

Deeply stung, Dorothy nevertheless smiled. She understood later (brooding over a bitter coffee the following morning while everyone was still asleep) that there had been a curious satisfaction in knowing that he felt as she did. That their marriage was a failure. That his love, such as it had been, couldn't withstand the assaults of financial stress, numbing routine, her own habitual peevishness. That the whole institution of marriage, as Paul foresaw, was destined to crumble. There had been satisfaction—though it robbed the long years of marriage of the poor plodding dignity she had found in them—satisfaction in Art's finally admitting it.

"Did you tell her that too?" Dorothy challenged him, ashamed of her twisted mouth and quivering voice. "Did you?"

The flow of borscht into Art's cheeks was answer enough, and she went on. "You must think

she's blind, if you had to tell her. She can see from your coffee-guzzling and chain-smoking that you don't give a damn about us. Because if you drop dead, where will we be?"

"Why am I breaking my back on insurance payments," Art retorted, "if not so I can drop dead in peace?"

"You wouldn't want to drop dead, if you loved your wife and children! You wouldn't want to drop dead, if you loved us."

WHEN Edith went away for the remainder of the summer, Dorothy couldn't conceal her delight. "I know you'll miss her," she commiserated hollowly. Art had seemed unhappy when he came up, and Dorothy had to pry out the information about Edith. "But it's better to let things cool off for a while. I wouldn't be surprised if Ike didn't drag her off by the hair."

Dorothy hoped that Art, lonely, would spend more time at the colony and do his share in entertaining the children, who disdained the makeshift colony day camp. They spent the time raiding the refrigerator or nagging for permission to swim in the pool, or play near the lake, or build campfires in the woods behind the bungalow. She felt they needed adult supervision, yet found it unbearable to supervise them personally. She often ended by sending them off alone, enjoining her sister or a neighbor to keep an eye out at the pool, or admonishing Ada and Hanie to keep Rivky and Tsvi out of harm's way. Then she agonized over her decision, terrified that they had drowned in the pool, or sunk to the bottom of the lake, or burned to crisps at the edge of the woods. Yet when they finally trooped back, clamoring for food and drink, she resented them for returning too soon.

Sometimes, when they were away no longer than usual, she ran guiltily to look for them, avoiding the other women, who must be shocked at her negligence, her legs aching from the trek across the road or from the long hike downhill to the lake. Giddy over her arrival, the children cavorted for her in the pool, or at the lake, pointed out tiny tadpoles and held up wet toads for her to admire, urging her to stay. But she grew nervous and impatient when they disappeared into the brush in search of berries or waded, increasingly bold, into the murky waters of the lake. The tedious uphill climb to the bungalow made her irritable, resentful that Art, who could be there, was lolling around at home in the comfort and privacy of empty air-conditioned rooms.

ONCE Edith had gone, Art only seemed to look for new ways to upset her. He formed an alliance with, of all people, Paul, who no longer worked as a waiter, but had returned from a trip abroad and began spending weekends at a friend's motel nearby. Art refused to let her trim his hair, already curling at the edges; defen-

ded his shoulder bag and the beads Pinny had given him; and denied that he experimented before coming to bed with marijuana, though he wouldn't promise to flush it down the toilet.

He and Pinny still contended with one another, inviting Dorothy to join their debates, while they huddled on the porch or sprawled on the lawn. (When Art continued to support the traditional marriage and family as indispensable to the social order, it was only her pride that kept her from reproaching him with his own confession.) Yet she felt like an intruder when Paul threw an arm around Art's shoulder or paid him a compliment that made Art blush and part his lips in a deepening grin.

"I won't steal him away from you," Art taunted her, "he's not my type," when she complained uncertainly about their bizarre blossoming friendship. However, when she avowed that she was frankly jealous of him, he embraced her and almost sang, "He doesn't stand a chance."

Still, she asked Paul, a bad influence on her weak-minded husband she decided, not to drive up on Saturdays anymore because it offended the other people in the colony, Orthodox couples who didn't drive on the Sabbath. "What about my feelings?" Paul protested, but she dismissed his complaints as insincere. "You used to be Orthodox yourself."

On Sundays, she contrived to go away with Art and the children just at the hour when Paul might be expected to arrive. Since it was difficult to get Art out on time, and since he had never considered routine family outings as one of his duties, their Sundays became more embittered than before.

Miri, on a weekend visit (still unmarried, but rising in the competitive world of commercial art), sat with Dorothy and urged her to come to her senses. "First you're worried about that Judith—Edith—Whodith, who's not fit to scour your floors. And now it's Pinny. Not that you're crazy, Big Sister, but even Bashi says you're getting ideas in your head, and Lyla says it started with the job, and they're afraid to say anything to Joel, because you know how upset he gets. Heshie," she laughed, "thinks you're pulling everyone's leg. Are you?"

Though no one at the colony seemed to find Art's friendship with Paul remarkable, Dorothy was sure that they noticed. If not, as far as she was concerned, the announcement of his name Saturday night over the loudspeaker sealed his infamy. "Mr. Fuchs," owner Mrs. Luft trumpeted at mail call, "another letter from your mother. Sandorfy, you got a postcard from Israel. Itskawitz, a card from Camp Tikva. Your daughter needs new underwear. Mr. Messner—hey, Messner, you got a letter from a Mrs. Edith Klepfuss. . . ."

Art sent the children, who had exclaimed with excitement when his name was called, for the letter. Dorothy (over the years she had snipped fa-

vorite ties and shredded prized shirts, poured bleach over a new sports jacket and once destroyed the sequence of his checkbook to complicate his bookkeeping—all in cold anger, reprisals for various acts of more or less veiled hostility toward her) fumbled in her sewing basket and began cutting with her heavy-duty shears one of Art's starred and striped sneakers.

4.

WITH the children back in school and the return of their workaday schedules, the grievances and suspicions that had plagued Dorothy over the summer seemed to vanish. Edith had returned to her closeness with Art, but their friendship seemed more touching than infuriating now, so that when Art invited Edith after supper to play the piano they had recently acquired on credit (and over Art's objections), Dorothy was as pleased as Art to afford her the pleasure and even more pleased to sit and listen to Edith's repertoire of popular Yiddish and Israeli tunes.

Art and Paul had soon grown distant again and, as before, it was Dorothy who entertained Pinny when he came, occasionally with his friends, to visit. Sensitive to their influence on her growing children, Dorothy resented Paul and his friends' unbridled freedom of utterance. She encouraged the open discussion of sex among her children, yet also ignored the muffled whispers and giggles, secret jokes and anecdotes behind their closed doors, sensing from her own recent seeming childhood that they would be appalled to share these with any adult. But Paul and his friends seemed to go too far. Though they made a show of restraint when Rivky, Tsvi, Hanie, or Ada lingered at the table or hovered in the area of the dining room where they all sat, Alex and Paul and Adrienne soon forgot themselves when the children disappeared from view. "They're listening to every word," Dorothy cautioned them, and they made great shows of remorse and self-disgust, yet slipped shortly into the inappropriate language or gossip that Dorothy dreaded.

One night, when she finally shouted at Adrienne and Alex, who had been trading increasingly distasteful incest stories, Paul became miffed. He had already declared that he would sleep with his own sister, if she lost twenty pounds, and defended Adrienne's friend who practiced mutual intimate fondling with her eight-year-old son. "She thinks we're corrupting her children," Paul sniffed, but his voice, with a tremulous edge, was pained. "You can't protect them from life," he lectured. "Much as you'd like to."

"I can protect them in my own home," she said, and later, while Alex and Adrienne waited in the front hall, told him that his friends were no longer welcome in her house.

He said on the phone the next evening that it

was only out of deference to Adrienne and Alex, whom he'd wanted to spare, that he had failed to make a scene. "I couldn't believe my ears," he said. Barring his closest friends, he felt, was tantamount to barring himself from her home. "You're supposed to be my best friend!"

He was in tears, Dorothy knew, from his strained voice, yet she felt unmoved. "Best friends" seemed inaccurate suddenly, though this gave her a twinge of sadness and guilt, and the unconditional loyalty he demanded seemed unreasonable. "My children have to come first."

He grew incoherent, attempting to speak, but choking on the words, and at last hanging up. Yet he called back almost immediately, demanding, "I want to see you."

"I'm making supper," she told him. "And Art and the kids will be home any minute."

"Tonight."

"I'm falling off my feet."

"Please!"

She arranged to meet him at a neighborhood delicatessen. "I'd rather he didn't come here," she told Art as she was leaving. "And I want to have it out with him once and for all about his big toilet."

Art shrugged. "The kids didn't grow ears just yesterday."

"I can still put a stop to it."

Art smiled a bit smugly, she felt, despite the show of permissiveness, as if to say it had taken her till now to recognize Paul's perversity. Since the scene in the country, when Art's remarks had seemed so shocking and their marriage inevitably doomed, they had had no major quarrels. Edith's adulation had the ultimate effect of raising him in her esteem, and she realized how often over recent years she had measured Art against Paul, against other men she knew, and found Art and the things he stood for more to her liking.

Yet, at the restaurant, when as always Paul found her dish more appetizing than his own ("If I had a plate of hot worms in front of me, you'd prefer it to what you had"), picking at her corned beef and finally wrestling her for the last french-fried potato, their eyes met. "If I promise not to drop my pants in front of them, will you let me near your kids? I don't have any of my own."

She felt like crying suddenly and reached quickly for her napkin, making a show of wiping the crumbs from her mouth. "Hanie looks exactly like you," she whispered, a likeness (around the eyes and mouth) that she had noticed before the summer and commented about to her sisters and to Art, who all thought she was crazy.

"You never told me that."

When Paul saw her tenderly to her door (they embraced quickly before parting), Dorothy marveled at the *dybbuk* in her that had made her believe she had to choose between Paul and her own children. How, she chided herself, could I ever let anything come between us?

YET Dorothy continued to be unrelenting about admitting Paul's friends into her home, and Paul stubbornly refused to come without them. He began acting as if she had barred him too from her home and they both came to view his exile as a formal agreement between them. Because Adrienne and Alex must resent her, though Paul denied it, she had stopped visiting his apartment and when they met, infrequently, it was only on neutral ground.

When Art noticed that Paul seemed to have stopped coming around, Dorothy told him that she had vowed never to let him set foot in her home again and never to set foot in his.

"What did he do?"

"It's not what he did," Dorothy said. "It's what he is."

"What is he?"

"He's a bad example for our kids."

Art smiled. "They're surrounded by so many good examples. One bad one *vet gornisht shatten*." Yet despite his laxity, Dorothy felt that Art was pleased by her decision.

Recriminations aside (Paul often wept freely when he reviewed his outcast state), their meetings were filled with warmth and fun. As if they were courting, he chose restaurants and coffee shops for their atmosphere or cuisine, their popularity with favored celebrities, their similarity to places he and Dorothy had frequented when they were very young. If Dorothy worried about getting lost, rather than rebuke her about her helplessness, he met her at the local subway and escorted her uptown. They got along better than they had in years, each more attentive and respectful to the other. All this, and Dorothy's vow, which hung over them with a kind of bittersweetness, added a flavor of romance to the old familiarity.

Yet two issues began having a corrosive effect on their meetings: Paul began talking about his pending birthday and the gala celebration he was planning; and Dorothy, in her preoccupation with the plans for Hanie's bar mitzvah in June, began carelessly consulting Pinny for his advice. "Wait till you see my costume," and, "You'll never guess what I have planned for the entrance," he kept exclaiming. And Dorothy, assuming he had temporarily forgotten their agreement, or, more likely, was pretending to forget it, thought it unnecessary to remind him that she wouldn't be seeing any of those things.

At the same time, she avoided calling to his attention the fact that he and the entourage he would assume as his privilege would not be welcome at Hanie's bar mitzvah—even while soliciting his advice about the centerpieces for the luncheon tables at the synagogue and the appropriate decorations for the party at home; the outfits they should all wear; the novel side dishes she should choose; even while questioning awkwardly the amount of money she could depend on from him, in case, just this once, he had to be

approached for a loan. Yet her intransigence and his flagrant challenge to it were an undercurrent to their every encounter. She grew cold and Paul bitchy and self-pitying in anticipation of the eventual showdown.

Finally, when Paul's invitation came in the mail, she showed it to Art, who asked, "Doesn't he know we're not coming?"

She shrugged. Dorothy had already mailed out the invitations to Hanie's bar mitzvah and excluded Paul and his friends from the guest list. Art had felt bad for Paul, even encouraging her to relent; yet her partial estrangement from Paul had seemed to draw them closer together. Art seemed to try harder to please her, listening more patiently to her grievances, and sharing, in detail, for the first time in years, some of his own. His relations with Edith seemed less intense, a genuine friendship, rather than the romance it had once seemed. She had begun taking an active interest in his financial affairs too, appalled by the immensity of their debts and guilty about her part in them. She had decided on the modest *shul* luncheon, rather than the affair she had dreamed of for Hanie, and recently dismissed the notion of a loan from Pinny, which would have placed them in even greater debt, determined to borrow an ensemble from Edith, rather than spend the small fortune on the elegant outfit she'd had her eye on.

She was crumpling the invitation (modeled after a playbill), when Paul called, asking if she had received it. She exclaimed dutifully over its cleverness. "But of course—"

"You'll be there," Paul interjected, and hung up.

The nerve," she began to Art. But Pinny's face, eyes, jaw, his gulping Adam's apple intervened. "Maybe we should go," she said. "It's his thirty-fifth birthday."

Art flushed and his face grew sulky.

"I can make an exception for his birthday," she said in a wheedling voice.

"I don't believe in making promises, but when I make one, I keep it."

"I'm keeping it," Dorothy insisted, feeling it was only the threat of Pinny's displacing him again that Art was really concerned with, and certain that this could never happen again.

JUST outside the apartment, Paul had set up a large mirror on a wooden easel. Printed in block letters and framed in blinking lights was the promise: PAUL ALTERMAN IN PERSON TONIGHT. But when Dorothy had left Art to search the crowded rooms for him, Pinny was nowhere in sight. Adrienne, converging on her in a flowered tent, embraced her. There was no trace in her features of reproach or chagrin, making Dorothy wonder if she even knew about the ultimatum at all. "He's taking a shower," she told Dorothy. "You know how he loves the grand entrance. Wanna say hello?"

"I'll wait," she said, returning to Art, who had already planted himself in a chair and begun squinting at the pages of a book to which he planned to devote himself. "I need a flashlight," he complained. To Dorothy he looked resplendent in white *yarmulke*, crocheted by Edith, and blue linen-look Passover suit that matched his blue eyes; he stood out like a forest fire in the dark tangle of limbs. Art had brought his canvas shoulder bag with a small thermos of coffee and a bag of sunflower seeds. He wouldn't touch the food, plentifully arrayed, a specialty from each guest, not even Dorothy's noodle *kugel*, because it had been cut with one of Paul's unkosher knives.

"You can eat the vegetables," Dorothy kept insisting, returning frequently with mysterious culinary temptations on fresh paper plates, but Art remained steadfast. She had decided before coming that she wouldn't leave him alone for too long, but forgot herself at the buffet tables or on the crowded dance floor, where the strobe lights and dancing couples had a hypnotic effect.

People old enough to be her grandparents mingled with children the ages of her own and younger. She wanted to protect these from Paul's FUCKING ROOM, to which people were directed by painted arrows along the walls; from the loose tongues of Adrienne and Alex (who had not spoken to her); from the pounding rhythms of the dance; the blinding lights; the narcotic drug-polluted air.

Paul finally appeared, deeply tanned, shirtless, in black trousers and a flowing black cape. *Meshugener*, she laughed to herself, but thought he looked sexy and attractive. He wended his way toward her, shaking hands and embracing people as he passed. Art rose to shake hands and Paul embraced and kissed him. Art seemed embarrassed, but did not draw away. "I knew you'd come," he whispered, embracing Dorothy. "Thanks. Dunga way," he enjoined her, disappearing again into the crowd.

Dorothy begged Art to dance, threading him through the crush till they reached the dance floor. Paul had cleared a large room and erected a platform under two naked windows. If they liked, people could dance on the platform, knowing their moving silhouettes were visible to passers-by who might stop and look up at them. Paul danced center stage, flamboyant, but with the ap-

titude and grace she adored. She refused to ascend the platform when he beckoned to her, dancing below with Art, who improvised comic dance steps without inhibition in the anonymous darkness and crush. She laughed at his antics till tears ran out of her eyes, but was pleased when Paul came down and scooped her into his arms for a few turns on the dance floor.

He danced her out of the dance room and into the crowded foyer. Alex's face, red-eyed, bobbed up at her and he blew her a cold kiss. Paul held her in his arms. "I love you," he whispered with dark eyes, like holes in his face. She framed his dark face with her hands. "Me, too."

Art came out into the foyer, a stray moon, till he spotted her. "Here I am, Poppa. He kidnapped me."

"I can't turn my back for a minute," Art smiled.

"Hey," Paul said. "Isn't it time to start getting out those invitations for Hanie's bar mitzvah?" Dorothy looked at Art, warning him with her eyes. "We haven't got them all out yet," she told Paul. "Bar mitzvahs and birthdays are exceptions."

Art, checking his watch, yawned. "Test papers," he murmured to Dorothy.

"You just got here," Paul protested.

"You just got here," Art told him.

"Trust me with your wife?" Paul asked him. "I can get her a lift home."

"I don't trust you," Art smiled thinly. "But she can stay if she likes."

Paul turned to her. His hair was damp and there was moisture on his forehead and upper lip. She took a tissue from her handbag and sponged his face. The three of them, a traffic jam, were pressed together or pried apart by the jostling crowd. "Well?"

"I don't mind," Art told her. He pointed at her with his jaw.

"I have to get the kids out in the morning," Dorothy told Paul. "I'm the household alarm."

"Sure?" Paul asked. He pressed her hand.

She kissed his cheek. "Happy Birthday."

"*Nor af simchas*," Art called slyly as they were leaving. "Weddings, bar mitzvahs, circumcisions."

In the elevator, he hummed and smirked. Moved by his transparent glee, she hunted his eyes, bagged them. "See?" Dorothy asked. "Didn't I tell you?"

The Universe and Dr. Sagan

Jeffrey Marsh

CARL SAGAN is probably the closest American equivalent of that English institution, the TV don. An astronomer who has been professionally honored for his contributions to the study of the solar system, he is also a gifted popularizer of science, having written a number of well-received books for the general public dealing with subjects as diverse as the possibility of intelligent extraterrestrial life and the nature of the human brain. In addition to the fame garnered by his literary efforts, Sagan has become known to a still wider public through his frequent appearances on popular TV programs, most notably the *Tonight* show. It is therefore not surprising that when he was approached some four years ago with a request to produce a series on astronomy for the Public Broadcasting Service, he accepted with alacrity.

Three years of intense effort followed. The newly formed Carl Sagan Productions and KCET, the Los Angeles outlet of PBS which had originated the idea, joined forces with the BBC and West German Polytel International to begin work on a massive co-production involving location filming on four continents, an intensive research effort, and the construction of expensive and elaborate special effects. The end product premiered in the fall of 1980 in the shape of a thirteen-part series entitled *Cosmos*, for which Sagan proudly claims a worldwide audience of 140 million or, as he prefers to put it, some 3 percent of the human population of the planet Earth. In conjunction with the series, he also wrote a lavishly illustrated, not-quite-coffee-

table-sized book,* which as of this writing has been at the top of the *New York Times* best-seller list for four months.

As might have been expected from the author, *Cosmos* is about more than astronomy. The opening sentence of the book and TV program alike informs us that "the Cosmos is all that is or ever was or ever will be." This obviously leaves a fair amount of scope for subject matter. However, Sagan modestly restricts himself to three main topics, which are intertwined throughout the series.

First, Sagan paints a broad picture, based on the general concept of evolution, of the currently accepted view of the history of the natural universe, beginning with the big bang and continuing until the present era of space exploration. The constantly reiterated theme of his presentation here is that man is inescapably a part of the natural world. The stuff of which he and all his artifacts, material and spiritual, are made originated in distant stars, and the basic processes of life are common to all creatures from microbe to microbiologist.

Second, Sagan attempts to describe the scientific approach to knowledge which has led to the world view he himself enunciates, to explain how that view differs from and why it is superior to other approaches, and to explore some of the reasons, biological and social, why science has or has not flourished in different historical eras.

Finally, and perhaps closest to Sagan's heart, are reflections on the future relationship between man and the cosmos. These include speculations on whether mankind will survive to encounter the other

and more highly advanced civilizations which Sagan is sure inhabit the universe.

These three themes, by their very nature, call for different styles of treatment, and much of the interest of the series lies in Sagan's approach to the ambitious task he has set himself. But with regard to his overall aim it soon becomes clear that he is concerned as much with conveying an outlook as with providing information; in fact, he has written that "I would be very pleased if viewers left the entire *Cosmos* series without remembering a single fact—provided they found rekindled some of that ancient human joy in understanding the natural world, in the celebration of Nature." It may be difficult to see how one can understand the natural world without remembering a single fact about it, but the statement does convey a sense of Sagan's aim: to bring the viewer, assumed to be in a state of pristine innocence, to a condition of awareness concerning the universe and the way it is looked at by scientists, typified by Sagan.

SAGAN begins by putting man in his place. A "mote of dust floating in the morning sky," mankind leads a precarious existence on a single planet in the solar system of one mediocre star in the outer reaches of the Milky Way, a typical galaxy of 100 billion stars in a universe containing 100 billion galaxies. Yet despite our humble provenance we have now advanced to the stage where we have begun actively to explore the universe rather than merely observing it passively. If we refrain from blowing ourselves up, we stand on the threshold of a new era of unprecedented development.

With this perspective firmly implanted, Sagan sets about his description of the universe and its history, paralleled with a discussion of how this description has

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* *Cosmos*, Random House, 408 pp., \$19.95.

been arrived at. The roots of science lie in prehistory, when man stared at the sky, noticed its regularities, and began formulating explanations for them in terms of deities. Science really began, however, when the thinkers of Ionian Greece, some two thousand three hundred years ago, suggested that the behavior of the universe was governed by rational law rather than supernatural caprice. They introduced the experimental method and hypothesized that the earth was but one of many worlds, that matter was made of atoms, and that the universe could be explained in purely materialistic terms. Unfortunately, their ideas were in such contrast to the prevailing climate of superstition that they were suppressed, to be replaced by the mystical beliefs of Pythagoras and Plato that the world could be explored better by pure thought than by experiment, and that the heavenly bodies were not of the same base material nature as was the earth around which they revolved.

Adopted by Christianity, these beliefs held sway until the rediscovery of Greek science in the Renaissance and the age of exploration in the 16th and 17th centuries. Copernicus scandalized the Church by his reintroduction of the idea that the earth moved around the sun. Kepler, unable after years of effort to fit the orbits of the planets into the scheme suggested to him by idealistic Pythagorean thought, abandoned his futile search and discovered the laws of planetary motion which were finally explained by Newton's laws of motion and of universal gravitation.

Following the path laid out by these first modern scientists, which stipulated that the search for explanations of natural phenomena must be based on terrestrial experimentation and that the laws of nature are the same at all places and at all times, contemporary science has arrived at a consistent picture of the universe as a whole, and can explain the history of the cosmos from its origin until today.

WHAT is that history? According to Sagan, it began some 10 or 20 billion years ago, when some event

brought into existence the universe we observe. Radiation gave way to hydrogen atoms, which came together under the influence of gravity to form stars, huddled together in groups of galaxies. Some of the stars, too big to remain stable more than a few billion years, collapsed and underwent massive thermonuclear explosions which distributed heavier elements throughout the universe. These atoms produced clouds around newly forming stars and condensed out to make planets, of which the earth is one.

On the earth, fairly soon after its formation, lightning bolts produced a variety of complex molecules in the oceans. In this rich chemical soup, some of the molecules learned by chance to duplicate themselves. With the passage of billions of years, random assemblages of such molecules developed into living organisms. Occasional random errors occurring in the reproduction process sometimes produced slightly different organisms better able to survive, and eventually, the plants and animals of today evolved.

The molecular mechanism of life, based on the DNA molecule, contains all the *chemical* information needed for living organisms to reproduce themselves. But in order to survive under varying external circumstances it was necessary to be able to handle less permanent types of information. Thus the brain developed, reaching its highest peak on earth in man. A further degree of ability to handle information has been developed in the shape of external storehouses such as libraries, which permit humans accurately to preserve great volumes of knowledge through periods of time longer than the individual's life span, and enable individuals to communicate with each other over large intervals of space and time.

Since life is the natural consequence of universal laws, Sagan postulates that it is as likely to have developed elsewhere as on earth. Moreover, intelligent life elsewhere, although it will possess different physical forms from those found on earth (because of the random nature of evolution), is

likely to be both technologically advanced and interested in communicating with humankind. The discovery of such extraterrestrial intelligence would make the inhabitants of earth realize that they have more in common with each other than the petty differences which separate them and threaten them with self-annihilation, either through nuclear war or through pollution.

IN DISPENSING this heady intellectual mixture on TV, Sagan displays a virtuoso command of audio-visual techniques. During his comparatively straight exposition of scientific, historical, or philosophical topics, he exploits the full gamut of histrionics of the popular TV lecturer, ranging from the partial unrolling of a huge roll of paper tape across the entire grounds of a Cambridge college (to demonstrate the magnitude of the numbers he is dealing with) to a return to the elementary school of his Brooklyn childhood where he teaches the pupils, and his worldwide TV audience, some basic astronomy.

When he presents recent discoveries made by unmanned space probes of Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, Sagan is able to dazzle us with a remarkable variety of photographs of these newly explored alien worlds. In discussing more distant phenomena, galaxies of various kinds, pulsars and supernovas, he uses paintings based on a combination of actual photographs and theoretical models. For his exposition of molecular biology the screen is filled with the impressive results of computer-generated animation.

Not all these techniques are successful. For his tours of remote regions of the universe, for example, Sagan takes viewers aboard his "spaceship of the imagination." This is a spare construction, windowed and arched like a cathedral designed by a Bauhaus architect, bare except for a chair and a futuristic control console over which he waves his hands mysteriously. It is an apparently pointless gimmick since for lengthy periods of time all we are treated to are reaction shots of Sagan staring appreciatively out of the window.

Another major disappointment

in the visual aspect of the presentation comes from the costumed and silent mini-dramatizations of various historical periods. Ranging from 11th-century Japan to California in the 1920's, via 16th-century Germany and 17th-century Holland, these vignettes with their colorfully dressed extras and earnest heroes resemble nothing so much as animated *Classics Comics*. In leaving out such visual distractions, the print version of *Cosmos* is more successful than the TV show.

THESE are comparatively minor flaws, however, to be expected in any project of this scope. More serious is Sagan's frequent failure to point out the difference between observation and reconstruction. Whereas a reader of the book can tell, from the credit accompanying each illustration, whether it is a photograph of an actual object, or a model, or a computer simulation, the TV viewer requires a considerable degree of sophistication to keep track of exactly what he is looking at. Sagan assumes that at least a significant fraction of his viewers have to be told that 10^3 means 1000, and that there are 92 naturally occurring chemical elements; one wonders whether innocent viewers—who, one must devoutly hope, are children rather than representative graduates of our unparalleled educational system—appreciate that the beautifully colored movie they are seeing of the interior workings of a cell is only a model. Do they realize that the colors shown in many of the splendid pictures are purely arbitrary, put there to make features more easily recognizable, or that the spectacular views of distant galaxies are paintings?

Most blameworthy of all in this avowedly serious attempt to explain the nature and essence of scientific thinking is Sagan's systematic blurring of the distinction between proof and assertion, and between fact and hypothesis. In principle Sagan is eager to follow the path of scientific rectitude, keeping an open mind concerning all theories and accepting or rejecting them only on grounds of objective evidence; he even makes a pious show of doing this in his discussion

of the theories of Immanuel Velikovsky. When it comes to more serious matters, however, he is not so scrupulous.

A major instance of this occurs in the second program of the series, with his flat assertion that "evolution is a fact, not a theory." Since the main property of a fact is that it be directly observable, and since the concept of evolution refers to a hypothesized series of events which by definition occurred at a time when there were no intelligent observers around, the assertion is obviously false.

What Sagan should have said is that the concept of evolution is accepted by the mainstream of modern biologists. This would have been a much more accurate statement, and it would also have been consonant with his later exposition of how many biologists believe evolution took place. Unfortunately, he also fails to note that his version is by no means universally accepted.

Sagan's theory of evolution says that electrical discharges in the hydrogen-rich atmosphere of the early earth led to the emergence of self-replicating DNA molecules, which eventually led to living organisms, which by a combination of random mutations and natural selection led to man. Virtually every step of this argument is hotly contested. Experiments in hydrogen-rich atmospheres have indeed produced simpler precursors of DNA, although nothing as complicated as DNA itself, but there is significant dispute over whether the earth's atmosphere was indeed hydrogen-rich in the period assumed by Sagan. There is also no credible quantitative theory which yields a time scale compatible with that assumed by Sagan to produce the complex creatures we see now; indeed, currently fashionable theories do not posit slow cumulative change on geological time scales but rather periods of explosive development interspersed with longer periods of almost no change. None of these considerations is even hinted at by Sagan.

ONE might enter similar objections to his picture of the evolution of the universe since the big bang.

Now known as the standard model, the big-bang theory is consistent with the assumption that the laws of physics we observe on earth today are followed everywhere and at all times, but this picture cannot be regarded as the final word. Its widespread acceptance dates back only to 1965, with the discovery of the pervasive background radiation at microwave frequencies which is bombarding the earth, and which is interpreted as the stretched-out relic of the intense radiation that was present when the universe suddenly came into existence. The frequency of this radiation, together with the relative abundance of hydrogen and helium calculated from our limited observations, makes up the basic experimental evidence for the picture, whose details are calculated by the use of quantum mechanics and general relativity. While its scope is impressive, there are still many features of the universe which are not understood by it. A broader perspective should remind us that only one or two seemingly insignificant unsolved problems destroyed the underpinnings of the magnificent edifice of Newtonian physics some eighty years ago.

Sagan makes reference to the self-correcting nature of science, and discusses some of the ways in which common sense does not prepare us for the revolutionary ideas of the universe introduced by Einstein, but the untutored viewer cannot help absorbing the message that scientific knowledge accumulates smoothly and steadily. He is told that the early scientists of Greece and Alexandria began making substantial progress once they adopted a materialist view of the world, and that science would have taken off at that time had it not been for two factors. The first, as I mentioned above, was the pernicious influence of mysticism, first in Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy and then in Christianity. The second was the existence of slavery, with its concomitant belief that manual labor was degrading, a belief that led to a bias toward theory over experiment. Only when these two constraints weakened, at the time of the Renaissance, could the progress of science recommence.

According to Sagan, the progress of science represents a further stage in man's evolution. In his best-seller of several years ago, *The Dragons of Eden*, Sagan expounded the notion that the human brain is a tripartite structure. The oldest part (the R complex) is shared with the reptiles, and is responsible for aggression, ritual, territoriality, and social hierarchy. Next comes the limbic system, common to all mammals, which provides us with our moods, emotions, and parental instincts. Finally comes the cerebral cortex, site of the creative and analytic functions of intelligence.

Our use of these higher functions has produced our scientific knowledge of the world, but the continuing influence of the oldest part of the brain has left the world divided according to outworn concepts of nationalism, religion, racism, and sexism and has given our aggressive instincts access to immensely destructive nuclear weapons. Should we come into contact with evidence of extraterrestrial intelligent life, we will learn a number of important lessons. The first is that we are not alone in the universe; the second is that it is possible for a technological civilization to avoid self-destruction; the third is that all life on earth, plant and animal, is related by a common ancestry and is different from any life elsewhere in the universe.

WITH this perspective, it is not difficult to understand why Sagan is so concerned to present his version of the universe with more certainty than it actually deserves. If one believes that mankind's future depends on the universal adoption of a scientific outlook, and that a scientific outlook must by definition be based on materialism, the possibility of a fundamental error in this overall view of the universe cannot be seriously tolerated. While there may be mistakes in minor details, and the possibility can be admitted of a revolutionary new materialistic theory, the existence of a valid non-materialistic explanation of the universe must be rejected.

In fact, however, there is no necessary correlation between science and the adoption of a thoroughgoing materialistic system of

belief. Sagan himself refers to the strongly held and profoundly religious views of Kepler and Newton, the founders of modern astronomy, but regards them as quaint relics of older and dying ideologies—Kepler was also the last scientifically serious astrologer. He does not even refer to the diversity of philosophies held by scientists today, let alone attempt to reconcile them with his theories. Yet distinguished contributions to the advancement of science have been made by Nazis and by Communists, by Orthodox rabbis and by Jesuit priests, by Hindus and Muslims, and by southern Baptists. The claim that scientific advance requires thoroughgoing materialism is absurd.

EVEN more absurd is Sagan's belief that the salvation of the world depends on adopting this viewpoint on a global basis. The avoidance of extinction requires, he states, "in every nation, major changes in the traditional ways of doing things, fundamental redesign of economic, political, social, and religious institutions." We have already had over sixty years' experience with one society built according to notions of scientific materialism, where science is hailed as the foundation of a new order which will produce a new man, where scientists are given an honored position, and where history itself is regarded as a branch of evolution. Not only is this society one of the least free and most imperialistic in the history of mankind, not only is it far more unequal than societies in which the political, social, and economic institutions remain unre-designed, but it cannot even produce enough food for its own population. Clearly Carl Sagan does not regard the Soviet Union as his model of a society based on scientific ideas, but it is a measure of his intellectual irresponsibility that he has not even approached the stage of thinking seriously about who would perform the redesign of society he calls for.

It is, indeed, Sagan's self-proclaimed cosmic viewpoint that permits him to luxuriate in this irresponsibility. Purporting to observe the earth from afar, disdaining any particularistic attachment which

might suggest that real differences exist among humans even though they belong to the same biological species, he concludes that an ultimate imperative for survival of the species is universal disarmament—the way to which, of course, should be led by the United States. Were he to come down to earth, he would be forced to recognize that this supposedly universalist message of surrender of national sovereignty must appear utterly bizarre to all that vast majority of mankind which does not share Sagan's own benign view of human nature and civilization. That view, a particularism masquerading as universalism, is one which is widely held only in the advanced Western nations, and which flies in the face of the bitter experience of most of the world throughout most of history. The only conceivable positive response to his call would be the unilateral disarmament of the West—and such a response would lead to the triumph not of universal good will but of universal despotism.

SAGAN's unwillingness to countenance seriously any form of particularism, even on a humanity-wide scale (and even though this very unwillingness itself derives from an unacknowledged species of particularism), is seen also in his failure to come to grips with the significance of religion, which he basically regards as a malignant force, although sometimes granting it grudging legitimacy as a form of aesthetic expression. Yet while traditional religion may be beyond the pale, Sagan has no qualms about expounding, apparently in good faith, his personal messianic belief that the receipt of a radio transmission from a superior extraterrestrial intelligence (quite literally, a *deus ex machina*) will somehow transform human behavior. Thousands of years of history have shown that the widely held belief in an already received message from an even greater authority has not succeeded in making men love other men, let alone their cousins the trees, as Sagan refers to them in one of his giddier moments.

If people really come to believe, as Sagan suggests they should, that

they have been brought into existence through blind chance in a vast and pointless universe which originated with a mysterious explosion and will end in oblivion, is it likely that they will also feel they owe some sort of mysterious "loyalties . . . to the species and the planet" and they have an "obligation to survive . . . to that Cosmos, ancient and vast, from which we spring"? Talk of loyalties and obligations makes sense in religious terms; to Sagan's world view the more likely response is a combination of nihilism and hedonism.

THERE is an alternative to Sagan's explanation for the rise of science, why it happened, where and when

it did. The concept of natural law does not follow naturally from polytheism (as Sagan points out) or from atheism (which Sagan would like to believe) but from monotheism, which insists that everything created must obey its Creator. When post-Reformation Western Europe combined classical Greek mathematics with renewed appreciation of the monotheism of the Hebrew Bible, the intellectual foundations were laid for the scientific explosion.

There is also an alternative to his appreciation of the ordered beauty of the cosmos combined with his strange belief that blind chance is what binds man in a mystical covenant with the uni-

verse. This alternative too follows from the monotheistic picture of the world which originated with Abraham and which holds not only that God created the universe but that He has a personal relationship with its human inhabitants. It is expressed most beautifully in Psalm 104, which opens with praise of God for creating the universe and all its physical beauty and living creatures, goes on to hymn the interconnectedness and intricacy of the whole natural world, concluding with the hope of a messianic future when evil shall be vanquished. If Sagan's cosmos is one in which man is carried on a random breeze, that of the Psalmist is one in which he can feel at home.

Music

Confessions of a Prodigy

Samuel Lipman

LET others remember their growing up by houses, schools, and friends; I remember mine by piano teachers. For twenty-five of the first twenty-eight years of my life, I was locked in an intimate relationship with one or another of these masters of the keyboard, all of whom were insatiable, finding in my progress and future both their present welfare and some faint, absurd hope of immortality.

So ubiquitous were these demanding creatures in my life that even before I encountered my first real teacher, I had already had two others. It was all begun, of course,

by my mother. When I was three, she decided—I think because I cried when I heard the piano—that I was talented. So she started me out, using what knowledge and love of music she had gained during her own studies in Canada before World War I. In a few months she felt the need to pass me on to the neighborhood teacher in the little town where we lived, but she too was inadequate to what my mother thought of my talent. In this way, without my doing anything about it, I was propelled, not yet four, into the pedagogical big time.

This great world of music appeared in my life in the person of Lev Shorr, a man at once artistically distinguished, endlessly complicated, and more than a little mad. He was the most notable piano teacher of the second quarter

of this century in San Francisco, and that is not faint praise. Those years were a golden age of music in northern California. Ernest Bloch, Darius Milhaud, and Roger Sessions were among the composers in residence for extended periods during that time; Pierre Monteux conducted the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra from 1936 to 1952; and Gaetano Merola at the same time established the San Francisco Opera as second in the United States only to the Metropolitan. The local musical press, led by Alfred Frankenstein and Alexander Fried, was serious, dignified, sophisticated, and responsible—qualities in short supply across the country in recent years.

During this period the Bay Area produced a dazzling number of brilliant young musicians. The most famous have been Isaac Stern,

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Leon Fleisher, and the Menuhins—Yehudi, Hephzibah, and Yaltah. Like my parents, the forebears of these talents came from the sturdy stock of Russian Jews yearning to breathe free; like my parents, they had the good fortune to find in San Francisco an aristocracy of German Jews, including such august names as Ehrman, Heller, Hellman, and Zellerbach, for whom the support of culture was the road to heaven.

LEV SHORR fit into this sophisticated milieu perfectly. He was a Jew, born in Russia in the late 1890's. He had studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatory with Annette Essipoff, a brilliant pianist and a teacher of great renown. Her thirteen-year marriage to the almost mythical Theodore Leschetizky, the chief piano teacher at the turn of the century, linked her to the greatest tradition in the history of the piano: Leschetizky had studied with Czerny, and Czerny had studied with Beethoven himself. But in her own right, Essipoff had been an important part of the Russian pianistic world of the early 20th century, a world distinguished by the playing of such young virtuosos as Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, and Prokofiev.

As a pianist Lev Shorr was intensely musical in an emotionally pronounced way, physically tense, and intellectually limited. He played as he felt—impulsively, sensitively, and capriciously. The great virtuoso music of Liszt and Chopin was technically beyond him; similarly out of his reach, but for musical reasons, were the more profound utterances of such giants as Mozart and Beethoven. But in the most direct and songful romantic styles—including much chamber music, which he played with his wife, the violinist Frances Wiener—he was a moving and dedicated player.

His teaching displayed virtues and defects seemingly transferred directly from his playing. He was as careful in his choice of repertoire for me as he was for himself. He mixed the simpler Mozart, more reflective Chopin, and less complex Bach with the piquant contemporary music—Bartók, Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and Villa-Lobos—written in surprisingly large quantities for

pianists of limited technical proficiency. What I couldn't reach (I had, even for my age, tiny hands) he altered or eliminated in an always ingenious fashion.

What he didn't play well, I didn't even attempt. What he knew, however, he could teach. It was not until much later that I realized that the technique he had not himself mastered he had also neglected to give me.

Shorr was, like a true disciple of Sigmund Freud (of whom I am sure he had never heard), a believer in infantile pianism—the idea that the most significant pianistic impressions are the earliest. He had much experience and success in teaching children; both Menuhin sisters and Leon Fleisher had been his students. It was clear that to catch talent young was his dream; to shape it in his own image was his professed goal. Starting with him when I did, long before my feet could come near reaching the pedals, I fit perfectly into his scheme. Because I was quick at playing by ear and imitating complex motions, I needed little articulated explanation—explanation that in any case he could really give only by demonstration. I quickly soaked up what he had to teach, good and bad alike. The good was musical. The bad, in part because of Shorr's insistence that I lift my fingers as high as possible in rapid passages, was technical. The result was that I played well only as long as the music didn't move very fast.

BUT both the musical and the technical aspects of my lessons with Shorr were overwhelmed by the emotional atmosphere of the lessons. By turns the climate swung from love to rage, from hyperparental indulgence to excoriation, even to intimations of physical violence.

In the course of my twice-weekly two-hour lessons, little causes could have momentous effects. An apprehensive sigh from my mother—who, as was typical in the case of child prodigies, was always present when I was being taught—would bring down on her a torrent of abuse. If I chose the wrong clothes to wear to a concert or lesson, Shorr was capable of taking it as an

act of betrayal. If I commended another teacher or his student—or even praised a touring musician—he would rail at me and my ingratitude.

Mostly, however, it was my own failings that caused trouble. At the heart of these failings was one that no amount of effort or good will on my part could cure: my hands always were, and have always remained, too small. It was not simply a matter of my not being able then to reach an occasional chord or octave; these problems Shorr could fix in a trice. Finally, though, virtuoso piano music demands speed, agility, power, endurance, relaxation—all natural expressions of a hand that covers many keys at once. If Shorr had not himself played so tensely, my insufficient hands might have been trained to some extent to substitute quickness for reach. This wasn't to be, and I was invariably blamed both for how I played and for how much of the most immediately affecting part of the keyboard literature was thereby closed off.

Worse still, all this railing against fate spilled over into blame for my supposed lack of preparation. I didn't like to practice, and what organized work I did took place only under what might euphemistically be called supervised conditions. Because Shorr quite correctly pressed me at all times to learn new pieces, my performances of those that had already provided me with sizable audiences and critical successes were subject to marked deterioration. As a result, Shorr never felt he could trust me to put his best foot forward. He was right. Once, when I was not yet in my teens, he summoned me at an hour's notice to play for Mishel Piastro, formerly the concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic and at that time making his fortune by conducting the popular Longines Symphonette. I had been out the whole day on my bicycle, and my playing made a bad impression indeed.

I suppose it could be said that beginning well and ending badly characterized the entire course of my piano studies with Lev Shorr. The two public recitals I gave, first at the age of eight and then at ten, followed by appearances with the

San Francisco Symphony under both Pierre Monteux and Rudolph Ganz, were the summits of my career as a prodigy. My last recital appearance as a prodigy, in 1948 when I was thirteen, though performed to a sold-out house, was a critical failure; my attempt to play Beethoven's late sonata Opus 110 seemed a particular miscalculation. The fall was devastating; a few short years after the bright future of my talent had been the subject of an editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, I had become so tense in playing and so troubled about performance that my career ground to a halt.

The principle of teaching that Lev Shorr used, like so many of his gifted colleagues, was emulation. He did not explain; he did. He deeply wanted me to play the way he played, and the only way he could accomplish this was to play for me. So I grew up knowing how music was supposed to sound but not how or why it was to be played that way. For a gifted child this may seem like enough. But not for long. The child is succeeded by the adult, and youthful mindlessness and boundless confidence are all too soon gone forever.

The directions to copy that came to me in the atmosphere of terror he created also came packaged in an attitude of almost cloying love, which he expressed both verbally and physically. I was an adored object who, if only I were to will it so, could do no wrong. As long as I performed, I was showered with gifts, as pampered as any concubine, as protected as any court treasure. When things soured, however—because of my evident lack of diligence, my incapacity of nerve, and most of all the very real difficulties that arise when a child is given an adult's work—the storms immediately broke over my head. In punishment for mistakes, my hands were ground down into the keys; music was thrown across the room; my habits and personal bearing no less than my talent were reviled. And it was never anyone's fault but mine how I played. The suffering I caused him, Shorr often said, caused the glaucoma that eventually blinded him. The terror, the love—both were expressions of a

relationship between puppet and puppeteer. On this point Lev Shorr was explicit. In what could stand as an epitaph for our relationship, several times he said to me: "Other people may think you're wonderful, but you'll always be my Charlie McCarthy."

MY PARENTS realized the pain all this was causing me. But their desire to extricate me from it always foundered on their unwillingness to send me to an undistinguished teacher; the agony would be wasted. Finally in 1948, however, an interesting and brilliant teacher arrived in northern California, and it became possible for me, just turned fourteen and not a moment too early, to leave Shorr.

His successor was in most ways—virtually all of them for the better—the exact opposite of Shorr. Though both he and Shorr were Russian as well as Jewish, Alexander Libermann had come from an assimilated, cultured, and prosperous family rather than the quasi-ghetto life from which Shorr had arisen. While Shorr had seemed puffy and decidedly immune to exercise, Libermann was thin as a rail and an addict of swimming and long walks. While Shorr had the restricted educational background and limited intellectual outlook characteristic of so many musicians, Libermann had received a university education in Russia, where he was trained as a lawyer; he was deeply interested in both history and literature. Even politically they were different; while Shorr was a Communist sympathizer and tended to force his beliefs on others, Libermann was politically both conservative and skeptical, opposed to the Soviet Union and a proud new American.

Most directly significant for my piano playing, of course, were the differences between my old and new mentors as musicians and teachers. Although Libermann had, like Shorr, been educated in Russia (his teacher was Blumenfeld, the teacher of Vladimir Horowitz), the greatest influence on him was the vigorous musical, intellectual, and pianistic personality of the great virtuoso Ferruccio Busoni, as transmitted through the witty, cynical,

and inventive mind of Busoni's great disciple Egon Petri. Libermann had studied with Petri in Berlin during the 1920's and subsequently became his assistant for several years prior to Libermann's Hitler-enforced departure for Paris after 1933. Indeed, the very fact of Petri's being at Mills College in Oakland was responsible for Libermann's coming to northern California from France, and thus for my being able to study with him.

From Petri (for whom, at Libermann's urging, I often played) the young Libermann had learned of the vast world of the piano compositions, both popular and often cerebral, of Franz Liszt; of the gigantic Busoni transcriptions of Bach; of the sublime late Beethoven sonatas so alien (with the partial exception of Opus 110) to Lev Shorr. Whereas for Shorr performance was all, for Libermann the music came first, not only as feeling but even more as thought. Both his quintessentially German attitude toward music and his banishment of the oppressive atmosphere which I had thought natural to music and life to that point remain in mind as Libermann's most important contributions to my development.

Musically concerned as Libermann was, he was also much involved with piano technique as a worthy subject of study in itself. A thorough pedagogue, he had devoured the extensive literature on matters digital, and by the time I worked with him he had long since developed an organized and coherent system based on grabbing and relaxation. Freed from Shorr's tension-and-poking pedagogy, I was soon learning flashy music, mostly Liszt, and playing it with an ease and brilliance I had not thought possible for me. In gaining the freedom to move my fingers, I suppose I lost something valuable as well. Musically profound though the Busoni-Petri school undoubtedly was, in Libermann's hands the result often seemed cool and even sometimes artificial. Gone from my playing was the warm Slavic musicality that Shorr at his best produced in his students; it was replaced by Teutonic sobriety and dryness. Perhaps more important, I consequently lost some of the involvement with

the audience (and the audience's involvement with me) that had marked my public success as a child.

Still, the new atmosphere of freedom, ease, even humor at my lessons was tremendously gratifying to me on a personal level—and probably a large part of the reason my fingers at last began to flow over the keys. Passionately fond of jokes in half a dozen languages and a brilliant raconteur, Libermann liked to quote his own adage inspired by the girls he taught at Mills College: "The only body in the world that doesn't grow older is a student body." He even seemed to like talking with me! He never shrieked, and he rarely became envenomed. Gone were the days of Shorr's attacking me for every moment spent away from the piano; Libermann actually recommended to me books on non-musical subjects—German military history was one—that particularly fascinated him.

UNDER this welcome new dispensation I blossomed pianistically and personally. I went to college, studying political science, and then to graduate school, again in political science. I played many times with the San Francisco Symphony, gave two recitals in Town Hall in New York, and appeared at Lewisohn Stadium with what was in personnel if not in name the New York Philharmonic. But even this happy story was not without strains. At the urging of a patron who had come into my life as part of the local German-Jewish philanthropy, I had begun studying, still in my teens, with the great French composer Darius Milhaud and the increasingly famous conductor Pierre Monteux.

This alienation of my loyalties did not sit well with Libermann. It is hard to blame him for feeling miffed, for the problem was not that he did not respect Milhaud and Monteux, but that they did not think much of him. The subtle yet clear pressure I felt from these two international artistic personalities caused Libermann to seem provincial in my eyes, a local piano teacher. Libermann, as any dedicated teacher would, must have

felt this keenly. At any rate, he engaged in uncharacteristic sniping, telling me how unimportant I was to my newfound mentors.

EVEN without my experiences of Milhaud and Monteux, I would still one day have left Libermann. Twenty-two years of study and playing had exhausted northern California's musical life for me without at the same time giving me a viable career. To me, New York seemed a golden beacon of hope at the end of the 1950's. I still felt I needed a piano teacher, and there was no choice more natural than that famous trainer of championship pianists, the instructor of Van Cliburn himself: Rosina Lhévinne, the widow of the fabled virtuoso Josef Lhévinne.

In fact I had known Madame Lhévinne since the end of my days with Lev Shorr; my parents had taken me to Los Angeles to play for her when I was thirteen in the hope that she could provide a magic way out of the cul-de-sac in which I found myself with Shorr. At that time she seemed to me a slightly disheveled, benevolent, altogether grandmotherly figure. She was impressed with my talent if not with my playing and wanted me to come back to New York with her. Though my parents were invited to migrate with me, my father wisely demurred, and the matter ended there. I next saw her at my Town Hall debut in 1955, when she showed up at the after-concert party and pressed me to come to Juilliard to work with her. This time, because I was still in college and on my way to graduate school, I backed off. Four years later, my interest in political science at an end, I reconsidered, and finally I made the break with California.

Though I was now committed to attending Juilliard in the fall of 1959, I decided to begin my studies with Rosina, as she was widely called—not, of course, to her face—in Aspen, Colorado that summer. The old woman I started to work with regularly there was hardly the kindly crone I had previously known. No longer cute and cozy, the new (to me) Madame Lhévinne was energetic and irascible, often rigid, and opinionated

on just about every musical issue. At my first lesson I played the Beethoven *Pathétique* Sonata, to which she reacted with a certain coolness and distance. When I played it almost immediately thereafter in a student concert, she didn't come, but sent instead Jeaneane Dowis, her immensely gifted and strikingly attractive young assistant. (The assistant gave me high marks, as I did her; we were married four years later.)

The next lesson—my second—was a disaster. I brought her the Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto, because she had promised me the coveted opportunity to play it in her public master class at the end of the summer. From the first crashing chords through the first slow passage she was implacably critical. Everything I did was wrong; nothing fit with what, in her own words, "Tchaikovsky told Mr. Lhévinne." What had passed one faraway day in Moscow before the turn of the century was now present in unfortunately only a vague way in the living room of a tacky little house high up in the Colorado Rockies. It promised perhaps a better model than Shorr, but I could only wish that I had been provided a clearer picture of what it was I was supposed to copy.

On a level rather less metaphysical, it soon became clear that Madame Lhévinne had been so hard on me because of a need to extricate herself from a promise she had made to another student that he, too, would play the Tchaikovsky in the master class. A reason had to be found so that we might share the performance. What she heard as the weakness of my first movement—before she had heard the other movements—made the necessary compromise possible. When the class came, the other student played the opening movement; I was allowed to finish with the last two. Rosina's smiles of satisfaction and relief were evidence enough of how much thought she had given to getting out of her over-hasty commitments.

Our relationship improved immediately after the Tchaikovsky lesson. But though the personal mood was excellent—I even worked as an

unpaid secretary and ghostwriter for her—I could never forget that she was entirely dedicated to the past, both of piano playing and of music. She was hardly unselective in her loyalties. She was quite willing to give up such bypassed relics of other years as her teacher Vassily Safonov, who in his day had been important as both pianist and conductor; even the great Anton Rubinstein, whose mantle Josef Lhévinne had inherited, she honored and revered only for his playing, not for his rejected and sentimental music. It was vastly different, however, with Scriabin and especially with Rachmaninoff. She had known both in Russia before the turn of the century as schoolmates and as figures in the musical life of Moscow. She spoke of these men with awe; Rachmaninoff's in particular was the only playing which for her approached that of her husband.

The great cause of her life was naturally her husband; for her, Josef Lhévinne was both spiritual saint and artistic genius. She was aware of his flaws; she herself talked—in decorous terms, it is true—of his continual philandering, of his childish unwillingness to work as hard as she thought he should, and of his irresponsible attitude toward money and his family's security. Coming from someone else, it would have been a damning indictment. To Rosina, however, these many shortcomings were only the patina on a classic sculpture. What counted was his fabled sweetness of disposition, his gentle musicality, and his golden fingers.

I could not, of course, testify to his disposition; though Rosina remained convinced that I had played for him in 1944, in fact I had neither met Josef nor heard him in concert. I was, however, somewhat familiar with his playing, if only at second hand; his few but elegant recordings were hallowed objects on every Rosina Lhévinne student's phonograph. The performances enshrined on those disks were of romantic work, short in length, pleasing in mood, and frequently ferocious in technical difficulty. I could only admire, as everyone always did, the perfect technical mastery and the lovely

tone he was able to convey despite the handicap of wretched, antiquated shellac originals. There could be no doubt that Josef's pianistic achievements were stupendous.

But what his musical achievement was always seemed to me to be rather a different matter. My impression of his work was that, consistent with the Russian approach to classical art, all the considerable risks he took in performance were technical, not musical. He played with marvelous speed, lightness, and evenness; everything was, to use a favorite word of Rosina's, "orderly." The music he chose to play on those records was well served by such an approach—if one could persuade oneself that all there is in music is easy virtuosity and restrained loveliness.

Those qualities were in fact Rosina Lhévinne's goals for her students. She hated harsh tone, musical exaggeration, heightened contrasts of both tempi and dynamics, and all kinds of irregularity and uniqueness. All these were "disorder." Unfortunately, what seemed disorderly to her often seemed to me hallmarks of originality in performance and interpretation. Her preferred sound image was of running water—cool, soothing, diverting, and decorative. I rather thought in terms of torrents and even floods. What I did always seemed to her too much; what she urged on me always seemed to me much too small.

So, despite the fact that I respected her and that she (I think) liked me, we fought for most of the three years of our work together. Finally I removed myself from our weekly struggles, pleading first one and then another excuse for not scheduling any lessons. In the last ten years before her death in 1976, at the age of ninety-six, I saw her only infrequently, and when I did I always regretted that our musical sympathies had not been closer.

I certainly did learn much of value from her, and I never could imagine having another teacher after her. She was, after all, a historic personage, a personal witness to the silver age of European music at the end of the 19th century and

the golden age of Russian music before the 1917 revolutions. Once, two or three years after I had stopped studying with her, I had a chance to see just how much she still lived in the splendid past. About 1965, when she was well into her eighties, I attended one of Rosina's semi-public classes at Juilliard. A student was playing the Opus 119 Klavierstücke of Brahms to Rosina's rapt attention. When he finished, she seemed lost in an intimate personal reverie. As the students waited silently for an opinion, she remained under the spell of her thoughts. Finally she breathed out, as if for herself alone, "Listen to the dissonances!" What dissonances? I thought. Then I realized: the pieces had appeared in 1892, when she was twelve years old. Those were *her* dissonances, and for me to have lived and played in her world, I would have had to hear them as mine. That I could not, I suppose, meant that at long last I was on my own.

As I look back across more than forty years in music, I now can see clearly that despite all the ways in which my teachers were different, in one way they were the same. All of them, through the varying prisms of their own characters and personalities, expressed a common nature: at heart they were all prisoners of the past. They all taught me what they had been taught, just as they had been taught it. They wished for me what had been wished for them, and they judged me as they themselves had been judged. More than that, none of them was the kind of success they had spent their early lives trying to emulate and their later lives urging upon their students. Part of this descent from glory can, I suppose, be explained by the rare talent of such figures as Essipoff (and Leschetizky), Busoni, and Josef Lhévinne. Geniuses have always been few and far between, and followers have always tended to be epigones.

Of course, the piano itself is a prisoner of its past. Its great heroes—men like Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Schnabel—all belong to yesterday; even the most famous pianists of today—Rubinstein and Horowitz—seem like survivors of an

epic age. No longer is the piano evolving in sound or construction; the most talked-about new pianos of today emphasize their old-fashioned tone and their unchanged methods of construction. Even more basically, the idea of the piano as the central instrument of music making, the one with a whole world of musical potential in its eighty-eight keys, is gone.

Not surprisingly, the current plight of the piano merely reflects

that of serious music in the years since World War I. By the end of the first two decades of our century, the great repertoire of music had in large measure been written. Since then we—performers and composers alike—have been living on its capital. There is no change for the better in this regrettable situation anywhere in sight; until such a change occurs, we have hardly any choice but to retreat further into our richly hung museum.

Given the world in which I grew

up and the backgrounds of those who taught me, I could reasonably have expected nothing but what I got from my life as a piano student, save a few more kind words. Even the hard times I went through now seem just about par for a rocky, hilly, and long course. If I learned nothing about the future—and precious little about the present—I certainly learned a great deal about the past. At least, it can never be said about me that I am a creature without a history.

Movies

"The Uniforms That Guard Us"

Richard Grenier

When you're wounded and left
on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut
what remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow
out your brains
And go to your God like a soldier.

RUDYARD KIPLING,
The Young British Soldier

"MAKING mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep" was a phrase of Kipling's that caught in George Orwell's mind. And there were patent reasons why the line should have nagged at his conscience, for in the dramatic years that preceded the writing of his celebrated essay on Kipling in the middle of World War II, Or-

well—a more complex and far less consistent man than is commonly thought—had undergone an abrupt and profound reorientation of his political thinking. His view of Soviet totalitarianism (the attitude for which he is best known) did not change. He learned to despise Stalinism during the Spanish Civil War, and to his death the intensity of this loathing remained unimpaired. But his feelings toward the liberal "bourgeois" states, particularly those possessing colonies, were another matter. His hostility toward the social injustices of these states was so strong that he thought them not worth defending against even such as Hitler, and consequently was a fervent supporter of the anti-war party during the Munich crisis of 1938 and sneered most contemptuously at the socialist "warmongers" who felt that Hitler had to be stopped. In January 1939, eight months before the Ger-

man attack on Poland, he wrote to Herbert Read: "I believe it is vitally necessary for those of us who intend to oppose the coming war to start organizing for illegal anti-war activities."

In July, in *Adelphi*, he wrote: "What meaning would there be . . . in bringing down Hitler's system in order to stabilize something that is far bigger and in its different way just as bad? . . . Nothing is likely to save us except the emergence within the next two years of a real mass party whose first pledges are to refuse war and to right imperial injustice." In the last issue of *Left Forum* to be published before the German attack in the East, Orwell was still fulminating against "left-wing jingoes," saying if their eyes were open they must be aware that "their [anti-Hitler] version of 'defense of democracy' leads directly away from democracy. . . ."

On September 1, the German

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Blitzkrieg against Poland was launched, and France and his own country declared war. Orwell was silent. We know that he tried repeatedly to join the army and was rejected each time as medically unfit, but no article or dispatch or personal letter issued from his pen to explain the change in his thinking. September: silence. October: silence. November: silence. December: silence. On January 8, 1940, with no transition, explanation, or *peccavi* of any sort, Orwell wrote earnestly to Victor Gollancz, his publisher: "What worries me at present is the uncertainty as to whether the ordinary people in countries like England grasp the difference between democracy and despotism well enough to defend their liberties. . . . The intellectuals who are at present pointing out that democracy and fascism are the same thing etc. depress me horribly." Two days later, to his close friend Geoffrey Gorer, he wrote: "I have so far completely failed to serve HM government in any capacity, though I want to, because it seems to me that now we are in this bloody war we have got to win it & I would like to lend a hand. They won't have me in the army, at any rate at present, because of my lungs." (Orwell was tubercular.) In April, a month before the German attack in the West, he wrote, in a review of a book by Malcolm Muggeridge, who had just joined the army: "I know very well what underlies these [deeply moving] closing chapters. It is the emotion of the middle-class man, brought up in the military tradition, who finds in the moment of crisis that he is a patriot after all. It is all very well to be 'advanced' and 'enlightened,' to snigger at Colonel Blimp and proclaim your emancipation from all traditional loyalties, but a time comes when the sand of the desert is sodden red and what have I done for thee, England my England?"

The German onslaught began. France fell. Belgium fell. Holland. The British army was cut off, but, abandoning all its weapons and equipment, was evacuated at Dunkirk. And Orwell, soon to be admitted to the Home Guard, wrote his extraordinary essay, "My Coun-

try Right or Left." "The night before the Russo-German pact was announced I dreamed that the war had started. It was one of those dreams which . . . sometimes reveal to you the true state of your feelings. It taught me . . . that I was patriotic at heart, would not sabotage or act against my own side, would support the war, would fight in it if possible." He confesses that "To this day it gives me a faint feeling of sacrilege not to stand to attention during 'God Save the King.'" He pities people "whose hearts have never leapt at the sight of the Union Jack." And he closes with a ringing affirmation of the "spiritual need for patriotism and the military virtues, for which, however little the boiled rabbits of the Left may like them, no substitute has yet been found." When a man says things like this, can Kipling be far behind?

I WRITE in such detail of Orwell's astounding reversal of attitudes toward patriotism and "military virtues" once his own country was placed in deadly peril because we seem at present to be living through a substantial shifting of opinion on these same subjects in this country; and because two significant new movies have appeared about these "uniforms that guard you while you sleep" (a subject obsessional with Kipling and of deep significance for Orwell also), the two films displaying sharply contrasting attitudes toward everything these uniforms stand for.

The first is Australia's *Breaker Morant*, a story of Australian soldiers in the Boer War. Beyond its international success and a top prize at the latest Cannes Film Festival, the movie is the biggest commercial money-maker in Australian history and, in America, without a known name connected to it and competing with works by celebrity directors like Polanski, Resnais, and Truffaut, it is proving one of the leading foreign box-office attractions of 1981. The second film is about wearers of another sort of uniform that even more obviously "guards us while we sleep," policemen. *Fort Apache, The Bronx*, protested against and picketed by offended South Bronx resi-

dents, has nonetheless, at this writing, been the number-one commercial film in the country for several weeks. Hence: two successful, strong, highly ideological films about men in uniform.

THE Boer War was a nasty piece of business, resembling in many ways our war in Vietnam. Even some of the statistics were similar. The British, at the end, had almost half a million men there under arms, imperial, colonial, and even a few local African—the Africans being attracted to the British because of their more liberal racial policies. Boers fought on both sides (one-fifth of them siding with the British). Africans died on both sides. Much of the veldt was a great free-fire zone. The British practiced defoliation, burned crops and houses and everything that might give the Boer guerrillas support, did not have "strategic hamlets" but built thousands of blockhouses, herded the families and retainers of the guerrillas (including over 100,000 blacks) into vast concentration camps—a dazzling novelty of the period. Both sides killed prisoners, the Boers, at least partly because guerrillas cannot take many prisoners, doing so first and most systematically. They openly admitted killing armed Africans whenever they captured them and there is abundant evidence that they killed unarmed ones as well. A leading British missionary in the Transvaal wrote privately of the commandos led by General Jan Smuts, one of the most respected of the Boer leaders: "The Boers under Smuts captured this post last month & when afterwards a column visited the place they found the bodies of all the Kaffirs murdered and unburied. . . . They look upon the Kaffirs as dogs & the killing of them as hardly a crime. . . ." The British forces suffered over 100,000 casualties, the death roll of whites on both sides together being in the vicinity of 50-60,000. The number of black dead was not even estimated.

It was the 20th century's first anti-colonial war, with a modern army bogged down in battle with fierce and determined nationalist guerrillas on the guerrillas' own

terrain. In his more morbid moments, the British commander Lord Kitchener felt the only way to win the war was to "exterminate" every last one of them. The expression "body count" had not yet been invented, the British talking, instead, about the daily "bag." Enlightened opinion on the Continent condemned the British almost universally, but, unlike the U.S. during the Vietnam war, morale in Britain remained comparatively high; Kipling, needless to say, backed the war to the hilt. And support for the war among the self-governing members of the Empire, such as Australia and Canada, remained surprisingly enthusiastic, the only episode sticking in the craw of the Australians—whose combat units displayed much valor—being the affair of the so-called Bush Veldt Carabineers, a special anti-commando unit formed to fight in enemy territory in the wild northern Transvaal. Six of its officers were court-martialed for killing Boer prisoners, and two of them, "Breaker" Morant and Peter Handcock, were executed by firing squad.

THE execution caused an uproar of protest in Australia as the Boers had been killing prisoners from the beginning and it was no secret that the British, particularly the colonial deep-penetration units, were retaliating in kind. ("Hold up your hands, men!" called the second-in-command of a unit of Canadian Scouts after coming upon the bullet-riddled body of its commanding officer, shot after capture. "I want you to take an oath with me not to take another prisoner!" Recalled a sergeant solemnly long afterward, "We held up our hands.") But Germany was intervening diplomatically on behalf of the Boers, peace feelers were out to end the war, and many thought that Morant and Handcock were offered up by Kitchener as scapegoats to international opinion. Thomas Pakenham, author of the excellent recent study, *The Boer War*,* feels that this is a "misconception," but offers no supporting evidence and grants that the view is "still current."

On the face of it, the scapegoat

interpretation seems far from implausible and, in any event, it is still widely believed in Australia and played for all it's worth in the present movie. *Breaker Morant* is the only film I can recall whose press material includes a detailed historical bibliography—an invitation to the critic, if he doesn't like the film's view of history, to run the facts down himself in the major sources. Unfortunately this is a thing which film critics, sometimes for practical reasons, sometimes from sheer psychological submission to the entrancing world of make-believe presented on the screen, seldom do.

Breaker Morant is a superbly made film. The rolling veldt. The horses. The period uniforms and faces. The patrols coming in over the ridgeline against glorious skies. Bruce Beresford, the director, uses a wonderful mix of long establishing shots and tight close-ups of faces. They are faces worthy of a Fellini—except of course they are from a different world. These are the faces of Australian roughnecks and stiff British soldiers, with pomaded hair and black handlebar mustaches. And the stiffest faces are some of the best of all, with, behind the stiffness, ghost-like but palpable, the thoughts of the characters plainer than if printed in ink. Men's blue eyes, whether filled with rage, or duplicity, or even cautious decency, have rarely been used to such dramatic effect.

THE frame of the story is the court-martial of three of the Carabineer officers, with deft flashbacks to the key moments of their story—cut in usually on the "off-beat" (not in the wooden, old-fashioned manner which seemed a clumsy attempt to reproduce narrative). Morant (Edward Woodward), who owes his nickname "Breaker" to having been the best horse breaker in Australia, is curiously enough a black-sheep English gentleman who went out to Australia at nineteen and has been recommended for a DSO for valor in South Africa. Handcock (Bryan Brown) joined up because he was jobless during a depression, and Witton (Lewis Fitz-Gerald), the youngest, because his father, an old soldier, said it

would make a man of him. They are all lieutenants. We see the engagement during which their commanding officer, Captain Hunt, is wounded and captured, and later the scene when they come upon his body, savagely mutilated by the Boers before they killed him. Morant, who was engaged to marry Hunt's sister, had up to this point never killed a prisoner, but when the next one falls into the unit's hands, his instructions from an English captain, delivered in an icily quiet voice, are, "Avenge Hunt." When a whole batch of prisoners comes in, and there is no place they can be kept or guarded with the unit on the move in enemy country, we hear the same icy, cold voice, the same order: "Execute them. This is guerrilla war, not a debutante's ball."

We see Kitchener at his headquarters. It is an unattractive portrait. Germany has protested against the execution of a German missionary, and Kitchener says sanctimoniously, "The Kaiser is our late Queen's grandson you know," and then more practically, "The Germans would like any excuse to come in on the side of the Boers. They don't give a damn about the Boers, of course. All they want is the gold and diamonds." To which a staff officer replies, "They lack our altruism, sir." Considering its subject matter, there is much humor in the film. During the court-martial, when another soldier gives transparently false evidence against them, Handcock bursts out at the witness, "You couldn't lie straight in bed, Donaldson!" When Donaldson invites him outside to settle the matter, Handcock, ready to go, cries, "Any time, mate!" at which the presiding officer of the court warns him, "Control yourself, Lieutenant, or you'll find yourself in serious trouble." This brings a laugh of genuine, if bitter, amusement to Handcock, who is already, of course, on trial for his life.

IN THE middle of the court-martial there is a Boer attack on the barracks in which it is being held.

* Random House, 1980. I am indebted to this impressive work for much of the above information on the war.

Morant, Handcock, and Witton are served out weapons and fight gallantly to repel the attack. When the court-martial resumes, their defense counsel, Major Thomas (played by Australia's leading film star, Jack Thompson), pleads that British army tradition since Wellington calls for prisoners who fight bravely against the enemy to be pardoned. But there is no pardon. Biased ruling after biased ruling is made against the defendants. A key witness for the defense is transferred to India before he can testify. Thomas, who has had only twenty-four hours to prepare his case, destroys the credibility of witness after witness, but the court remains unmoved. Everything indicates that the three men are being railroaded.

Thomas rises at last for his final summation, delivered with great eloquence. "War changes men's natures," he says. "The barbarities of war are seldom committed by abnormal men, but by normal men under abnormal circumstances. They live every day with fear and anger and blood and death, and when rules are departed from by one side, they will be departed from by the other. Soldiers at war are not to be judged by civilian rules. Their actions, viewed calmly afterward, often seem un-Christian and brutal, but if all men who committed barbarous acts in war were court-martialed, courts-martial would be in permanent session." He closes quietly, with the stunning statement, "We ourselves are not fit to judge such men."

This speech won, first gasps, then great cheers at the Cannes Film Festival, where the audience tends to cheer, not artistry, but sentiments it agrees with, and where Thompson's performance also won him the top acting prize. The speech also earned cheers when I saw the film in Paris, and even, they tell me, at the first performances in New York. The events portrayed in the film, of course, took place long, long before the Nuremberg Trials, where it was decided that the fact that a soldier was "following orders" did not exonerate him from responsibility for actions contrary to the Geneva Convention. Consideration of the

Nuremberg principle would naturally have been a gross anachronism in 1902, and a substantial part of *Breaker Morant's* court-martial is devoted to whether or not Kitchener had in fact given "secret orders" to kill Boer prisoners, later to disavow the orders publicly—a proposition for which the film establishes at least a plausibility. But Morant, Handcock, and Witton are all sentenced to death. Two of the judges recommend mercy, but Kitchener orders that the death sentence be carried out on all but Witton, the youngest, whose sentence is commuted to life imprisonment.

THE mood of the film's last scenes is extraordinary. There is gallows humor to the end. "Live every day as if it's to be your last, lads," says Morant. "One day you're certain to be right." He reflects that perhaps they'd been fighting "on the wrong side" after all, and drinks to—"The Bush Veldt Carabineers! The best fighters in a bad cause." Somberly he says, "This is what comes of empire building." Earlier, at headquarters, Kitchener has said to a staff officer, "The sacrifice of these Australians wouldn't seem an unreasonable price to pay for a peace conference," to which the officer replies, "No, sir. Although the Australians might see the matter somewhat differently." Now, when the defense counsel makes his last desperate plea for the three men, the same staff officer tells him, "Forget it, Major. It's a sideshow of the war. Good news, by the way. It looks as if we're going to have a peace conference."

The night before their execution, Morant pens a poem. It is high-flown. Men marching off to war, patriotism, high hopes, and to what end? Handcock writes a long letter to his wife, saying no matter what he has done, he has always loved her. The letter's last line is "*Australia forever!*"

In the light of dawn, Morant is asked what he wants written on his tombstone and he says Matthew 10:36—"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Both Morant and Handcock spurn the consolation of the padre. Both

spurn the blindfold. They hold hands for a moment as they march out in front of the firing squad, and then go to their death like soldiers.

In 1970, almost seventy years after the event (a scene not shown in the film), the British officer who commanded the firing squad, then a very old gentleman, remembered Handcock as a "charming young man." Handcock had given him his cigarette case, and he had kept it those many years.

WHAT is this film about? It is anti-British, up to a point, anti-imperialist, anti-colonialist ("the wrong side," "this is what comes of empire building"). It has bitterness of a particularly acute kind against senior officers, "brass," who cold-heartedly treat their men like cannon fodder, to be sacrificed, declared expendable, occasionally offered up as scapegoats. But on the most profound level, it is about something even larger. It burns with a white rage against societies as a whole, from military leaders and chiefs of state to (more common in our time) comfortable civilians in easy chairs, who send rough men out to serve their interests brutally, murderously (what is war?), and then—when circumstances change and in the exquisite safety and fastidiousness of their living rooms they suddenly find these rough men's actions repugnant—disown them.

There is deep hypocrisy and injustice here and *Breaker Morant's* director, Bruce Beresford, makes no bones about his feelings. He declares openly that one of the main things that drew him to the film's subject was its parallels to the war in Vietnam and to the story of—yes—William Calley. That a motion picture made in conscious defense of William Calley should be receiving ovations today is a historic event in itself. Badgered by an interviewer from the *New York Times* who suggested that the film could be seen as an "apologia for war crimes" and "for dangerously reactionary behavior," Beresford stood fast. (Who actually approves of the killing of prisoners?) "If you're stuck with a charge of atrocity," said Beresford, "it's not that

simple; it's not just a case of being a madman with a gun in your hand. The film says that in this kind of situation you can't simply turn around and condemn the people who've done the deed." Jack Thompson (the defense counsel), who has served in the Australian army himself, was even more emphatic. His great speech in the film, he said, tells us mainly that "people behave desperately in desperate situations. Others who sit in judgment and call them criminals *are the ones who put them in that situation—and are highly suspect*" (emphasis added). The statement could hardly be more clear. It is not difficult to infer that Beresford and Thompson feel that the uneducated young Americans who answered their country's call and did its dirty work in Vietnam deserved better on their return than jeers like, "You were in Vietnam? How many kids did you kill?"—particularly when these jeers came from sons of the liberal, privileged elite which had sent them to Vietnam to begin with, and whose heroism during the war was confined to performing prodigies of draft evasion. There was no honor in this; and no amount of cheering for returned Teheran hostages, some of whom endured rigors rather less severe than what an ordinary Marine goes through in boot camp, will wipe out the stain.

Breaker Morant, of course, plunges us into a world of undiluted Kipling:

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

It brings back the peculiar quality of Kipling's soldiers, stoical, hard-bitten, unconcerned with political objectives or lofty ideals:

"What was the end of all the show, Johnnie, Johnnie?"

Ask my Colonel, for I don't know, Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

We broke a King and we built a road—

A court-house stands where the Reg'ment goed.

And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed

When the Widow gives the party.

Given the many decades during which Kipling was looked on with disfavor by the literary intelligentsia, it is remarkable how many writers of refined literary sensitivity found him so fascinating they felt compelled to write about him: not only Orwell but Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Lionel Trilling, Randall Jarrell, Angus Wilson, C. S. Lewis. Many of these wrote to pay Kipling a sometimes grudging tribute. There are numerous reasons for disliking Kipling, as all these writers are aware. Among others, he identified totally, and with relish, with coarse men of action against liberal humanists, which many intellectuals saw as a betrayal of his own class and calling. But as set out by Orwell—the intensity of whose love-hate for Kipling perhaps gave him the deepest perceptions—Kipling "sees clearly that men can only be highly civilized while other men, inevitably less civilized, are there to guard and feed them." Lewis echoes the same theme: "It is a brutal truth about the world that the whole everlasting business of keeping the human race protected and clothed and fed could not go on for twenty-four hours without the vast legion of hard-bitten, technically efficient, not-over-sympathetic men, and without the harsh processes of discipline by which this legion is made. It is a brutal truth that unless a great many people practiced the Kipling *ethos* there would be neither security nor leisure for any people to practice a finer *ethos*."

I have no doubt that all the writers I have mentioned knew this to be true, whence their dark fascination with Kipling. In times of ease and security such ideas as Kipling's have not been wildly popular in the intellectual class. When the very survival of their culture is seen as in jeopardy, however, then liberal humanists rejoin the nation, and, as Victoria Crosses and Congressional Medals of Honor are handed out to harsh, not always very lovable men, they consider themselves lucky to count such men as compatriots, and toast their Rangers, and Green Berets, and Blue Light, and, indeed, their Handcocks and Morants and Bush Veldt Carabineers.

Auden wrote that for Kipling civilization was "a little citadel of light surrounded by a great darkness full of malignant forces and only maintained through the centuries by everlasting vigilance, will power, and self sacrifice." Kipling's peculiarity, according to Auden, was that he was obsessed exclusively with dangers threatening civilization from outside, whereas there were also dangers which threatened it from within. Auden was thinking of corruption and "the *ennuis* of the cultured mind," whereas in our own time one of the dangers threatening American civilization from the inside presents itself in startlingly Kiplingesque terms like the external dangers of old—as the title *Fort Apache, The Bronx* so clearly suggests—and the "hard-bitten," "not-over-sympathetic" men who protect us while we sleep are policemen.

Needless to say, when the enemy is within a society the battle lines are never as clearly drawn as when it is without, and since *Fort Apache* has well-made, exciting action scenes, Paul Newman's best performance in many years, and detailing and niceties of construction not normally encountered in network police dramas on television, great numbers of viewers have been issuing from movie houses under the impression that they have seen simply a "good cop movie." But *Fort Apache*, without being so absurd as to suggest that police forces should be disbanded, is deeply and systematically hostile to the police, to the way they are compelled to do their job, and, perhaps most of all, to the rough kind of men willing to do this work. It misrepresents the police. It misrepresents crime. And it even misrepresents the South Bronx.

THE film begins with a double cop killing. Before the titles, a black prostitute, "whacked out of her mind" on Angel Dust, weaves across a street toward a halted police squad car. Two rookie cops, lulled into a false sense of security by her drugged state, watch the prostitute with amusement as she approaches, invites them seductively to "party" with her, and then fumbles in her bag. From the bag

she draws a pistol and empties it into the two policemen. After the titles, back at the station house, we meet Patrolman Murphy (Paul Newman), who has what even his patrol partner designates as an "anti-authority" streak. With eighteen years on the force, he has been broken twice from sergeant, once for protesting against what he considered trivial disciplinary spit-and-polish. As the film proceeds we will see that the only good cop is an anti-authority cop.

But a change of command is taking place in the South Bronx's Precinct 41. The easygoing Captain Dugan is being replaced by the firm, authoritarian Captain Connolly (Edward Asner). Connolly is critical of the state of affairs in the precinct and Dugan defends himself indignantly: "Sure. Let the politicians and everybody else off the hook. Blame Dugan, that's the easy way. You got a forty block area with 70,000 people packed in like sardines, living like cockroaches. And that's Dugan's fault, right? You got the lowest per-capita income and the highest rate of unemployment in the city. That's my fault. Why aren't I out gettin' all these people jobs? Largest proportion of non-English speaking population. Dugan's fault. Why ain't he out there teachin' 'em English? Families that have been on welfare for three generations. Youth gangs, winos, junkies, pimps, hookers, maniacs, cop killers. Dugan's fault."

But two cops have been killed and Connolly calls for draconian measures. All criminals in the district are to be pulled in, he tells his patrolmen sternly. No more looking the other way. "We're going to bring them in, book them, toss them, and see what they spit out. And we won't quit until we get a lead!" Murphy, before all the other patrolmen, somewhat incredibly, objects. "If we all go around with our noses buried in the penal code we could make a hundred bum collars a day. The jails would be full, the neighborhood would be empty, and we wouldn't be one step closer to clearing these killings." Murphy spells his humane doctrine out even more explicitly to his partner while on patrol: "You don't go tur-

nin' this neighborhood upside-down every time somebody gets killed. Not even a cop."

For someone who knows anything about the behavior of policemen when other policemen are killed, particularly in their district, this is a truly breathtaking statement. And as for Murphy's remark that the jails "would" be full, the jails are full already, as everybody knows (most especially policemen), they are in fact *over-full*—two men to a one-man cell—which is why dangerous criminals are being paroled, a considerable part of the problem in itself. In any case, Connolly's orders are followed. Hundreds of small-time criminals, all black or Puerto Rican, are run into the precinct house, plus a few members of the "South Bronx People's Party," and soon a jeering crowd is forming outside, chanting, "Let the brothers out! Let the brothers out." Murphy is standing by a window, cupping his hands, joining in the chant. When he sees Captain Connolly's angry eye on him, he continues the chant defiantly, "Let the brothers go!" Later, when Connolly orders him to take a black leader of the crowd into custody, Murphy, ever a friend of the oppressed, says to the man quietly when he resists: "Hey, man, we don't want you in here. You just cool it, and let us book you, and you'll be out on the street in an hour."

ANOTHER key scene occurs later on when fire engines answer a call and neighborhood youths start bombarding the firemen with bricks from the roofs. Police squad cars come to the firemen's aid and are bombarded in their turn, and a particularly tough cop named Morgan (brilliantly played by Danny Aiello), rushes to a rooftop with his partner, spots a Puerto Rican we know to be innocent (but he does not), and brutally throws him from the roof into the alley. The scene is witnessed from a nearby roof by Murphy, and a crisis of conscience ensues: should he rat on a fellow cop?

Murphy, of course, is given ample opportunity throughout the movie to demonstrate that he is the kind of humane, compassionate,

"caring" person policemen should be, but, alas, are usually not. He delivers a baby. He beguiles a homicidal maniac into surrendering his weapon to him without the senseless force so often used on such poor creatures. He saves a hysterical transvestite, a "jumper," from plunging to his death from a rooftop after a fight with his roommate over a Donna Summer wig. There are a few wicked people in the South Bronx too, of course. How could one deny it? José and Hernando (played with imposing authenticity by Miguel Pinero, distinguished off-Broadway playwright and ex-convict, author of *Short Eyes*) are heroin pushers who, trapped in a neighborhood hospital, take doctors, nurses, and patients hostage—which gives Officer Murphy, assisted by a Puerto Rican colleague, the opportunity to prove his heroic qualities as well by descending from the roof in a harness, entering a back window, and gunning down the evildoers.

The plot also manages to work in a love affair for Murphy with a hospital nurse, Puerto Rican, of course. To Murphy's grief he discovers that she is a heroin "user," if not quite an addict. By her definition "smack" is her equivalent of a vacation. She dies of an overdose, administered to her deliberately and cold-bloodedly by Hernando, who sees danger in her relationship with Murphy (this before he is blown away by this same Murphy).

We have heard Murphy's partner warn him that a policeman who informs openly on another policeman—by testifying against him in a murder trial, for example—is ostracized and must leave the force. But Murphy, in his grief at the loss of the woman he loves, decides that he must turn Morgan in for murder nonetheless, though the connection between the two events is murky. The only causal link I can see between the nurse's death and this momentous decision is that Murphy feels that, after all the evil perpetrated by White Society upon the poor suffering residents of the South Bronx, to let a murderous white cop go unpunished would be too much (although if someone can find a better explanation I will be delighted to hear it).

The film ends in a blaze of virtue. In the last scene, Murphy's urge to preserve the law proves too strong to resist, and he, implicitly but unmistakably, reverses himself and decides to stay on the force after all. Presumably he and his partner walk off together into a good cop's sunset, ostracized but happy.

THE story of *Fort Apache* is organized around a series of deaths. The first is the murder of the two rookie cops by the black prostitute whacked out on Angel Dust. This surely is a tragedy. But who is responsible? The point could be debated in this first case, but my view is that what this movie is telling us, by and large, is that if White Society had only provided this unfortunate black prostitute with a good job downtown she wouldn't be wandering around zonked out of her mind on Angel Dust murdering cops.

We now have killing number two (arranged in order of logical sequence). The black prostitute is knifed to death by José, the partner of Hernando, the two of them drug pushers. Since Hernando and José, not visibly under the influence of drugs, behave like truly vicious people, in the simple terms of the movie it would be implausible to claim they are portrayed as victims of White Society. But every ethnic group has its bad apples, does it not? Hernando and José are villains. But, lo, in killing number three, Hernando and José, having taken hostages at the hospital, are shot to pieces by Murphy and his partner. Of all the killings in the film, this is the most conventional, the film's offering to accepted piety: good destroys evil. But with the death of the nurse, Murphy's love, we approach the film's moral center. *Who killed the nurse?* Now, "mechanically" speaking, it was Hernando who killed the nurse by deliberately giving her an over-strength, undiluted sachet of heroin. But if the nurse didn't shoot heroin, she wouldn't have been exposed to this sort of viciousness. And why does the nurse shoot heroin? If there is perhaps some ambiguity about what drove the black prostitute into prostitution and taking Angel Dust (since we never

learn what they call in Hollywood her "back story"), I submit that what we are being told by every scene in this movie, every shot, every foot, every frame, is that if White Society hadn't erected a wall of both racial and economic prejudice against the nurse (whom we come to love and admire) she would have been able to take *real* vacations in the Bahamas and wouldn't have been driven to surrogate vacations by means of heroin.

The last killing, of course, is also central to the film's meaning. Officer Morgan, a racist white man, throws an innocent Puerto Rican youth from a rooftop to his death. Considering the chorus of apologetics the film has given us for every kind of criminal behavior committed by non-whites in the South Bronx—even declaring that the police had no right to turn a neighborhood upside-down every time "even a cop" is killed—we hear not a word in extenuation of Morgan's action. No one tells us he was an abused child or had a cruel father. No one reminds us that the fire engines have come into the precinct to help it, and that they have been greeted by a hail of bricks—which can kill very easily. Remember, also, that two cops have just been killed. A cop killer is on the loose. But, no. Morgan is a white man and is condemned utterly.

Near the end of the film, Captain Connolly makes a speech to Murphy at the moment Murphy announces his intention of resigning. Connolly says with great gravity: "I want this neighborhood to know there are cops up here to protect them when they're in trouble, and arrest them when they're wrong. I want them to know that this precinct isn't a clubhouse or a freak show, but the house of law. And that the law means something in their lives!" The speech is well written, and delivered with strong feeling by Asner. But Murphy (Newman) rejects it flatly and bitterly: "You've run this district into the ground in two fuckin' weeks. Look outside at your domain, Captain Connolly. Blood's been runnin' like sewer water in the streets. Riots and homicides and who knows what else is laying out

there that we haven't found. But nothing's changed."

IT MUST BE obvious that what we are dealing with here is nothing less than the full "liberal" doctrine on crime. Crime is caused by poverty. If poverty is not somehow abolished, nothing can be done about it. Punishment of crime, since it does not attack the root of the problem, can have no effect. Another idea associated with the liberal view is that since prison demonstrably fails to rehabilitate prisoners, and since these people lead such miserable lives anyway, what is the point of aggressive police and judicial action against them? (This view is much easier to maintain if the speaker lives in Scarsdale or New Canaan, Connecticut.) And indeed, cozily conforming to this attitude, all the native South Bronx evildoers in *Fort Apache* are conveniently wiped out: the black prostitute, the two drug pushers, all neatly done in by their environment. In the normal course of human events in the South Bronx, truly dangerous criminals are tidily destroyed, you see, so why all the commotion?

As a description of big-city crime, the above analysis has drifted so far from the reality of recent years as to read like some kind of liberal fairy tale. First, most street criminals are *not* punished. In fact, on the odds, it is extremely rare when a street criminal is. What with the tiny proportion of violent street felons who are apprehended, of apprehended felons who are indicted, of indicted felons who are convicted, and of convicted felons who are actually sent to prison, the chances of a violent street criminal spending even a day in jail are almost microscopic. Criminals, to all appearances pragmatic people, are acting accordingly, and crime continues to increase. Second—very disturbing to liberal orthodoxy—as welfare programs and aid to non-white inner city ghettos have risen to historic proportions in this country in the past two decades, crime has not dropped, as it theoretically should have, but continued to rise.

We have on our hands a case of profound social pathology concern-

ing which Orwell (since I have been quoting him) offers a clue. In *Down and Out in Paris and London* he points out that people who live on the dole, when this is offered in a depersonalized, institutional way, are not grateful. If anything, although they speedily accept what is given, they demonstrate an active resentment toward their benefactors. (Orwell was describing tramps, who did not even want to work, so he was dealing with a pure case.) What seems to be involved is a psychological quirk. Common sense should tell those on the dole that if it weren't for the compassion of others they might be starving. But they have also accepted a state of dependence, and this is an offense to their pride and self-esteem, and they resent it.

The most clear-cut manifestation of this today, in my opinion, occurs when firemen who enter ghetto districts to extinguish fires, or policemen to apprehend murderers or violent robbers, are welcomed by storms of stones, bricks, and even ashcans thrown from the rooftops. Sometimes there are gunshots. To my knowledge such scenes are unprecedented in history. They have nothing in common with Sicilian neighborhoods cowed into submission by the Mafia and *omertà*, the law of silence. Nor do they have much to do with oppressed populations who, repeatedly in history, of course, have risen against their oppressors. It is hard to see how a fireman on his way to put out the flames in a neighbor's home is oppressing you. Some non-white ghetto residents have shown again and again their tendency to feel that a fellow ghetto non-white can do no wrong. A ghetto resident murders another ghetto resident? The neighborhood youths throw bricks at the policemen who come to arrest him. He's a soul brother. They don't want him arrested. A community in which behavior of this sort is standard has lost not only its sense of law, but its sense of survival.

As it happens, most people living in the ghetto communities—as we know from polls and other evidence—are against this kind of behavior. They are the ones who are victimized by it, and they repeatedly call

for more police protection, not less, and tougher enforcement of the law. The irony is that most of the intended recipients of *Fort Apache's* benevolence—in effect a kind of “benign racism”—reject it vehemently.

As for Murphy's reaction to a cop-killing—regretful but unvindictive, kindly, unwilling to disturb the South Bronx's forgivably illegal folkways just because two comrades have been murdered—this is the fairy tale of fairy tales. Cops often feel lonely, they often feel society (above all the judiciary) isn't backing them up, and they're the only ones who even care about catching criminals. But they take care of their own. Unlike a liberal-minded actor *playing* a cop, a real cop's life is on the line. Criminals who kill cops are normally resisting arrest, desperate and half-crazed. Their life expectancy can usually be counted in seconds. In 1976 Tom Walker, a former police lieutenant in the same 41st Precinct, wrote a book of memoirs also called *Fort Apache*. A passage concerning the mere “stomping” of a police officer is worth quoting (Officer Marsh was in trouble and had radioed for support): “Marsh was being unmercifully beaten when the responding unit knocked down the door. They were followed by another unit and together they did a job on the three men. Marsh lay still, his face already swollen, his arm broken. Infuriated by the sight of him lying on the floor, the officers evened the score . . . you can't allow precedents. Word gets around and the next thing you know cops are being stomped on street corners.”

So we are back among Kipling's rough, hard-bitten, not-over-sympathetic men without whose willingness to administer harsh justice and brutal discipline the refined, humanitarian culture of more civilized men would not last a day.

How is it that the authors of the movie *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx* do not see this? I return to Orwell—whose changing attitudes in a time of crisis are relevant here also. In April 1940, during the so-called “Phony War,” when Orwell himself had already rallied to the flag

but when it was still unclear what was in the heart of the mass of Britons, so recently believers in Neville Chamberlain's appeasement policy, Orwell wrote: “The truth is that it is impossible to discover what the English people are really feeling and thinking. . . . One cannot be sure until something of a quite unmistakable nature—some great disaster, probably—has brought home to a mass of the people what kind of world they are living in.” One month later German panzer divisions broke through in the West, the Allied armies collapsed, and Britain stood alone against a totalitarian world stretching from the English Channel to the Bering Strait. The British people learned at last the kind of world they were living in and rose, it must be said, to their “finest hour.”

In international affairs, in a piecemeal fashion, a long string of events from Pol Pot and the Boat People in Southeast Asia, through Afghanistan and the Ayatollah Khomeini to growing awareness that most of the world's vital oil supplies are under the control of none-too-friendly powers, has led the American people, and some other nations of the West, to glimmerings of the “kind of world they are living in.” Hence the making, and the triumph, of *Breaker Morant*. But when the enemy is within the gates the problem is murkier. I personally feel there is a mounting tide of feeling in this country to repress criminal and lawless elements (Chief Justice Burger's recent speech to the American Bar Association is only one example), but this tide has yet to reach the liberals of Hollywood—who, naturally, do not live in or anywhere near the South Bronx. What's more, in this area of public policy, I can imagine no “disaster of a quite unmistakable nature,” no Dunkirk or Pearl Harbor, capable, in one dramatic stroke, of bringing these liberals back to reality.

I refer once more to Orwell—the post-Dunkirk Orwell—and again to his essay on Kipling. Orwell continued to think Kipling a “jingo imperialist” and “morally insensitive,” but Orwell had a perception of genius. Kipling's notorious identification with authority and the rul-

ing power, so distasteful to later intellectuals, conferred upon him one tremendous advantage, a "sense of responsibility," which was the secret of his strength and influence. "The ruling power," wrote Orwell, "is always faced with the question 'in such and such circumstances what would you *do*'—whereas the opposition is not obliged to take any real decisions. Where it is a permanent and pensioned opposition . . . the quality of its thought deteriorates accordingly."

Some wealthy Hollywood entertainers, along with many of the tenured professors in our universities, are members of our "permanent and pensioned" opposition, and the quality of their thought

has, indeed, deteriorated appallingly. For all I know the authors of *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx* think themselves perfectly capable of making "real" decisions, and even preeminently suited to take over command of New York's Police Precinct 41. If so, I would like to see them tell a muster room filled with cops about to go out on patrol in the South Bronx that two of their comrades have just been shot to death but they shouldn't give the incident undue importance. I would like to witness the scene.

ALL that remains to be said about *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx* is that the people who made it had talent and it ran away with them. Excellent

casting, acting, exciting action. Real Puerto Ricans. Real-looking cops and pimps and hookers and pushers. Real garbage. The nightmare vision of the South Bronx, crime and vice, death and putrescence. If ex-President Carter made a tourist's circuit of this new zone of horrors, why shouldn't American moviegoers want to make it as well? The film's didactic message (and I have quoted chapter and verse) plainly went sailing over the audiences' head, just so much verbiage between the action scenes. If the public had responded to the didactic conclusions the film's authors were so earnestly trying to convey, I suspect most theaters would have been empty.

Books in Review

Letty in Pogrebinland

GROWING UP FREE: RAISING YOUR CHILD IN THE 80's. By LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN. McGraw Hill. 642 pp. \$15.95.

Reviewed by JOSEPH ADELSON

THIS is a book about an imaginary society—an anti-utopia—which goes unnamed in the text but which I will name, in honor of its inventor, Pogrebinland. It is the author's conceit to suggest to us that she is writing about our own country; yet it is clear immediately that this is merely a literary device, and that no such country has ever existed. Another such device is to pretend that the book is a guide for parents; but here again it is evident that the parents and children depicted are products of the author's fertile imagination. The actual intention of the book is to recount the trials and tribulations of its heroine, Letty, as she struggles against the blight that has enveloped Pogrebinland.

That blight is sexism, here represented as eternal, ubiquitous, and infinitely malevolent. It is the primary source of all human error and discord. Sexism wrecks marriages. It causes crime. It causes war. It stifles creativity. It pollutes language. It causes children to hate their fathers and despise their mothers. It makes boys stupid; it also makes girls stupid. It even causes bedwetting in both sexes, the boys because they resent being boys and the girls because they resent not being boys.

Strangely enough, the blight seems not to have limited Pogrebinland's material culture. Despite the universal devastation of intelligence and creativity, the country seems to be prosperous and technologically advanced. Nevertheless, each and every artifact, event, and institution of the society is de-

ployed relentlessly to reinforce sex-coding. All methods of communication—newspapers, magazines, books, movies, and television (termed "sex-istvision")—all modes of education, all toys and leisure activities are given over to a single purpose—to sustain or induce sexual stereotypes. Through the keen eyes of her heroine, Letty, the author takes us through a tour of an ordinary household in that troubled land, showing us the many insidious ways in which sexist messages are introduced. There is, for example, a three-page analysis and denunciation of the following colors—pink, orchid, fuchsia, purple, magenta, mauve, blue, tan, brown, and gray—centering on their sexist connotations. Letty herself has managed to overcome the problem, and has decorated her home to be "free of gender color-coding." Her daughter's room, like her son's, is "bright and functional, forest green, orange, and yellow."

It is here, in the depiction of family life, that the reader is most often struck by the imaginary nature of Pogrebinland, and its departure from the ordinary experience of most of us. Most actual parents will worry if their children eat too much junk food, or are too fat or too thin, or are rude at the dinner table; in Pogrebinland these problems do not seem to exist, and parents are largely concerned with forcing their male children to eat steak and potatoes, so as to make them beefy and aggressive, while encouraging girls to eat lettuce sandwiches, to help them retain their daintiness. Most real-life parents are content if their children bathe fairly regularly, and do so without splashing water on the bathroom floor; in Pogrebinland parents urge boys not to bathe too often, or at all, but pour oils, lotions, and other perfumed essences upon their female children. In our society the common toy store contains thousands of items, the vast majority of which have no evident association with gender; in Pogrebinland these stores seem to be divided by sex,

the girls' side containing dolls, toy carriages, layettes, and copies of household appliances, the boys' side displaying only pistols, rifles, shotguns, bayonets, tanks, missiles, instruments of torture, and precise copies of nuclear weapons. In our society parents are overcome with joy (and undue pride) if their offspring show any sign of competence in any domain of learning; in Pogrebinland parents become profoundly anxious when a daughter gives any evidence of talent in mathematics or the sciences.

UNFORTUNATELY I have been able to provide only the briefest sampling of the many curious customs the author describes—although the book is long, invention never flags. She relies not only upon her own vivid imagination, but also upon the many (presumably) fictive authorities she cites—e.g., the report of two experts on sexuality that parents are not troubled by masturbation in boys under twelve, only in girls; or the report from another expert that 44 percent of children prefer television to their fathers. We must turn now to another facet of the author's literary strategy, the pretense that this is a guidebook for parents. Her talent for satire is evident at once: she calls the book *Growing Up Free*, yet the volume is made up largely of rules, prohibitions, warnings, commands, and threats. Examples: "Ten Commandments for Nonhomophobic Parenthood." "Nine Rules of Sex Stereotyping." "Twelve Dos and Don'ts for Promoting Free-Flowing Gender-Blind Alliances."

Yet it is not hard to understand why the author's approach is proscriptive. For the truly devoted parent, life in Pogrebinland can be demanding. Most of one's waking hours are given over to self-examination (for hidden or disavowed signs of sexism) and to the scrutiny of one's spouse, friends, children, and children's friends. Self-testing begins even before one has become a parent. We are provided a checklist of ten questions to assess "bias

JOSEPH ADELSON is professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and a co-director of its Psychological Clinic.

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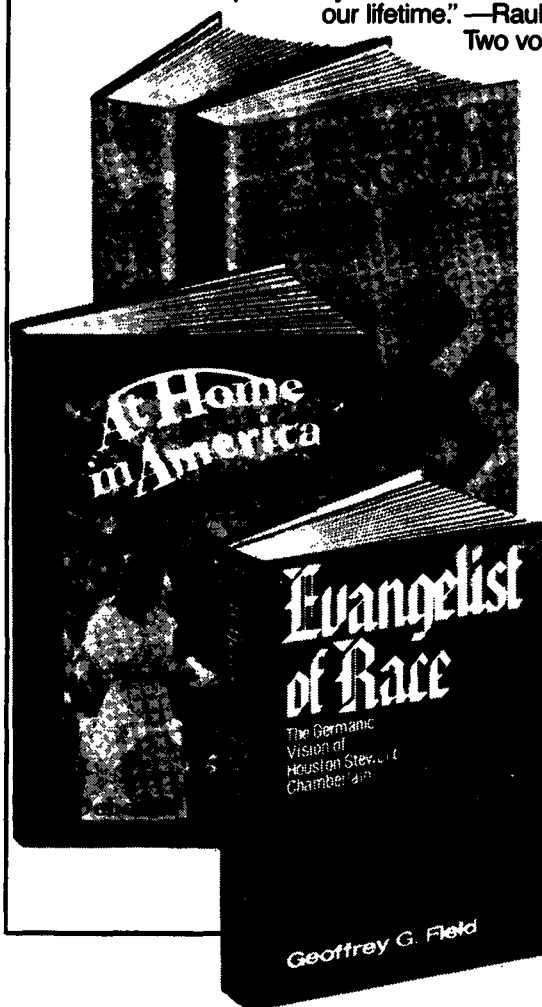
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before birth," that is, to determine whether one harbors a secret wish to have a boy rather than a girl ("Have you practiced or would you practice sex-selection methods if perfected?" "During pregnancy did/do you and your mate refer to the fetus as 'he'? Sometimes? Usually? Always?"). Such self-scrutiny continues through the life cycle. The author advises parents to test themselves by testing their children. A number of objects—e.g., egg beater, pliers—are placed before the children in random order, and they are asked whether the object in question is anybody's, or Mommy's, or Daddy's. If a child should reply that the pliers, let us say, belong to Daddy, then some heavy thinking is called for. It is not altogether clear what rites of confession and contrition are available—the author finds no current church fully acceptable to her—but there is little doubt that the more concerned residents of the country spend much of their time in shame and guilt.

Aside from testing and being tested, the major parental devotion involves keeping an eye on the children for signs of backsliding. A little boy may, for example, refuse to play with the doll carriage his mother has thoughtfully provided, saying that only sissies play with dolls. The parent must swing into action immediately, correcting both the sexism and the odious language. The author reminds us that the term "sissy" is not merely sexist, it is also homophobic, and goes on to point out that given the connections between sexism and racism, it is the exact equivalent of a racial slur. The responsible parent also keeps her ears open for sex stereotyping, since it may appear at any time in the spontaneous play of children—in the rhymes, chants, and songs, most of these offensively sexist—which is part of the tragic heritage of Pogrebinland.

Yet the parents' work need not be exclusively negative; there are positive tasks as well. This book's heroine, Letty, keeps stationery handy at the side of the sexistvision set, and the children are encouraged to write letters of complaint to the networks and their advertisers. We are told a heartwarming

story about Letty's daughter Abigail, who saw a sexist Wheaties commercial in July 1973, wrote a letter of protest to the company and, dissatisfied with the response, boycotted Wheaties (along with lettuce, grapes, and Gallo wine) for two years, until the commercial was replaced.

THESE are some of the benign short-term effects of intervention against sexism. The long-run effects, in the minds and hearts of the young, are seen impressively in a vignette about Letty's son David. He has just heard a presentation from the director of a summer camp the family is considering for the children, and the following colloquy takes place:

"It's nice," he [David] said. "But it's sexist."

"Funny, we didn't notice anything," Bert [Letty's spouse] replied. "Boys and girls seem able to do the same things."

"Yes," agreed David. "But the director said they had a 'man-made lake.'"

(We assured him that was an expression, not an admission of sex bias, but David still turned the camp down.)

What makes this anecdote especially poignant is the reader's knowledge that Letty's son David has been the only troublesome member of an otherwise ideal family. We know almost nothing about Bert, her spouse, since he seems to do little but agree with her; but there is no sign at all that he has been less than admiring. Letty's two daughters, Robin and Abigail, are very close to perfect—indeed, they are Letty-clones, writing letters to the networks, and taking part in boycotts and demonstrations. When they reach pubescence they will, we are certain, be instructed carefully in the arts and sciences of contraception and the features and function of the sexual anatomy—for a parent to do otherwise, the author tells us, is to submit to the sexist conspiracy which pervades Pogrebinland.

Yet David has been a problem, in that we perceive in his very being the possibility of original sin, that is, of a reversion to the atavistic state of male chauvinism. David

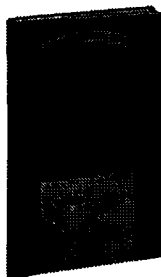
has had the best of everything—a vigilant mother reminding him constantly of the evils of sexism, two sainted sisters engaging him in catechism on the absence of sex differences, a complaisant and liberated father—hence, a continuing exposure to a Babel of virtuous voices, and beyond that, a home in which every possible reminder of gender bias has been removed.

Yet despite these advantages, the old Adam will out. Toward the end of the book we learn the mournful truth about David. Unlike his sisters, who have never shown any such interest, he has had a "definite fascination with guns." He has pleaded for "a fancy toy tank or shiny revolver," and his play "sometimes has included pretend finger games, war whoops, and 'bang, bang you're dead.' " And as an older child he produced "meticulously detailed drawings of artillery, bombers, and gunboats."

What are we to make of such aberrant behavior? The author cannot quite make up her mind. She seems unable to decide, here as elsewhere, whether males are naturally brutal, or whether they have fallen victim to the sexist conditioning they receive in Pogrebinland. Did David love guns "because he is a boy, or because he's seen guns everywhere defined as accoutrements of male power and glory?" The question preoccupies the author quite as much as guns preoccupy David. Indeed, the book begins with an extended discussion of whether or not men are innately aggressive, and the issue continues to torment the author throughout her many discussions of rape, wife beating, child abuse, incest, violent crime, sadistic pornography, torture, warfare, and other characteristic expressions of the ordinary male nature. Women are customarily free of aggression, one is led to understand, though it is acceptable in the service of anti-sexist justice. We are told it is permissible to "humiliate" or "bully" some proponents of sexism.

One cannot but admire Letty's candor in discussing her embarrassing family problem—David's atavisms—and we sense that the author shares our admiration. Although she makes every effort to remain

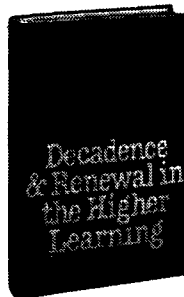
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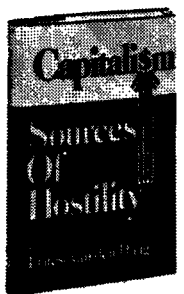
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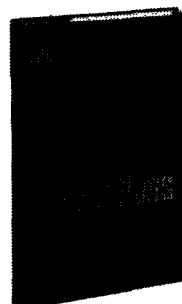
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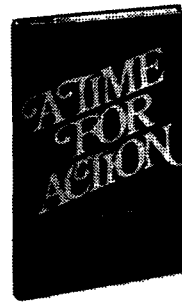
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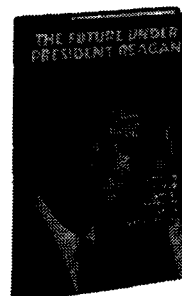
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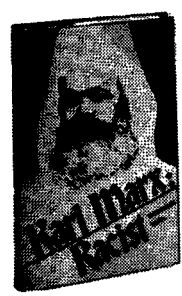
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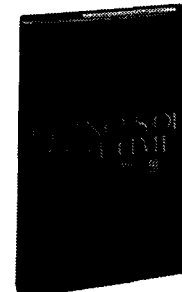
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objective in her account of Letty, she cannot quite conceal from us the awe she feels for this heroic woman. We have already taken note of her accomplishments in such fields as child-rearing, interior decoration, psychological testing, and political activism. What this brief review can only hint at is the extraordinary range of her achievements in such fields as psychoanalysis, anthropology, developmental psychology, folklore, linguistics, theology, art history, literary criticism, legal studies, film theory, hormone biology, pedagogy, moral philosophy, and many many more. In each of these areas we can count on Letty to come up with forceful opinions and startling new perspectives.

In theology, we learn of her disavowal of the faith she was raised in (Judaism) because of its excessive emphasis on such male personalities as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. She displays a mastery of psychoanalytic theory which permits her to sum up its basic ideas in a few pungent sentences. Her explorations in the history of art bring to our attention such pivotal figures as Sofonisba Anguissola, Elisabetta Sirani, and Lady Jane Butler. In the field of comparative iconology, she raises some profound questions as to the bias which encourages textbook writers to mention Mozart and Bach, while ignoring such luminaries as Phyllis Wheatley and Molly Pitcher.

THE book concludes with a rather clever jape, one so subtle it may escape the attention of many readers. This may be the most heavily footnoted trade book ever published. There are 79 pages of notes, containing over 1,700 items, mentioning several thousand references. The first reaction of the ordinary reader will be that he has come across some solid scholarship, and since the notes are printed in very small type, he will most likely pass up the chance to examine them carefully. That will be a mistake, for he will thereby forgo many hours of entertainment. If he reads the references carefully, he will see that the author has achieved a *tour de force* of parody, for the citations have only the most remote connec-

tion to the text, or to common canons of scholarship. Each reader will have his own favorites. My own are these: a reference to a presumably scientific survey, which reads (in full) "J. B. Ra, quoted in *National Enquirer*, Oct. 12, 1976," and the reference to Fisher and Greenberg's 502-page volume, discussing hundreds of studies in support of psychoanalysis, here cited to confirm the view that there is "not an iota of evidence" for the theory.

One might say that it was quite clever of the author to conclude her book with this attenuated joke; one might also say that her book is a joke from beginning to end.

Israel & the Diaspora

ZIONISM IN TRANSITION. Edited by MOSHE DAVIS. Arno Press. 377 pp. \$18.00.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. WISTRICH

GREAT revolutions, "by effecting the disappearance of the causes which brought them about, by their very success, become themselves incomprehensible." Thus de Tocqueville, in words that apply with peculiar force to, among other revolutions, the Zionist one.

Since 1973, fundamental questions concerning the goals and purposes of the Zionist movement have come to the foreground, reflecting not only the international propaganda onslaught to undermine Israel's legitimacy as a state, but also, and as importantly, deep and searching problems connected with Jewish identity in the modern world. In what sense can one speak of the Jewishness of Israel? Is classical Zionist theory still relevant to the new relationship that has developed between Israel and Diaspora Jewry? Can the old Zionist concept of "negating the Diaspora" make sense at a time when Israel's own survival has become so closely intertwined with that of the once despised *Galut*? Is *aliyah* (immigration) the sole criterion and purpose of Zionism?

This volume, published under

ROBERT S. WISTRICH, a new contributor, is the editor of *The Left Against Zion*, among other works.

the auspices of the Institute of Contemporary Jewry at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has the great merit of confronting openly and frankly many of the painful dilemmas facing the Zionist movement today. The contributors to the book, participants at an international seminar held a couple of years ago, provide between them a wide-ranging and highly informative survey of the state of Zionism today—its achievements and problems—as well as a number of stimulating attempts at “reformulating” the meaning of Zionism in the contemporary era.

A clear difference of emphasis is discernible in the outlook of most of the Israeli participants who, in contrast to their opposite numbers in the Diaspora, tend to stress the personal duty of *aliyah*; the centrality of Israel, and the need for it to become, in the words of one of them, “the largest center of Jewish population”; and the ideological imperative of confronting the Diaspora as a place of exile. Still, even among Israelis there is a growing awareness that maintaining the quality of Jewish life in the dispersion is a paramount interest of Israel itself.

From the Israeli standpoint, coming to terms with the reality that 80 percent of the Jewish people still live outside Israel is part of the process of growing up—but it does have its problems. Once one drops the maximalist demand that every Zionist make his home in Israel, how is one to avoid legitimizing the Diaspora, or—worse—elevating it into an ideal? Yet Israeli Zionists are forced willy-nilly to acknowledge their dependence on wealthy Jews in the Diaspora who, though non-Zionist in the maximalist sense, have taken over and run the World Zionist Organization.

THE costs of interdependence should not obscure the positive change that has taken place in Zionist thinking since the 1973 Yom Kippur War first exposed the full extent of Israel's moral and political isolation and heightened the realization on both sides that Israel is *within* the Jewish people and not something separate from it. The

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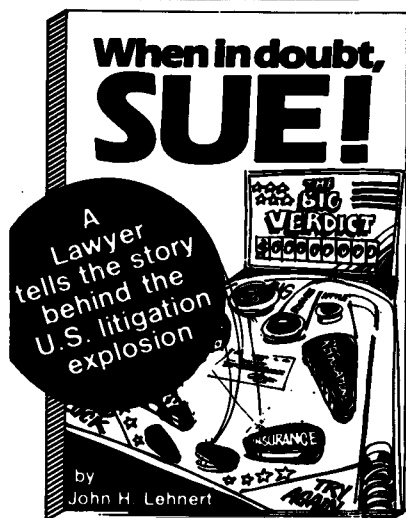
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abandonment of the thesis which initially underpinned the Zionist revolution—the idea that Israel must become a nation like other nations—is another step in the right direction, even though one that raises many new questions. Similarly, as nearly all the contributors to this volume recognize, secular nationalism cannot in itself resolve what Daniel Elazar describes as “the crisis of Jewish vision.” Excessive politicization of Jewish life may serve to suffocate rather than renew the Zionist idea, a view argued by Isadore Twersky who sees in the revitalizing of Judaism the most important key to Jewish survival in the modern era.

Other American contributors play down the centrality of the notion of political sovereignty and regard the ultimate goal of Zionism as the redemption of the Jewish people, rather than the state itself. The Diaspora standpoint, if one can call it that, rejects any idea of subordination to an elite minority in the Jewish state (Rabbi David Polish provocatively describes such a relationship as “colonialism”), warns against prophecies of doom concerning American Jewry, and is skeptical about the value of ideological constructions.

It is perhaps a sign of the dilution of hard-core Zionist ideology that few of the Israelis feel able to challenge head-on the assertion that the Diaspora is here to stay. Partly this may be due to a growing acknowledgment of the imperfections in Israeli society itself, as symbolized by the rate of emigration and the crisis of confidence in the national leadership. In this context, the worldly thrust of classical Zionism appears inadequate both to the specific needs of Israeli society and to the challenge of preserving Jewish culture and spiritual distinctiveness in the far-flung Diasporas. Eliezer Schweid of the Hebrew University and Avraham Schenker, a member of the World Zionist executive, see the crisis in Zionism as essentially a reflection of the decaying spiritual and social climate in Israel and its temporary loss of creative momentum. This introspective mood of soul-searching has led to a greater understanding of the limitations of the move-

ment which nevertheless stops short of accepting the permanence of the Diaspora.

If Israel has lost some of its luster as an inspirational model for world Jewry, there can be no doubt that in the final analysis it is still perceived as the focus of the hopes and fortunes of the Jewish people, and its actions inevitably exercise the most far-reaching impact on Jewry everywhere. The pro-Israel feeling of the overwhelming majority of Jews in the West is one aspect of this interaction, a sense of solidarity that has been heightened by the protracted war with the Arab states, backed by the Soviet Union and the Third World—a struggle in which Israel fights not only for its own survival, but for that of the Jewish people and arguably for Western civilization itself. The fact that in this lonely struggle, both Israel and Western Jewry have found themselves at times in conflict with the governments of certain Western countries has if anything intensified the feeling of sharing a common destiny.

ONE of the missing themes in this book concerns the degree to which Israel is today a geopolitical nodal point of the global struggle between the superpowers and the extent to which the crisis of Zionism is linked to the threatened decline of the West and its model of universalism. The cultural-political synthesis which may yet provide the basis for a renewed vision of Zion will have to use the materials of contemporary reality, in Moshe Davis's words, “to recreate the idea,” but this can only be done by coming to grips with an epochal metamorphosis of Jewish existence which has yet to be adequately comprehended.

Zionism in Transition provides an important landmark in our self-understanding of this phenomenon, one which points to the emergence of an interdependent Jewish people with its geopolitical center in Zion. The book offers no easy answers. Its open-ended conception of the many different modes of the concept of “Diaspora,” and its varying assessments of the relationship between the Jewish state and the Jewish people,

preclude any monolithic reformulation. The hallmark of the age is diversity, not uniformity—varieties of Jewish identity within an underlying unity. By opening up the possibility for modern Jews to reenter history as a collectivity, Zionism liberated the Jewish people from outward servitude and completed the process of political emancipation. In that sense, it made possible multiple roads to Jewish self-affirmation and unintentionally provided the option and alibi for a new ideology of exile. The great challenge for the transitional Zionism of today is whether it can give birth to an authentic "return to Zion," the inner liberation and the recovery of that uniqueness which has always accompanied the Jewish people in its long march through the centuries of exile and dispersion.

Crisis in the East

THE ROAD TO GDANSK. By DANIEL SINGER. *Monthly Review Press*. 256 pp. \$15.00.

Reviewed by ARCH PUDDINGTON

FOR a movement which took pride in its respect for freedom of expression and theoretical inquiry, the New Left contributed surprisingly little to the development of political ideas. One sure sign of its intellectual limitations is the almost complete absence of serious writing on the nature of left-wing totalitarianism. In marked contrast to the 1930's, when a small but influential segment of the Left played a crucial role in analyzing and exposing the crimes of Stalinism, contemporary radicals, with very few exceptions, have turned their backs on the debate over Left totalitarianism. True enough, the anti-Stalinist wars of the 1930's took on a special urgency for non-Communist radicals, who saw the emerging Soviet system as a terrible curse which would inevitably haunt democratic socialists as well as the Communists themselves. But this in no way absolves the New Left from

its failure to confront sins committed in the name of revolution by its own pet politicians or regimes—Mao, Ho Chi Minh, Castro, various Palestinian and Arab groupings being among the most prominent. While the New Left's creative talents were not muzzled by an official party line, an unofficial line, often as obediently followed as if an ideological commissar were issuing decrees, set the boundaries of debate concerning authoritarian regimes of a "socialist" persuasion. Under the rules of this collective self-censorship, *pro forma*, limited criticism of specific abuses of civil liberties was permissible; thoroughgoing examination of the dynamics of totalitarianism was not.

A similar self-censorship or, more accurately, lack of interest, is evident in the Left's attitude toward the Soviet Union and its satellites. The Left has not been alone here, of course. Until last summer's upheavals in Poland, systematic investigation of possible sources of instability in the Soviet empire was regarded as off-limits by an ideologically broad spectrum within the foreign-policy establishment.

One of the few exceptions has been a small group of Marxists, mostly Europeans and Soviet-bloc émigrés, who have been observing and writing about developments in Eastern Europe with particular emphasis on dissident tendencies within the working class. Well before the Polish eruptions these young radicals were arguing that discontent within the industrial work force posed a formidable, and quite possibly explosive, problem for the Kremlin. Although this thesis might seem predestined, given the authors' radical sympathies, their conclusions are supported by exhaustive research into the history of labor unrest in the Soviet bloc and some perceptive observations on the functioning of totalitarianism at the work place.

It is unfortunate that the most useful work of these anti-totalitarian radicals is so often accompanied by, and sometimes buried beneath, a simplistic and thoroughly obsolete vision of global politics. Daniel Singer's latest book is so pervaded by a romantic, "Third Camp" (between East and West) mindset as

effectively to undermine his more worthwhile perceptions. Born in Poland, Singer was educated in the West, and worked for a number of years as East European correspondent for the *Economist* (London). Singer has interviewed many of the key figures in the Polish Solidarity and dissident intellectual movements, and he devotes two of the four essays which comprise *The Road to Gdansk* to developments in that country.

BUT it is the prospects of significant worker upheaval in the Soviet Union which most concern Singer. He believes that, in the period since the relaxation of the Stalinist terror, Russia has maintained a state of relative industrial calm through an informal social contract with its workers. For its part, the Kremlin has provided a decent level of social-welfare services and a steady, if unspectacular, rise in the standard of living. The regime has also moderated the more draconian restrictions on the mobility of workers and has tolerated a work-pace in the factories that is far less demanding than in previous times. In return, the workers have refrained from challenging the leadership's political authority, accepting, among other things, trade unions which represent the interests of the state rather than the workers.

This arrangement proved satisfactory as long as high growth rates enabled the regime to keep its part of the bargain. But it is becoming increasingly clear that further progress can be achieved only through far-reaching changes in economic policy. An abrupt slowdown in growth, diminishing returns on capital investment, and a growing shortage of the industrial labor supply—already serious impediments to economic progress—will become critical problems by the mid-1980's, just about the time a new, post-Brezhnev leadership assumes power. Moreover, these problems will be further compounded by the Soviet Union's official ideology, a cornerstone of which is Communism's uninterrupted march toward abundance.

This looming crisis presents the leadership with a real dilemma. The Kremlin may well seek to

ARCH PUDDINGTON is executive director of the *League for Industrial Democracy* and editor of *New America*.

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finesse its economic difficulties by adopting one or a combination of quick-fix strategies—cybernetics, a massive step-up in the import of Western industrial technology, and a moderate level of decentralization being three likely possibilities. Ultimately, however, economic reform cannot succeed unless it is combined with far-reaching democratizing measures, an unlikely prospect because of the dangers this would pose to the control of the party bureaucracy. The only remaining alternative to economic decentralization and political reform, according to Singer, is an abrogation of the social contract through imposed measures to increase worker productivity combined with a reduction in the level of consumer spending.

ALTHOUGH Singer acknowledges that the Stalinist system has outlived Stalin, he is dubious about the Kremlin's ability to revive the tight control over the working class which prevailed during Stalin's reign. Where Stalin ran roughshod over a docile, ignorant, and terrorized proletariat of largely peasant origin, the current leadership must deal with workers who are much better educated and far less fearful than their fathers or grandfathers. Because of limited educational opportunities and a system which reserves the majority of university positions for the offspring of the intelligentsia, many Soviet workers are overqualified for the jobs they perform and bitter about the lack of opportunity built into the Soviet system. Consigned to jobs well below their potential capabilities, workers deeply resent the hypocrisy of official pronouncements which proclaim them to be the owners of Communist society. Thus where the threat of the Gulag was once an effective means of enforcing workplace discipline, today reimposition of labor coercion might well push workers into open and possibly violent opposition.

Singer is well aware that episodic strikes or riots will produce little in the way of broad reform unless these scattered manifestations of discontent evolve into an organized opposition. But because its class identity has been shattered

by years of totalitarian repression and manipulation, the Soviet proletariat is incapable of organized response, at least for the present.

A DISCIPLINED and democratically-oriented Soviet working class could develop if the Polish experience proved transferable to the Soviet Union and to other Soviet-bloc regimes. Here Singer emphasizes the fact that the achievement in Poland of a trade-union movement independent of party and state—unprecedented in the Communist world—was the culmination of a decade-long struggle, during which the workers had ample opportunity to test the limits of their strength and develop a cadre of sophisticated leaders. This process began in 1970, when thousands of workers rioted over massive increases in food prices. Although that uprising cost the lives of hundreds of workers, ultimately the workers achieved a stand-off with the regime. Not only was the top leadership of the Communist party reshuffled but, more significantly, henceforth the workers were to enjoy what amounted to an effective veto over key areas of economic policy. This veto was successfully exercised in 1976, when planned food-price increases were hastily rescinded after several days of protest. At the same time, a number of the most talented dissident intellectuals began to focus their attention on the defense of workers' rights, initiating a process of cooperation between worker and intellectual which has been one of the remarkable features of the Polish democratic movement.

Singer takes the Polish experience a step further, suggesting that the transformation of East European society will be forged by a coalition of a class-conscious proletariat and an avowedly socialist intelligentsia. Aside from the omnipresent menace of Soviet tanks, the major obstacle to this ambitious program is the East European people who, Singer admits, do "not seek inspiration in what [they] still view as the creed of [their] class enemy." To overcome this understandable resistance, Singer says that those sharing his Marxist faith "will have to invent a new language" and "redefine the road leading to social

equality, to the abolition of classes and the withering away of the state, taking into account past errors and the unpredicted complexity of modern society."

IN A previous book concerning the momentous European upheavals of 1968, Singer wrote that the French student uprising and the Prague Spring were fundamentally reflections of the same struggle. His views on this subject remain unchanged today. The West is still seen as a corporate-dominated, essentially undemocratic, and only slightly less malign twin of the Soviet Union. Like most Third Camp purists, Singer seems to believe that his rejection of the powerful elites who hold sway on either side of the Elbe requires a high degree of intellectual courage, much in contrast to those who, like the French New Philosophers, have thrown in their lot with Western "imperialism."

Actually, Singer has selected

a rather easy path, one which permits him to duck responsibility for facing up to the hard questions that will determine the future of Poland and the Soviet Union as well. If one stubbornly persists in believing that Western democracies are as illegitimate as the Soviet Union and its satellites, or nearly so, it is a simple matter to avoid such issues as the proper Western response to Soviet expansion, whether the West should help bail the Poles out of their economic mess, or whether we should permit the export of high technology to the Soviet Union.

On the other hand, perhaps Singer's even-handed distaste for East and West is the price he must pay in order to reach people who persist in seeing the specter of McCarthyism lurking behind any hint of criticism of the Soviet Union. Twenty-five years after the Hungarian revolution and forty years after the Hitler-Stalin Pact, Daniel Singer still feels compelled to re-

mind the Left that "the discarding of mythical models and the recognition, however belated, of crimes committed in the name of socialism are indispensable steps on the road to recovery." We should give Singer credit for understanding his audience, though his undertaking would appear foredoomed as an exercise in futility. Overwhelmingly, the Western Left has regarded Poland as a side show to the far more tantalizing issue of American "aggression" in El Salvador. If support is voiced for the embattled Polish workers or the even more vulnerable dissident intellectuals, it is usually motivated by a fear that Soviet intervention, as a recent statement issued by a group of American leftists put it, "will strengthen the hand of those advocating U.S. military interventionism." For these people, anti-Americanism remains a far more enticing value than the prospect of Poland's transformation from totalitarianism to democracy.

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The Province of Art

IDEAS AND THE NOVEL. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*. 121 pp. \$7.95.

Reviewed by ANN HULBERT

FOR several decades Mary McCarthy has been warning that the novel, in the ample form in which it flourished in the 19th century, has been wasting away in the 20th, the victim of a harsh aesthetic. Plot and character, the heart of the classics of the previous century, have been dismissed as inessential in the modern novel, she once wrote. Setting, the third member of the "old triad" and one which Miss McCarthy describes as "the air the novel breathed," has also vanished, she noticed in her essay, "One Touch of Nature" (1969). In "The Fact in Fiction" (1960), she observed that facts,

ANN HULBERT is associate literary editor of the *New Republic*.

which had been the flesh of those large books greedy for information about the world, have ceased to be considered important. Now in *Ideas and the Novel*, which contains the four Northcliffe Lectures Miss McCarthy delivered recently in London, she argues that ideas, the guiding mind of 19th-century novels, are "today felt to be unsightly in the novel."

Miss McCarthy devotes her opening lecture to disparaging, in her ironic style, the contemporary condescending attitude toward ideas in the novel. Now (thanks to Henry James's influence, she says) writers labor under "the canon doctrine of the novel as a fine art and the novelist as an intelligence superior to mere intellect." Today's refined writer is expected "to free himself from the workload of commentary and simply, awesomely, to show: his creation is beyond paraphrase or reduction." Miss McCarthy leaves no doubt about her own lack of respect for such "art novel" creations. She then devotes the rest of her lec-

tures to readings of an array of 19th-century classics, assessing their authors' use of ideas and implicitly offering this century's novelists guidance in restoring ideas to fiction.

Miss McCarthy's dire warnings about the plight of ideas in the modern novel deserve to be heeded, but are more than slightly exaggerated. The aesthetic that has fostered the kind of fiction marked by experimentation with language and sensibility, though certainly in vogue both among some critics and in the university world, is still not the "law," the "hard doctrine . . . imposing itself even upon those who are fervent non-believers," that Miss McCarthy accuses it of being. And the general debate over whether fiction should primarily offer philosophical truths or aesthetic pleasures has not been settled decisively against Miss McCarthy and in favor of the aesthetes, as she seems to be convinced. Nor does it appear to be raging particularly fiercely right now. One need only name John Fowles, Shirley Hazzard, William Styron, and John Updike to refute Miss McCarthy's claim that all novelists these days are feeling oppressed by a prohibition against ideas. (The quality of those ideas is another matter.)

Like her warnings, Miss McCarthy's assessments of the 19th-century novelists she surveys are unnecessarily extreme. She focuses admiringly on French and Russian novelists (Stendhal, Hugo, Balzac, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky) but treats George Eliot and Charles Dickens briefly and disparagingly, judging that "19th-century English fiction, in comparison with that of the Continent, seems barren of ideas." The reason Miss McCarthy makes this dismissive and dubious judgment about the English novelists (which she enters even more emphatically against Henry James) is that they missed out on what she describes as "the shaking experience of the century: the fact of seeing an Idea on the march and being unable to forget it—radiant vision or atrocious spectacle, depending on your point of view."

THOUGH Miss McCarthy never pauses in the swift, elliptical course



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of these lectures to distinguish explicitly among varieties of ideas, she clearly is interested in the revolutionary, ideological kind—and interested more in their general power as “shaking experience” than in the particular “point of view” they elicit. She shows little concern for the calmer sort of ideas that are inconspicuously camped in the world, not on the march, which were the ones Lionel Trilling focused on in his essay, “The Meaning of a Literary Idea” (1949). There he argued that “the interflow between emotion and idea is a psychological fact which we do well to keep clearly in mind, together with the part that is played by desire, will, and imagination.” Miss McCarthy, by contrast, seems to want to isolate “rough bundles of concepts,” theories, rational principles.

The “governing idea” Miss McCarthy discovers in the Continental novels she treats (*The Red and the Black*, *Les Misérables*, *War and Peace*, *Crime and Punishment*, among others) is Napoleon, who exemplified the possibility of transcending the past and rationally, willfully forging a new destiny. The fate of the Emperor left a lasting and mixed impression on both French and Russian novelists; they in turn granted him alternatively constructive and destructive but always forceful sway over many of their characters. In her allusive but insightful discussions, Miss McCarthy emphasizes how the idea of Napoleon and the related ideas of progress, of ambition, of genius dominate these novels and exert a singular authority over the natural course of their characters’ lives.

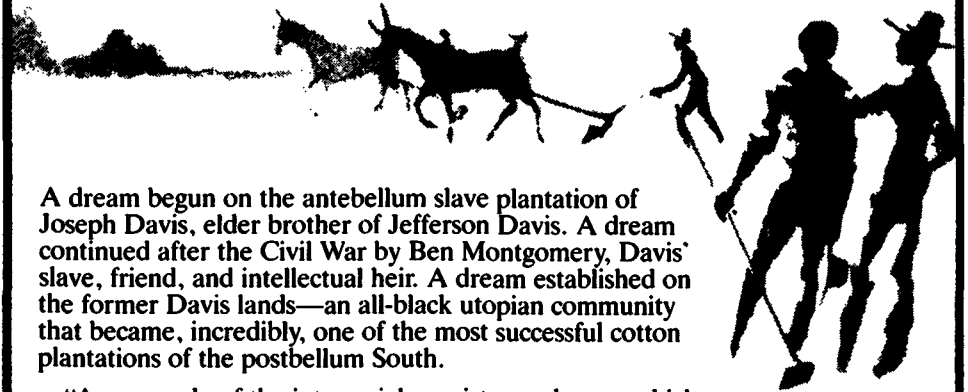
Miss McCarthy is impatient with “the homely English novel” of the 19th century because it does not testify to an obsession with “the hold of abstractions on human flesh and blood.” “There are homiletics and moralizing in plenty,” she writes, “but no sovereign concepts,” no “dark questioning” of “basic principles such as the notion of betterment or the inviolability of the moral law.” George Eliot, she condescendingly remarks, “could not have pictured ideas as baleful or at best equivocal forces. About the worst ideas can do, in her view, is

to encourage headstrongness in a heroine.” Even *Felix Holt, the Radical* (which Lenin supposedly touted to his comrades) does not rank with Miss McCarthy as a serious confrontation with ideas. Though she grants that Dickens knew ideas could be dangerous, he too is insufficiently concerned with them as “theory or concise program.” As for the profound under-

standing that British novels exhibit of ideas in their less dramatic form, as they mingle with desires, intentions, dreams, delusions, and needs—with all this Miss McCarthy is unimpressed.

THIRTY years ago Lionel Trilling took care to emphasize a more various, moderate spectrum of ideas because he wanted “to defend the

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province of art from the dogged tendency of our time to ideologize all things into grayness." Miss McCarthy, by contrast, is trying to defend the province of art from what she perceives as a dogged tendency to aestheticize all things into grayness. She calls for "emergency strategies . . . to disarm and disorient reviewers and teachers of literature, who, as always, are the reader's main foe." Her prescription of a forceful, radical brand of ideas seems to be such a strategy, designed to jolt these foes away from their preoccupation with intricate linguistic structures.

But although some critics and writers do in fact desperately need to be jarred, it is not so clear that the novel itself needs, or can benefit from, the crash diet Miss McCarthy proposes. An injection of starkly authoritative ideas seems a less effective antidote to the circumscribed aesthetic preoccupations she condemns in modern fiction than a more complex, nuanced un-

derstanding of the wayward human spirit as it manifests itself in plot, setting, and character.

Business and Society

CORPORATIONS AND THEIR CRITICS.
Edited by THORNTON BRADSHAW
and DAVID VOGEL. McGraw-Hill.
285 pp. \$14.95.

Reviewed by LESLIE LENKOWSKY

FOR most of the last decade, the American corporation has been the object of criticism unequalled in scope and intensity since the muckraker era. Businessmen have been accused of making unsafe products, polluting the environment, endangering the health of employees, discriminating against minorities, and destroying whole communities. In the mass media, as well as before congressional com-

LESLIE LENKOWSKY is research director of a private foundation in New York.

mittees, they have been portrayed as lacking concern for anything but profits, engaged in lawless activities for which they almost always escape punishment while reaping huge and unmerited rewards. One respected critic has even concluded that corporations might be incompatible with democracy.

Although much of the attack has stemmed from the work of a number of self-styled "watchdog" groups, such as Ralph Nader's various enterprises, perhaps the most remarkable aspect of this whole episode has been the inability or unwillingness of most businessmen to put up a good defense. Rather than rebutting baseless charges, they have more often responded by pleading, in effect, *nolo contendere*. Even where their practices have been faulty, corporate leaders have frequently accepted not local remedies but sweeping reforms of dubious social and economic value. To be sure, the modern corporation is far from perfect, but it is much healthier than its critics have allowed. By failing to assert this, businessmen have hurt not just themselves but also everyone who stands to benefit from a dynamic private sector.

This self-defeating posture is amply illustrated by the essays collected in *Corporations and Their Critics*. The editors—Thornton Bradshaw, the president of Atlantic Richfield, and David Vogel, a business professor at the University of California—invited twenty-three experts to comment on "issues and answers on the problems of corporate social responsibilities." All the major "watchdog" groups are represented together with a dozen leading businessmen. Except for matters of style, the two groups are largely similar.

First of all, no one believes that corporations should be in business simply to make money. Of course, most of the commentators do acknowledge that if companies were not profitable they would not survive, and arguments over socially responsible behavior would then be irrelevant. But both corporate critics and executives agree, as Vogel puts it, that "there exist an infinite variety of ways in which corporations can go about making

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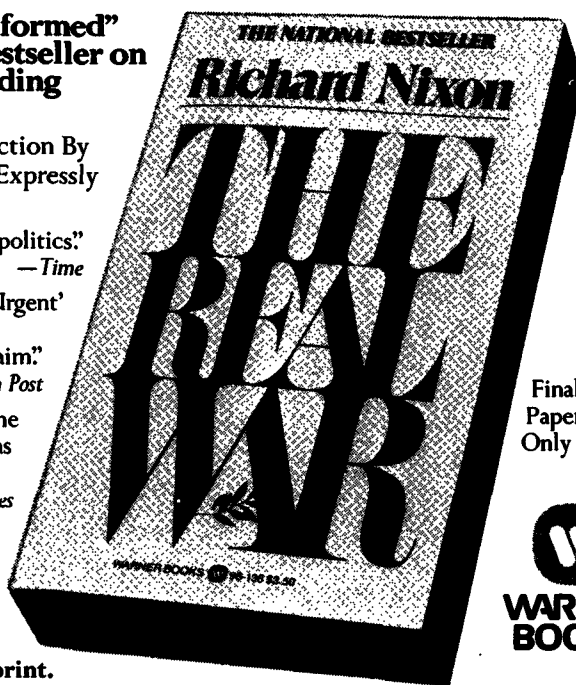
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profits." Some, such as environmental activist Joanna Underwood and William C. Norris of the Control Data Corporation, maintain that good corporate conduct pays off in higher and steadier earnings. Others, like Alice Tepper Marlin of the Council on Economic Priorities and Dow Chemical's Paul F. Orefice, admit that the link between profitability and social responsibility is not clear. Whatever the truth, none thinks that just making products the public will buy is good enough. To businessman and critic alike, a responsible corporation is one which is willing to sacrifice financial goals for social ones.

Furthermore, none of these experts believes that companies should be accountable only to their owners—or even just to their employees, customers, and the law. Rather, the corporate executives agree with their critics that they are responsible to practically anyone who might be affected by what their enterprise does or does not do. Thus, John deButts of American Telephone and Telegraph is cited approvingly for urging companies to "... make it clear that we recognize that what once we might have been disposed to call 'our' business is in fact the public's business and that the public, having a stake in our decisions, should have a voice in them as well." Other executives warn that if corporations do not respond voluntarily to the "social consensus," society may not permit them to survive.

BY ACCEPTING such views about what corporations should do and whom they should serve, businessmen have little defense but expediency against doing what their critics demand. No matter what the charge, the businessman's plea is likely to be that he cannot, rather than that he should not, do as requested; events have often enough showed that claim to be weak as well. At the extreme, the truly responsible corporation seems to be one which gives up and switches sides. If businessmen of the past confined their generosity to statues, scholarships, and the like, today they seem to think of them-

selves as social reformers—organizing neighborhoods, financing legal-defense funds, and even aiding their own critics. The notion that corporations are specialized institutions, which serve the public best when they provide the goods and services the public wants, is not much in evidence in the contributions to this volume. Just when the corporation has fallen out of favor culturally, its executives have come

to expect more of it politically and socially.

The consequences of this change have been disastrous. In economic terms, the cost of regulations aimed at attaining social goals is high, many think considerably higher than the benefits, and to it should be added the burdens companies have assumed voluntarily. Moreover, the startling drop in national productivity in recent years surely

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owes something to the belief that business has other jobs to do besides produce.

In fact, today's executives are likely to spend large amounts of time on other matters. In place of the managerial and financial wizards of lore, the man on top is increasingly apt to be someone able to deal with the various groups and official agencies to which the company is (or feels) beholden. This, while helping to make firms less productive, surely makes them more political. In the name of responsibility, corporations are becoming a vehicle for accomplishing supposedly public purposes through private means. Whatever harm this might do to the economy may matter less in the end than the damage that will occur to our system of government. Out of self-defense, business is being fast transformed into the political force its critics already think it is.

Not least importantly, these views about business conduct have debased any *useful* meaning of corporate responsibility. Within the limited duties once set out for companies, standards of behavior—making safe products, for example—could at least be defined and prevail. Voluntary compliance could reasonably be expected, if not always obtained. But under the new assumptions of what corporations should do, who is to say whether a businessman is right or wrong if his own interpretation of the "social consensus" may justifiably shape his actions? Obliging companies to do practically anything is a sure formula for inviting them

to be accountable for virtually nothing.

IN TRUTH, the advocates of corporate responsibility have their own thoughts about what should be required, but these have more to do with changing society than with promoting good business practices. Rejuvenating the inner cities, facing up to the limits to economic growth, and responding to what one group has recently called "the just demands for equity by minorities, women, and those for whom social justice is still a dream" are good; making trouble for consumer groups and the press is not. The "social consensus" also seems to allow trading with the Soviet Union and its satellites but not with South Africa and other "repressive governments," and it frowns on production for military use. Companies themselves are expected to make full disclosure of all their activities, appoint people from all segments of society to their boards, and refrain from those authoritarian practices vis-à-vis their employees that have led one critic to call American business a "corporate archipelago." In short, the approved set of corporate responsibilities is nothing else than a left-wing agenda for change. That Naderites and other activists should champion it comes as no surprise; that businessmen should readily acquiesce calls for thought.

To be sure, the executives who contributed to *Corporations and Their Critics* were selected because their views were thought to be enlightened and atypical. That does

not make them less important, especially since several have been leaders in the business world. In any case, there is reason to suppose their basic assumptions are widely held. For example, according to former Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps, over 90 percent of the *Fortune* 500 companies included information about social performance in their 1977 annual reports. To the extent any real disagreement exists, it is likely to come from the more numerous but smaller and less influential firms. In addition, the gospel of corporate responsibility seems well-entrenched in the business schools and only recently has encountered serious intellectual opposition. Although the Reagan administration will probably bring some relief from the regulatory barrage of the Carter years, as long as executives continue to accept sweeping notions about their social duties, corporations will remain vulnerable.

THAT businessmen should act responsibly is, of course, indisputable. That standards of conduct should change to fit the times is beyond question. But to be useful, such rules need to be derived from a clear sense of what a corporation is and should do. The current advocates of corporate responsibility present, instead, a sweeping program of social reform. Should their ideas remain influential, the ultimate result will not be more ethical behavior but a set of laws and rules so comprehensive and wrong-headed that it will become difficult to do business at all.

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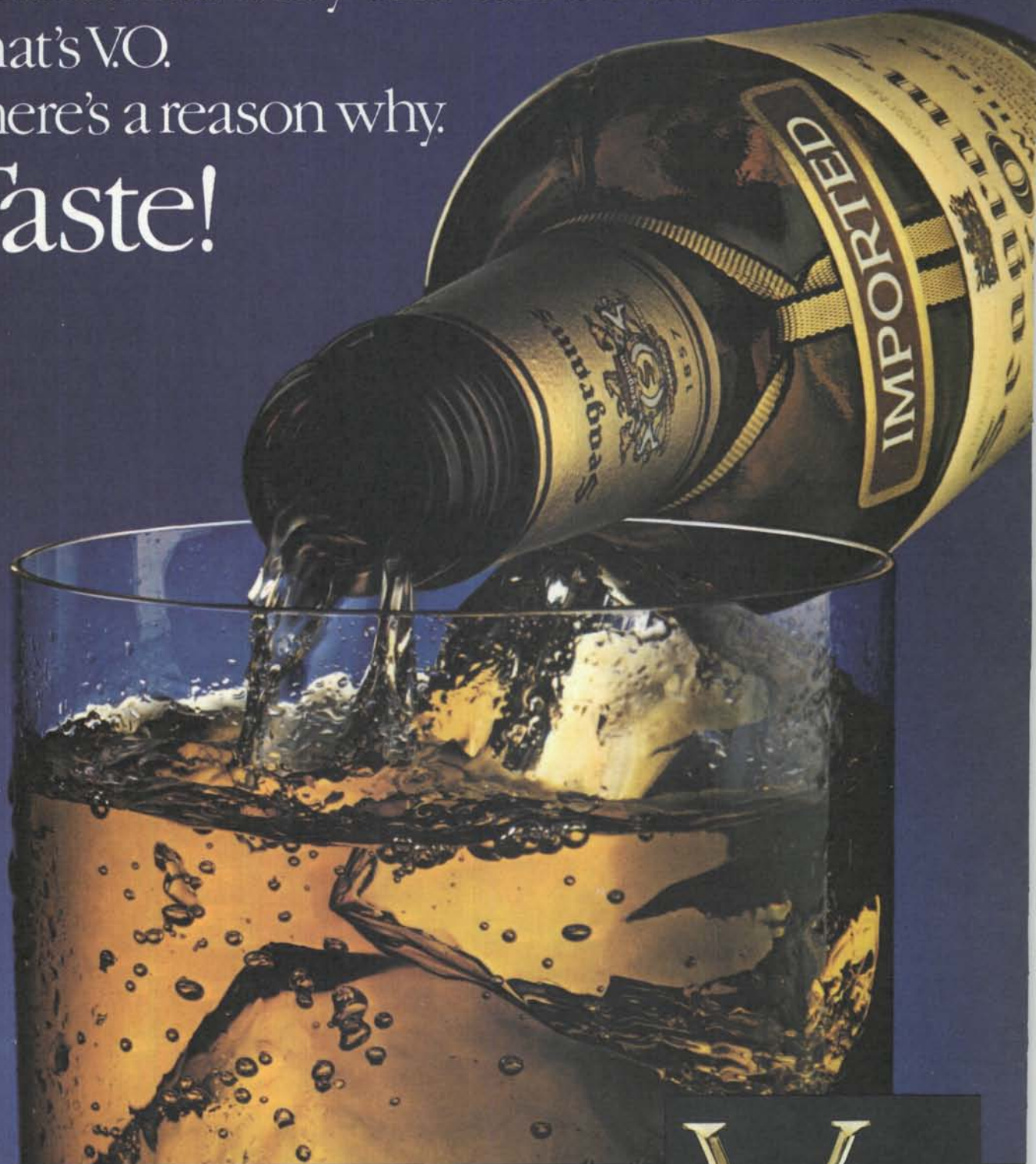


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